



# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

M A Y, 1 8 5 6.

From the Quarterly Review.

## T A B L E - T A L K.\*

WE have not only to thank Dr. Irving for a good edition of a book which holds a high place in the belles-lettres of England, but for recalling our attention to the important class of works which constitute the literature of conversation. It seems to be the Doctor's destiny to deal with neglected subjects. He has written a biography of George Buchanan, whose face, we fear, the public does not even recognize on the cover of his country's famous magazine. He has written lives of Scottish poets, many of whose pipings are no longer heeded by the present generation. Selden's *Table-Talk*, which Johnson preferred to all the French "Ana," was passing into forgetfulness in our own times when he took it under his editorial care. The world cannot afford to throw aside such books, particularly if it considers the frivolity and want of substance of the current publications which profess to com-

bine amusement and instruction. It requires a light literature with a value in it—a lightness like that of the paper boat which Shelley launched on the Serpentine, and which was made of a fifty pound Bank of England bill.

"Ana" are out of fashion now, and books of *Table-Talk* little read. Some go so far as to say that conversation itself is becoming a lost art, that the last Whig conversationist will soon have wearied the last Whig peer, and that the prediction which winds up the "Dunciad" will thus far have achieved its fulfilment in England. These are the gloomy vaticinations of a few who, like Socrates, have a morbid passion for discourse; but on whom their auditors may possibly retaliate with the assertion that human nature is unequal to supporting them in their talkative mood.

It would be unpardonable to omit mentioning the *Table-Talk* of the ancients. In fact, it was one of the points in which they had an advantage over us; for though they were less domestic, they were more social. The absence of printing imparted to their conversation the same superior importance which it gave to their oratory. A modern philosopher lives like a hermit,

\* *The Table-Talk of John Selden.* With Notes by David Irving, LL.D. Edinburgh, 1854.

*Table-Talk of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.* Third edition. London, 1851.

*The Table-Talk, or Familiar Discourses of Martin Luther.* Translated by William Hazlitt. London, 1848.

and publishes in quarto; the ancient one carried his philosophy about with him and propagated it in the market-place, in shops, and at suppers. The Table-Talk of an age was its wisdom. No wonder the affection of disciple for master, and there is no more beautiful relation, was so vividly felt. The whole state experienced the effect of oral teaching through all the veins of its moral being. From the lips of Socrates himself, in the saddler's shop, Euthydemus learned that he who would be fit for politics must go through an ethical training little dreamed of by dabblers in democracy. From the lips of the reverend seniors of the state the Roman youth learned what reading alone could never have taught him. His first step from home was to the house of the statesman or orator by whom he was generally initiated into the duties of life, and in whom he was to see the living image of that which a book can but faintly reflect. Cicero appears to have thought that his own hilarity at the banquets of his political friends was really a public service at periods of public despondency. We cannot but profoundly regret that the "*Liber Jocularis*," or collection of his jokes made by Tiro, has not been preserved; for he was as thorough a table-talker as Socrates himself, and his *mots* preserved in Plutarch, Quintilian, and Macrobius, show that with Burke's eloquence he combined Canning's wit.

The vivacity of the southern races was one great cause why their conversation had a tendency to degenerate into loquacity. The Greek to this day is preëminently a talker, and may be seen lolling outside his *cafés*, making a clatter as rapid and endless as that of the *λάλος* in Theophrastus from whom he descends. What babblers abounded in Athens in the period of its decay, we know from the fact that Theophrastus gives us no less than three species of such characters—

"All clear and well defined"—

and who, as Casaubon observes, are not to be confounded. First comes the *δόλοῦχος* or simple *garrulus*. "He sits down," Theophrastus tells us, "by the side of a man whom he does not know, and begins to praise his own wife. Tells what he dreamed the night before, and what he had for dinner." Have we not seen him in the flesh in our own day? The *λάλος*,

again, was not only fond of talking, but was an inveterate chatterer, who interfered with every human pursuit—who haunted the schools and talked to the schoolmaster. Worse still was the *λογιοποιός*, who dealt in rumors, and spread scandal—who was ever asking "Is there nothing new?" Often, says Theophrastus, while gathering crowds round them in the baths, these gossips have lost their clothes.

To this corrupted taste for an enjoyment very profitable in its healthy condition, the ancients owed a class of table-talkers whom it would be improper to pass over, more particularly as they are represented in considerable force in modern Europe—a class of diners-out. The wag was well known in antiquity, from the simple *γελοιοποιός* or laughter-maker who attended suppers professionally, up to the smart conversationist who paid for the good things which he ate by the good things which he said. Of this gentleman, for so we call him in these polite times, there are excellent specimens in Plautus. Sometimes when invitations ran slack, he complained that the age was getting rude and unpolished, and had no taste for elegant pleasures. The same kind of character is to be traced in every generation; and ages after the men we have been speaking of had crackled on their pyres, Martial saw their representatives flourishing in Rome. A rival of these parasites was the *aretalogus*, whom we know not how to match in our own days. He combined the diner-out and moral philosopher, and used to talk at suppers of the *summum bonum*, and the Good and the Beautiful, for the amusement of those who thought the *scurra* and the parasite frivolous. The Emperor Augustus was particularly fond of these philosophical declaimers. They seem principally to have been Stoics or Cynics, and were remarkable for their loquacity, their love of eleemosynary provender, and their long beards. Between them and the comic writers there was deadly war.

Fond as the ancients were of conversation, it is not wonderful that they should have left books which may justly be included under the head of Table-Talk. At the head of these must be placed the "*Memorabilia*" of Socrates by Xenophon, which, indeed, the ingenious Frenchman who has edited the "*Table-Talk*" of Ménage was inclined to call "*Socratiana*."

It is, no doubt, the prosaic aspect of Socrates which we have from Xenophon; but in the clear steel-mirror of his lucid style, the face of the philosopher is reflected with a truth, of which nobody can lose the impression. We see the man as he appeared to his friends, to his wife, and are well pleased to lose a little ideal beauty for the sake of the homely reality. "We commonly," says Pascal, "picture Plato and Aristotle in stately robes, and as personages always grave and solemn. *They were good fellows, who laughed like others with their friends*; and when they composed their laws and treatises of policy, it was done smilingly and to divert themselves. It was the least philosophic and serious part of their life. Their highest philosophy was to live simply and tranquilly." Now, it is just the charm of the "Memorabilia" that it gives us the daily existence of Socrates; his constant public activity; his incessant and irresistible dialectics in the agora, in the gymnasia, in the shop of the corslet-maker, in the studio of the statuary, at the table. All that beautiful scene of human life, with its temples, its trees, its soft sky, and the hum and color of its lively population, floats in the air about. We are in the presence of Socrates, "in his habit as he lived"—barefooted, plainly clad, invincibly reasonable and moral, and the incarnation of common sense. Xenophon is so anxious to show him as a good citizen that he even makes him talk what we, in our modern conceit, fancy rather obvious morality. The kindly reverent disciple wants to show how excellent his master's intentions were; how obedient he was to the laws; how soundly conservative in fact. He could not foresee that it would ever be argued that the sage was justly executed by the populace as a bore!

If, then, we set down the "Memorabilia" as the earliest and most important book of Table-Talk extant, we shall be beginning well. The ancients had other collections, but they have perished; and we must search for the scattered fragments in Athenæus, Macrobius, Plutarch, and Aulus Gellius. A passage which the latter quotes from Varro would alone establish the taste of the ancients in colloquial matters: "Guests should be neither loquacious nor silent; because eloquence is for the forum, and silence for the bed-chamber." And he goes on to say that "conversation at such times should not be

about anxious nor difficult affairs, but pleasant, attractive, and useful."

In these old store-houses we shall find more than one *bon-mot* which now adorns the brazen front of the plagiarist. There are few better sayings attributed to Foote than his reply to Lord Stormont, who was boasting the great age of the wine which, in his parsimony, he had caused to be served in extremely small glasses—"It is very little of its age." Yet this identical witticism is in Athenæus, where it is assigned to one Gnathæna, whose jokes were better than her character. Cicero relates that Nasica called upon Ennius, and was told by the servant that he was out. Shortly afterwards Ennius returned the visit, when Nasica exclaimed from within that he was not at home. "What," replied Ennius, "do not I know your own voice?" "You are an impudent fellow," retorted Nasica; "when your servant told me you were not at home, I believed her, but you will not believe me though I tell you so myself." This, in modern jest-books, is said to have passed between Quin and Foote. Wit, like gold, is circulated sometimes with one head on it, and sometimes with another, according to the potentates who rule its realm. Few situations are more trying than to sit at dinner and hear a *raconteur* telling "the capital thing said by Louis XIV." to so-and-so, with a distinct recollection that the same thing was said by Augustus to a provincial. You cannot quote Macrobius without the imputation of pedantry, even if you were capable of the cruelty; and you grin pleasant approbation with the consciousness that you are a hypocrite.

We have lost a good deal in Cæsar's "Apophthegms;" for his taste was fine and his knowledge great. His own conversation must have been exquisite, and some of his sallies on public occasions show us how dexterous he must have been in repartee. The sayings of one great man never come to us with such force as when they are illuminated by the admiring comments of another, and the dicta of Cæsar are best read by the light of the torch held to them by Bacon.

"If I should enumerate divers of his speeches, as I did those of Alexander, they are truly such as Solomon noteth, when he saith, 'The words of the wise are as goads;' whereof I will only recite three, not so delectable for elegancy, but admirable for vigor and efficacy. As first, it is

reason he be thought a master of words, that could with one word appease a mutiny in his army, which was thus: The Romans, when their generals did speak to their army, did use the word 'Milites,' but when the magistrates spake to the people, they did use the word 'Quirites.' The soldiers were in tumult, and seditiously prayed to be cashiered; not that they so meant, but by expostulation thereof to draw Cæsar to other conditions; wherein he being resolute not to give way, after some silence, he began his speech — 'Ego, Quirites,' which did admit them already cashiered; where-with they were so surprised, crossed, and confused, as they would not suffer him to go on in his speech, but relinquished their demands, and made it their suit to be again called by the name of 'Milites.' The second speech was thus: Cæsar did extremely affect the name of king; and some were set on, as he passed by, in popular acclamation to salute him king: whereupon, finding the cry weak and poor, he put it off thus, in a kind of jest, as if they had mistaken his surname; 'Non rex sum, sed Cæsar; I am not King, but Cæsar; — a speech, that if it be searched, the life and fulness of it can scarce be expressed: for, first, it was a refusal of the name, but yet not serious. Again, it did signify an infinite confidence and magnanimity, as if he presumed Cæsar was the greater title, as by his worthiness it is come to pass till this day; but chiefly it was a speech of great allurements toward his own purpose; as if the state did strive with him but for a name, whereof mean families were vested; for Rex was a surname with the Romans, as well as King is with us. The last speech which I will mention was used to Metellus: When Cæsar, after war declared, did possess himself of the city of Rome, at which time entering into the inner treasury to take the money there accumulated, Metellus, being tribune, forbade him: whereunto Cæsar said, 'That if he did not desist, he would lay him dead in the place.' And presently, taking himself up, he added, 'Young man, it is harder for me to speak than to do it.' A speech compounded of the greatest terror and greatest clemency that could proceed out of the mouth of man."

Cæsar knew at once whether a Cicero was genuine, and dismissed a spurious one with the calm contempt of a connoisseur. Wit, as we have already intimated, was one of the great orator's chief endowments. Quintilian celebrates his *urbanitas*, the word by which the ancients expressed that peculiar elegance of humor which smacks of the cultivation of a capital; which distinguished high Roman society in the days of Cicero, as it did French society in the time of Ménéage, and English society in that of Chesterfield; which arrived at its perfection in Talleyrand and Louis XVIII., and still survives like other traditions in the circles of Legitimacy.

But Cicero's humor was very various; nor did he abstain from coarse facetiousness, and downright puns. When he at last, after infinite irresolution, joined Pompey, they told him sneeringly, "You come late." "How late? since I find nothing ready?" was his answer. This was *urbanitas*. When Pompey, who had married Cæsar's daughter, asked on the same occasion, referring to Dolabella, who had joined Cæsar's party, "Where is your son-in-law?" Cicero retorted, "With your father-in-law." This, too, was *urbanitas*. But he stooped to an "arrant clench," when, in allusion to the Oriental custom of boring the ears of slaves, he replied to the man of Eastern and servile descent, who complained that he could not hear him, "Yet you have holes in your ears." This was not *urbanitas*. Such personalities, however, were addressed *ad populum*; and when political excitement harassed him, even Canning was coarse.

Talk all wit would be as disagreeably monotonous as a dinner all champagne. When a man is always witty, it is a proof that he has no other quality equally conspicuous, and the person who is spoken of as *par excellence* a "wit," is a second rate conversationist. "He was so well drest," said somebody to Brummell, "that people would turn and look at him." "Then he was not well drest," replied that great master of the art. We venture to apply the doctrine to Table-Talk. It should not want wit, but it should not exceed in it; the epigrams should be sprinkled over it with the natural grace of daisies on a meadow. If we regret that the "*Liber Jocularis*" is lost, we regret still more that no regular "*Ciceroniana*" exists, reflecting the daily conversation, grave as well as gay, of the orator; such a book as the *Ménagiana*, or Eckerman's *Goethe*, or the *Table-Talk* of Selden and Luther.

First in time of the modern *Ana*, first in rank, infinitely valuable and exquisitely curious, the *Table-Talk* of Luther naturally takes the place of honor. It was printed in the original German in 1566, and spread at once. A Latin selection quickly followed; an English translation appeared in 1652. It exhibits all the qualities of the class in the highest form; it admits us to his company with a letter of introduction. To the *Table-Talk*, more than to any other work, Europe owes the personal familiarity which it has with the Reformer, and nobody but a good man could have borne



the test of this kind of revelation. Yet it is upon the reports of his conversation, according to Bayle, that most of the calumnies against Luther were originally founded. We cheerfully allow his enemies to make the most, as they have taken care to do, of his out-spoken heartiness, of his homely humor, of the peasant-like rusticity which accompanied his intense earnestness. Beyond all question, Dr. Martin was violent and coarse, and loved a glass of beer. But the more we get at his intimacy the more we like him, for he has the charm of nature. Of the most delicate wine a man is sometimes tired; but water is eternally fresh and new, as welcome the thousandth time as the first. His adversaries seem to have gone to work with something like system. If they found him in familiar discourse with three or four persons, they called them his "pot-companions." If he laughed, they called him a profane scoffer. If he neither talked nor laughed, a dumb-devil possessed him. It could not possibly be the case, in Father Garasse's opinion, that he was a man like other people, with human appetites and a human temper, and not a saint in a picture. But the struggles, the infirmities of such heroes, are the most instructive studies possible; the more you dwell on them, the more you wonder at the mighty works they performed.

The interest of Luther's Table-Talk is that it is a perfect portrait of the human and material side of one of the greatest spiritual men that the world ever saw. Fancy, for that was one of his ways, Luther rebuking Satan in the style of Squire Western. It was his firm conviction "that the Evil One may be driven away by jeering, because he is a haughty spirit and cannot bear contempt." There are marvellous things in the chapter on "the Devil and his Works." For example:

"Dr. Luther said he had heard from the Elector of Saxony, John Frederic, that a powerful family in Germany was descended from the devil, the founder having been born of a succubus."

The men of that age lived in an element of reverent wonder, which sometimes took such shapes as this. In Luther's case, too, there was a liability to hypochondria, and he had spiritual and physical fits of depression which it is impossible to contemplate without awe. "The sour sweat has drizzled from me," he says. But what a light

of faith and hope, strangely tinged, too, by his essential humor, shone through those clouds! "'Thou art a great sinner,' said he. I replied, 'Canst thou not tell me something new, Satan?' . . . The devil often casts this into my breast: How if thy doctrine be false and erroneous? I gave him this answer: Avoid, Satan; address thyself to my God, and talk with him about it, for the doctrine is not mine, but his."

The domestic and social aspects of Luther, as the Table-Talk shows them, complete the picture, and we see him in the ruddy light of his fire a cheerful, solid, kindly humorous man. "'The hair is the finest ornament women have. I like women to let their hair fall down their back; 'tis a most agreeable sight. What defects women have we must check them for, in private, by word of mouth, for woman is a frail vessel.' The Doctor then turned round and said, 'Let us talk of something else!'" With what reality the scene rises before us! Then we all know how he loved and valued music; society he valued equally. "I have myself found that I never fell into more sin than when I was alone." He was fond of children's prattle, and his sorrow for the death of his little daughter Magdalen is most affecting. All these traits, no doubt, might have been narrated to us by a biographer; but what art could have made them so winning and so real as they appear in the Table-Talk?

We should show little regard for the dignity of the Reformer if we inquired what "conversational talent" he possessed, or affected to lay stress upon the purely literary side of this book. He talked perfectly simply and openly, and even vehemently and passionately; for he was intent on far higher objects than colloquial success; and we cannot, moreover, be sure of the perfect discretion and competency of the recorders. Nevertheless we venture to think that his Table-Talk gives a fair specimen of the force of his intellect, as it unquestionably represents the tone of his character. A picturesque power of illustration is one of its qualities:

"Luther, taking up a caterpillar, said, 'Tis an emblem of the devil in its crawling walk, and bears his colors in its changing hue.'"

"Luther was one day being shaved and having his hair cut in the presence of Dr. Jonas; he said to the latter: Original sin is in us like the beard. We are shaved to-day, and look clean, and have a smooth chin; to-morrow our beard

has "grown again, nor does it cease growing whilst we remain on earth. In like manner, original sin cannot be extirpated from us; it springs up in us as long as we exist. Nevertheless, we are bound to resist it to the utmost of our strength, and to cut it down unceasingly."

"When I am assailed with heavy tribulations, I rush out among my pigs, rather than remain alone by myself. The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour. If you put no wheat, it still grinds on; but then 'tis itself it grinds and wears away."

"When I lay sucking at my mother's breast, I had no notion how I should afterwards eat, drink, or live. Even so we on earth have no idea what the life to come will be."

"A comet is a star that runs, not being fixed like a planet, but a bastard among planets. It is a haughty and proud star, engrossing the whole element, and carrying itself on as if it were there alone. 'Tis of the nature of heretics, who also will be singular and alone, bragging and boasting above others, and thinking they are the only people endowed with understanding."

These are, to borrow a figure from a well-known mediæval art, illuminated thoughts. To call the faculty a mere talent for illustration would be to speak coldly and inadequately. He colored his conceptions with these various hues, because he had a heart which felt sympathy with all created beauty, and which indissolubly associated moral with human and physical truths.

Just about the time that Luther's Table-Talk appeared, namely, in 1566, JOSEPH SCALIGER was in the prime of his youth, twenty-six years of age, and, we suppose, uttering "SCALIGERANA" every day. Joseph was on his travels then. We know that he was in Scotland soon after the slaughter of Rizzio, which happened on 9th March of that year; for he tells us so himself.\* "When I was there she was on bad terms with her husband on account of the death of this David," and he adds, emphatically, "She was a beautiful creature!" This is a distinct, historic, impartial testimony to Mary's beauty, and just one of those little facts the preservation of which is a valuable part of books of Table-Talk.

We should like to indulge in a reverie about Joseph Scaliger's stay at Edinburgh. No doubt, he and Buchanan enjoyed Attic nights, and talked old Roman Latin. No doubt, old days were recalled

by the great George, old Bordeaux days, when he and Muretus used to go over to Agen at the vintage time and stay with Joseph's father, the great Julius Cæsar Scaliger. No doubt, too, they drank a few glasses of claret, and discussed Turnebus, recently dead, and abused the Jesuits, and chatted of the marvellous memory of Muretus, and of the matchless style of Paulus Manutius, and the last edition of Terence, at Florence, for which Bembo's MS. had been collated. For these were days when men did not coarsely dismiss their work from their hours of leisure as savoring of "the shop," but loved it at all times, and felt that it was beautiful. But, besides that we are sadly deficient in authority for such visions, our subject is extensive and our space limited.

The "Scaligerana" was the earliest book of Table-Talk which appeared under the famous appellation of "Ana." As even respectable authors have misstated the origin of the name, we may mention that it is simply the Latin neuter plural termination. Joseph Scaliger died in 1609. In 1666 his conversation was published by Isaac Vossius, who had borrowed from Daillé the manuscript book in which it had been taken down by two young gentlemen named Vassan, who knew him at Leyden, where he spent the last sixteen years of his life. The work was a medley of Latin and French—as Scaliger happened to use either language—and contained his off-hand remarks on men and things, delivered with the most entire freedom. In 1669 appeared a similar record, taken by one Vertunien, a physician of Poitiers, at a much earlier period, and this its compiler called the "Prima Scaligerana." Both compilations were amalgamated in the excellent edition of "Scaligerana, Thuana, etc.," by Desmaizeaux (Amsterdam, 1740). "The Scaligerana," says Mr. Hallam, and we agree with him, "deserve perhaps the first place among those amusing miscellanies known by the name of Ana."

Scaliger's place among scholars is simply royal. His preëminence is best understood from the memorandum made by Isaac Casaubon,\* in his Diary, on the occasion of the great man's death: "Extincta est illa seculi nostri lampas, lumen literarum,

\* Strange to say, this has escaped his elegant biographer, M. Nisard, who speaks of his travelling in Scotland as rumored only.

\* The erudite Isaac himself sometimes said good things. When he visited the Sorbonne they showed him the hall, in which, as they proudly told him, disputations had been held for four hundred years. "And what," said he, "have they decided?"

decus Gallie, ornamentum unicum Europe." His enormous memory and his world-embracing erudition were the wonder of mankind. We owe it to the "Scaligerana" that we have a glimpse of his private character, one feature of which was a haughtiness on a par with his attainments. He was kindly, honest, and independent; but his pride was that of an oriental monarch. He looked on himself, in fact, as the monarch of letters, just as the ancients spoke of the Persian king—as The King. He had a combination of two kinds of pride, either of which is enough for a poor mortal. He was proud, because he thought himself the head of the great house of Scaliger of Verona; he was proud, because he felt himself intellectually among the leading minds of Europe. He had the haughtiness of a grandee blended with the haughtiness of a college "Don," a kind of mixture of the pride of Baron Bradwardine with the pride of Dr. Parr. Imagine such a character expressing himself with frank contemptuous egotism, and you have a notion of the "Scaligerana."

Here, for instance, we have him speaking of his father: "There was neither king nor emperor that was so handsome as he. Look at me; I am exactly like him, and especially the aquiline nose!" And of himself: "There is no one in this city that is competent to judge of my book against Serarius." Of others, with few exceptions, he spoke with profound contempt. He said Bellarmine was an atheist; he called Meursius a pedant and the son of a monk; he compared Scioppius to an ape; he sneered at Baronius; he even said, once, that St. Jerome was an ass. He expressed many of these opinions with pointed and brilliant sarcasm. Of Justus Lipsius he observes: "I care as little for Lipsius' Latin as he does for Cicero's." Of the Germans: "The Germans are indifferent what wine they drink, so that it is wine, or what Latin they speak, so that it is Latin." There is wit enough in the "Scaligerana" to prove that it was decidedly one of his many gifts; and we must not forget, after all, that we have but crumbs from his table, and might probably have possessed better specimens had he possessed more judicious listeners.

The "Scaligerana" contains many of those casual sayings which, put on record, preserve the manners, the social history, and the biographical curiosities of an age.

A well annotated edition of it would be a valuable work.\* It is a strange medley, and the strangeness is all the more prominent from the alphabetical arrangement. Turn over C, and you find that cheese generates gout; that Calvin was asthmatic and spoke beautifully; and that Cujas studied, like David Hume, lying "le ventre contre terre," with his books around him. Turning over a few pages more, you find a bit of oriental learning, or classical criticism, and then an anecdote which brings before us in frightful reality the horrors of those bloody times, how Joseph's mother, when "grosse de moy," met a man carrying a sack full of the heads of executed criminals, and fainted. Next we have a lament over the fact that "nobody reads now," excepting Casaubon and myself, of course! or a flourish about the house of Scaliger, followed by a wail over his fallen position.

How absurd this pretended descent from the Scaligerst was, how it led to the "Scaliger Hypobolimeus" of the "dreadful Scioppius," the man who accused Cicero of barbarism, and whose lash was truly awful, is well known to the curious in literary history. Joseph Scaliger accepted the fact on his father's assertion, who died when he was only eighteen, and too young to be critical on the parental story. He was recognized by his admirers as the Scaliger, and addressed by them as Most Illustrious Hero. It is now beyond all question, that Julius was the son of Benedetto Bordone, who kept a little shop in Venice, after having been originally a schoolmaster in Padua, and was a near kinsman of Paris Bordone, the painter. It is a curious fact, which we have never seen noticed anywhere, that old Julius Caesar Scaliger had himself a great talent for painting, and had taken lessons from Durer.

The "Thuana" and "Perroniana" (or Table-Talk of Cardinal Perron) appeared together in 1669. This book we likewise owe to Isaac Vossius. But nothing can

\* It is with great pleasure that we see announced the *Lives of the Scaligers*, by the Rev. Mark Pattison—a lively and accomplished scholar, who is deeply read in the literature of that age.

† "Few at present," says Bayle, "believe his pretensions to be well founded." (Dict., art. *Verona*.) In the splendid work of Count Litta on Italian families, the claim is rejected as preposterous. Julius Caesar's pretended grandfather figures in the pedigree of the Scaligeri as "an imaginary individual."—Litta, tom. v.

be more meagre, more unsatisfactory as a record of an eminent man, than the "Thiana." The "Perroniana" is much fuller. It brings the Cardinal before us—a lively, vain, lettered, colloquial, and rather worldly prelate—much as he may have been supposed to appear to the courtiers of Henri Quatre. The Cardinal flattered himself that he had nearly converted Isaac Casaubon, which the reader need not believe. He was a great admirer of Cicero, and very fond of Normandy cider, facts which, owing to the alphabetical sequence, jostle each other in the book. He preserves some of the *mots* of the great Henry, such as, "Let us [kings] look after the fools; the wise men will do us no harm." He had the tendency to laugh at the Germans which was then fashionable, and seems to have had a notion that Luther did not believe the immortality of the soul. But the Cardinal, as we know from other Ana, was gouty in his old age, like many lively men, from Erasmus to James Smith, and his temper may have suffered. In his youth he had been so active as to be a wonderful jumper—a fact which he of course dwelt on when the *dira podagra* chained him to his garden-chair.

After these publications Ana became quite a literary rage. They fell like a shower of leaves on the tables of Europe. Unfortunately, people were careless what they gave forth under the title; and we often turn to them with curiosity only to be disappointed. There is a "Boleana." Who would not like to hear the table-talk of Boileau? But the book is as thin as a pancake, and to judge from this record, it might be supposed that Boileau *once* said a good thing, as Brummell once ate a pea. The pleasantry was *apropos* of the mad theory of Hardouin, that the classics were written by the monks. The poet answered that he did not like monks generally, but that one would not object to live with Brother Virgil or Father Horace. It is questionable whether Boileau was strictly a *discur de bons-mots*, any more than Pope; but we think it probable that all such men have talked better than is commonly believed.

The "Ménagiana" occupies undoubtedly a rank next to the "Sealigerana." Ménage—whose fine manly face, adorned by a flowing and stately wig, is one of the most pleasing in the "Hommes Illustres" of Perrault—was among the most learned

men of his century, and a conspicuous ornament of Paris in days when Paris was the head-quarters of the intellect of Europe. He was essentially a conversationist—that is to say, he was witty without being only a wit, and could bring all the resources of his mind into play in a manner agreeable to society. It is a very happy combination which enables a man to achieve this; for the two dangers which threaten him are imminent—he runs a risk of being a jester, and he runs a risk of being a bore.

Under despotisms a certain kind of conversation attains its perfection; and it is probable that the art reached its highest point in Paris during the Louis Quatorze period. The *discur* was in his glory. M. de Bautru, Ménage tells us, was invited everywhere for the sake of his *bons-mots*. When the King gave an appointment, he communicated it to the object of his condescension in an elegant saying. "If I had known," he would remark, "a more deserving person, I would have selected him." His compliments were repeated for their point, and by extending and perpetuating praise immensely multiplied its value. When the old Duplessis was mourning his misfortune in being prevented by age from taking part in a campaign, the King answered, "We do but toil to earn the reputation which you have acquired." Louis advanced to the top of the staircase to meet the great Condé, after the battle of Senef. The Prince, who ascended slowly from the effects of his gout, apologized to his Majesty for making him wait. "My cousin," was the reply, "do not hurry; no one could move quickly who was loaded with laurels as you are." "I have heard several great preachers," said the monarch to Massillon, "and have been thoroughly satisfied with them. Every time I have heard you I have been dissatisfied with myself." He would bear uncourtly truths to be spoken when they came recommended by the lustre of wit. A disputed point arose in a game. "I refer it to you," exclaimed Louis to the Count de Grammont, who was approaching at the time. "Your Majesty," replied the Count, "is wrong." "How can you say I am wrong when you do not yet know the question?" "Do you not see," answered Grammont, "that if the point had been ever so little doubtful, all these gentlemen" (pointing to the bystanders) "would have decided it in



your favor?" The words which were the counters at that court were as choice as the counters they used at cards. It was as if diamonds had been declared a legal tender. They would not believe that silence concealed meditation, and M. de Benserade said of a man who did not talk, "He thinks just as little." It is a pleasant intellectual distraction—a kind of literary holiday—to turn over the pages of the "*Ménagiana*" and mingle for an hour or two in that brilliant company. Here comes M. de la Rivière, who went to Rome hoping vainly to be made a cardinal. We remark that he has a bad cold. "It is because he has returned without a hat!" whispers M. de Bautru. Yonder is old Bishop Scarron of Grenoble, with the beard which men call a "*barbe en folio*!" Here is a literary man, M. Patru, who has spent four years in translating the "*Pro Archia*," and has not yet satisfied himself with his rendering of the first period. M. Ménage himself is not exactly a *disneur* like the Prince de Guéméné or M. de Bautru. He is colloquial after the fashion of men of letters. His talk smells a little of the lamp; but then his lamp is of the most elegant form and the best fashion. He has always been in good society; and his "Wednesdays" are honored by good company. When Christina of Sweden came to Paris, he had the task of presenting distinguished persons to her majesty. "This M. Ménage knows a vast many people of merit!" said the Polar Star,\* satirically, finding eminent people so numerous. She had sarcasms for everybody; and when the great ladies rushed to kiss her on her arrival, she exclaimed, "Why, they seem to take me for a gentleman!" In fact, while we read the *Ana* of this period the air seems prickly with epigrams. They are as thick as fire-flies. Whatever else may be said of them, they were brilliant days in which Ménage flourished. They presented a degree of social splendor which has few parallels in history, and which is only attained by a proper relation between a real aristocracy of rank and a real aristocracy of letters. Something like it existed in England in Anne's time, and in the semi-French Jacobite society of Edinburgh, a century ago. It is the flowering of an ancient system. Whatever its beauties,

they exist in full bloom under no other conditions; and least of all are they compatible with the dull magnificence and awkward grandeur with which new-born wealth imitates splendors which owe the best of their grace and charm to history, and sentiment, and refinement.

The writers of that century show us that conversation was an important part of their study; and unquestionably the conversation of any period is the readiest and most valuable index of its social state. "It is a great misfortune," says La Bruyère, "not to have mind enough to talk well, nor judgment enough to be silent!" A distinction of his between two sorts of bad talkers is admirable:—"There are persons who speak a moment before they have thought—there are others with whom you have to undergo in conversation all the labor of their minds. . . . They talk correctly and wearisomely." Another remark proves how carefully he had studied the subject:—"The art of conversation consists much less in your own abundance than in enabling others to find talk for themselves. Men do not wish to admire you; they want to please." An excellent observation of Rochefoucauld, on the same branch of the question, will be a proper pendant:—"The reason why few persons are agreeable in conversation is because each thinks more of what he intends to say than of what others are saying, and seldom listens but when he desires to speak." Rochefoucauld, says Segrais, was the most polished man in the world; and this observation shows that he founded his good manners on the basis of good sense. Ménage lived to a great age, and the new generation seems to have thought the old gentleman a bore. Perhaps his favorite power ran away with him, and he did not observe these philanthropic directions of Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère, or recollect, as our own wise and witty George Herbert has it, that

—"a civil guest

Will no more talk all than eat all the feast."

"I never heard *that*," said an exuberant talker of the present day, by way of contradiction. "I don't know how you should," was the reply, "for you never hear anything." La Monnoye, who edited the best edition of the *Ménagiana*, that of 1715 in four volumes, wrote an epitaph on him about which there is

\* "*Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli*."—*Milton*, *Poemata*.

nothing remarkable, except that Moore stole the point, and used it in a satirical epigraph on Southey, part of which is—

"Peace to his manes, and may he sleep  
As soundly as his readers did."

During the latter half of the seventeenth century the term *Ana* was by no means strictly confined to records of talk, though in its rigid signification it ought to be. The public sought such compilations with avidity, eager to get a glimpse of great men *en néglige*, the exhibition of which constitutes the principal charm of the *Ana*. The booksellers took advantage of the popularity of the designation, and plenty of works appeared under this name, which were made up not from the talk but from the papers of their subjects. Such are the *Casauboniana*, *Parrhasiana*, etc. Sometimes writers published their own *Ana*; one of the best of which is the *Chevreana* of Urbain Chevreau (Paris, 1697-1700). But it is obvious that with this class of books we are not at present concerned. The abuse of the title soon brought it into discredit, and the ardor for the entire genus cooled. We find Voltaire, in the "*Dictionnaire Philosophique*," denouncing the vast majority of them as unworthy of reliance, and the *Sagraisiana* especially, as full not only of falsehoods, but of insipid falsehoods. Swift said that universal as was the practice of lying, and easy as it seemed, he did not remember to have heard three good lies in all his life.

We now turn to the contributions made by our own countrymen to this department of literature. Bacon's *Apophthegms* scarcely belong to the class of *Table-Talk*, though by recording the bon-mots of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and others, his book approximates to it. The great men of that day said many witty things and many wise ones, but we cannot fail to be struck with the singular contrast between the robustness of their intellects, their solemn, and often ponderous wisdom, and the poor *facétie* to which they sometimes stooped. With the fools who entertained the guests of kings and nobles, and who bore some resemblance to the laughter-maker of the ancients, we are familiar through the plays of Shakspeare. Their sallies were characterized as much by impertinence as by wit. Indeed the impertinence was often itself the joke. To put one person out of countenance afforded

mirth to the rest. The womanly vanity and queenly pride of Elizabeth shrank from these rude rebukes. She would not allow her fool, Pace, because of his caustic vein, to enter her presence; but once being persuaded to have him in, "Come on, Pace," said she, "now we shall hear of our faults." "I do not," he replied, "use to talk of that which all the town talks on." She never probably ventured to repeat the experiment, and in this case no one can do otherwise than sympathize with the sensitiveness of Elizabeth, and wonder at the taste of our ancestors who could suffer their conversation to be broken in upon by the sorry jests and coarse personalities of a licensed buffoon. From Shakspeare we learn equally how the paltriest puns in that day were received for wit; and Lord Bacon's *Apophthegms*, the best repository of the smart sayings of the ancients which was ever made, bears testimony no less to the fact that an indifferent play on words was held in estimation by sages like himself. Nay, there was a species of elaborate, acted humor which was largely indulged in by Sir Thomas More, and which, though little removed above a practical joke, continued to pass current in the reign of James, and to receive the countenance of the great philosopher. An instance which he gives of the "marvellous pleasantry of the King" is an example of the practice. In one of his progresses he asked how far it was to the town to which he was going. He was told six miles. Shortly after he asked again, and was told six miles and a half. Whereupon he got out of his coach and crept under the shoulder of one of the horses. The attendant courtiers inquired what his Majesty meant by the action. "I must," he said, "stalk" (the term applied to the stealthy approach to wild-fowl and deer), "for yonder town flies me." It is scarcely credible that a monarch should have stopped his carriage in the middle of a journey, and alighted to perform on the high-road so wretched a conceit, and except for the testimony of Bacon we should have supposed that the laugh he provoked would have been raised by his absurdity, and not by his wit. It is some consolation for our inferiority in many particulars that we have banished such puerilities. But if Bacon applauded as a spectator, he would not, we may be sure, have condescended to be the actor. It was a more refined and intellectual humor which seasoned the stately wisdom that was heard beneath the

shades of Gorbamby. His Essay on Conversation is an evidence how well he understood its proprieties and delicacies. In one of his maxims he anticipates La Bruyère. "The honorablest part of talk," he said, "is to give the occasion," and this he called leading the dance.

Drummond of Hawthornden took notes, as everybody knows, of the conversations of Ben Jonson in 1619. But it was only an abstract, polluted by interpolations, which appeared in 1711. In our own times a happy discovery by the greatest literary antiquary of Scotland, Mr. David Laing, has given us an accurate version of the original.\* Ben Jonson, it is notorious, was his own hero. As he remarked of Francis Beaumont, "he loved too much himself and his own verses." "He is," writes Drummond, "a great praiser of himself, a contemner and scorner of others." This last quality is abundantly manifested in his host's report of his opinion of his brother bards. "Spenser's stanzas," Ben said, "pleased him not nor his matter; Samuel Daniel was a good honest man, but no poet; Michael Drayton's long verses pleased him not; Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas was not well done, nor that of Fairfax of Tasso; that Harrington's Ariosto was of all translations the worst; that Donne's Anniversary was profane and full of blasphemies, and that he deserved hanging for not keeping of accent; that Shakspeare wanted art; that Sharpham, Day, Dicker and Minshew were all rogues; that Abram Francis, in his English hexameters, was a fool; that next himself only Fletcher and Chapman could make a masque." These harsh judgments are crowded together unqualified by a word of commendation, but the remainder of the book is less unfavorable to the detracting propensities of surly Ben. He sometimes speaks good of others, and has many topics besides them and himself. Here and there we have a curious trait of character, such as that Sir Philip Sidney's mother never showed herself at court except masked after she had had the small-pox; or we come upon one of the received rumors of the day which tells us how the famous Earl of Leicester, who had murdered one wife, fell into the pit which he dug for the second. "He gave a bottle of

liquor to his lady, which he willed her to use in any faintness; which she, after his return from court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died." Nor is it beneath our curiosity to learn Lord Bacon's habitual action in speaking—"My Lord Chancellor wringeth his speeches from the strings of his band;" or that Ben himself drew poetic inspiration from his great toe. "He hath consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, fight in imagination." But how meagre and fragmentary, on the whole, are these specimens of the talk of one who had talked a thousand times with Shakspeare! We are glad to know from them certain facts of the speaker's history which we cannot get elsewhere, on such good authority; but when we recollect Pope's line—

"What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?"

when we recall Herrick's ode to him, and the colloquial, convivial nature of the man, we feel mournfully what we have lost by the indifference of Drummond, or the ravages of time.

Jonson's friend Selden has been more fortunate. He died in 1654, and his "Table-Talk" was published by his amanuensis Richard Milward in 1689. Lucky the scholar who can talk, and who has a discriminating "Richard Milward;" for, otherwise, how many readers would John Selden now boast in England? Most men of letters, indeed, have had occasion to make some acquaintance with his writings—let us say with the "Titles of Honor" for instance—and have bowed reverentially to the immensely learned man, of whom Ben Jonson said, that "he was the Law Book of the Judges." But is the Selden of the "Titles of Honor" the same person as the Selden of the "Table-Talk?" One scarcely believes it. Dry, grave, and even crabbed in his writings—his conversation is homely, humorous, shrewd, vivid, even delightful! He is still the great scholar and the tough parliamentarian, but merry, playful, and witty. The ἀνδριμυον γέλασμα is on the sea of his vast intellect. He writes like the opponent of Grotius; he talks like the friend of Ben Jonson.

In Selden's "Table-Talk" is found that exquisite illustration that libels and pasquils are like straws, which serve to show how the wind sets. In it, too, is the strik-

\* Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with W. Drummond of Hawthornden, in January, 1619. Edited for the Shakspeare Society, by David Laing. 1842.

ing thought so much admired by Coleridge, that Transubstantiation is only "Rhetoric turned into Logic." His chief conversational quality, the one, says his amanuensis, which his friends most valued in him, was his turn for familiar illustration. He put off the cumbersome garb of the scholar and talked about a scholar's subjects like a man of the world. This is the great difference between Selden's "Table-Talk" and the *Ana* generally, that it is infinitely more substantial. He employs his colloquial familiarity to light up the high themes of Church and State. You are amused, but you are also benefited. By a single curious fact he shows us how jealous the old Parliaments were of their independence and power.

"In time of Parliament it used to be one of the first things the House did to petition the King that his confessor might be removed, as fearing either his power with the King, or else lest he should reveal to the Pope what the House was doing, as no doubt he did when the Catholic cause was concerned."

How quietly satirical is the sarcastic question with which he concludes his observation on the pretended poverty of the friars!

"The friars say they possess nothing: whose then are the lands they hold? Not their superior's; he hath vowed poverty as well as they. Whose then? To answer this, 'twas decreed they should say they were the Pope's. And why must the friars be more perfect than the Pope himself?"

How felicitous, again, is the illustration by which he expresses the necessary connexion of faith and works!

"'Twas an unhappy division that has been made between faith and works. Though in my intellect I may divide them, just as in the candle I know there is both light and heat, but yet put out the candle and they are both gone; one remains not without the other; so 'tis betwixt faith and works."

Then he has admirable observations upon human nature, and pleasant anecdotes with which to exemplify his positions.

"We measure the excellency of other men by some excellency we conceive to be in ourselves. Nash, a poet poor enough, as poets used to be, seeing an alderman with his gold chain upon his great horse, by way of scorn said to one of his companions, 'Do you see yon fellow, how goodly, how big he looks? Why that fellow cannot make a blank verse!'"

The next extract is an instance of the same principle of the mind under a fresh aspect.

"We cannot tell what is a judgment of God; 'tis presumption to take upon us to know. Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide. An example we have in King James concerning the death of Henry the Fourth of France. One said he was killed for his dissoluteness, another said he was killed for turning his religion. No, says King James, who could not abide fighting, he was killed for permitting duels in his kingdom."

A remark of Swift will once more vary the point of view, and show us this pervading self-sufficiency in another of its habits: "That was excellently observed, say I, when I read a passage in an author where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, there I pronounce him to be mistaken."

We have already referred to Johnson's admiration of the "Table-Talk" of Selden, and one of his own most celebrated *dicta* was borrowed from it. "Sir," said he to Boswell, "your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves. They would all have some people under them; why not then have some people above them?" "This," said Selden, "is the juggling trick of the party,—they would have nobody above them, but they do not tell you they would have nobody under them." Johnson proceeded with the democratical Mrs. Macaulay to put her principles to the test. "Madam," he said, "I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us." This was the reduction to practice of that saying of Lycurgus which Lord Bacon has included in his *Apophthegms*, when the proposition being made to introduce into Sparta an absolute popular equality, he replied, "Begin it in your own house."

Possibly Richard Milward was a more judicious reporter than most talkers have found; but we must not forget the great and earnest struggle of Selden's century which had put our countrymen of all opinions on their best mettle. He had lived his life in a higher moral atmosphere than



that of the gayest Parisian saloons. There was a stuff and a sap in Englishmen of that period which gave their talk a richness and a color unknown to the pungent levities of a Boileau, a Ménage, a Segrais, or a Monsieur de Bautru. Nor was Selden a scholar and antiquary only; he had taken his wine with the wits and Ben Jonson, and had thundered against "tonnage and poundage" on the floor of the House of Commons. It would appear, indeed, that to a thoroughly good talker something is required of the talents of active life. Lord Bacon, Selden, Cicero, Burke, were all men of action. Napoleon said things which tell in history like his battles. Luther's Table-Talk glows with the fire which burnt the Pope's Bull. Nearly all great orators have been excellent in colloquy; and, which is a kindred fact, a very large proportion of actors likewise. If we take the conversational men of letters, we shall find that they were either men fit for action, but kept out of it by accident, like Dr. Johnson; or at once, men of letters *and* men of action, like Swift. If we take the conversational poets, we shall find them among those nearest to men of action in their natures, like Byron, and Burns, and Scott. The best sayers of good things have been among statesmen, diplomatists, and men of the world: in short, we think the essence of the quality lies as much in the *character* as in the *intellect*. It is an affair of the emotions, of the animal spirits, as well as of mental gifts.

At any rate there are great names which show that the talent for talking is distinct from the talent for writing. Addison, who has been condemned upon his own happy metaphor, "that he could draw bills for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket," must be excluded from the list. His friends, and we may add his enemies, have been juster to him than he was to himself. Lady Mary Wortley, who belonged to the former category, declared he was the best company in the world; and Pope, who belonged to the last, confessed that his conversation had something in it more charming than he had found in any other man. "But this," Pope continues, "was only when familiar: before strangers, or perhaps a single stranger, he preserved his dignity by a stiff silence." It was in fact one of Addison's own remarks that there was no such thing as real conversation ex-

cept between two persons. His case is, therefore, a confirmation rather than otherwise of our supposition, that to shine in mixed companies at least, demands a portion of the qualities which render men fit for the stir of life, for it was the want of this which was the cause of his bashfulness, and made him fear to take the lead before strangers. Pope himself, Dryden, Gray, Goldsmith, were none of them good talkers, if we may trust current belief and report. Bayle was of opinion that few learned men at all had conversational ability: but this remark must not lead us too far; on the contrary, Scaliger, Casaubon, Lipsius, Salmasius, Ménage, at once occur as exceptions to his rule. There can be no error more absurd, no prejudice more ignorant, than to suppose that the old scholars, the sixteenth and seventeenth century men, were merely pedants and book-worms; they held their own with kings, cardinals, and knights; nay, they cut a figure more conspicuous in the world than their representatives do now. When they accepted a chair in a town, the magistrates and burghers came out in procession to welcome them through the gates. Casaubon travelled to England in company with an ambassador, and was received by James I. at his dinner-table. Henri Quatre wrote to Scaliger with his own hand. All the boasting we hear now-a-days of the spread of knowledge must not make us forget, that as far as being sincerely and reverently honored in the persons of its possessors, it enjoyed more homage then than now. In quite recent times, to return to the assertion of Bayle, the ranks of great scholars have given men to the ranks of great talkers. Few men talked with more uniform vivacity and vigor than Parr; no man said better things than Porson; and we wish the Porsoniana was worthier of him. Niebuhr, again, handled his favorite literary subjects with great colloquial animation, as a pleasant little book called Lieber's "Reminiscences" of him exists to testify. How he—with his full mind and his earnest heart—felt the dreary vacuity which reigned in his time at the dinners to which his position as a diplomatist condemned him, we know from an anecdote told by Bunsen, whose own experience also seems to have been severe.\*

After Selden's "Table-Talk" there is a

\* Niebuhr's "Life and Letters," ii. 427.

long interval before we arrive at any formal record of a great man's conversation; but we have an excellent dissertation from Swift—himself, as might be expected, an admirable talker—entitled “Hints towards an Essay on Conversation.” He sets out by saying that he had observed few obvious subjects to have been so seldom, or at least so slightly, handled as this, and that few were so difficult to treat. He was in possession of the traditions of the age preceding his own, and gives us the following interesting statement:

“I take the highest period of politeness in England (and it is of the same date in France) to have been the peaceable part of King Charles I.'s reign; and from what we read of those times, as well as from the accounts I have formerly met with from some who lived in that court, the methods then used for raising and cultivating conversation were altogether different from ours: several ladies whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had assemblies at their houses, where persons of the best understanding and of both sexes met to pass the evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable subjects happened to be started; and although we are apt to ridicule the sublime platonic notions they had, or personated, in love and friendship, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a little grain of the romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into everything that is sordid, vicious, and low.”

These chivalrous notions from Swift may astonish, but they are worthy of his acute intellect; and were especially needed in an age when the re-action still continued, and grossness and familiarity took the place of knightly courtesy and admiring respect.

In Swift's own time there was no word in more frequent use, both in writing and conversation, than that of *raillery*. It usually signified a kind of satirical banter; but “the French, from whom we borrow the word,” remarks the Dean, “have quite a different idea of the thing; and so had we in the politer age of our fathers. *Raillery* was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection, but by some turn of wit, unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to.” One species of this art, according to Fielding, was to heighten good qualities by applying to them the terms which denoted their excess—as when you spoke of generosity as prodigality, and of

courage as foolhardiness, or it was a complimentary irony by which vices were imputed to men the exact reverse of their notorious virtues. Of this latter kind there is a fine example in Pope's well-known lines:

“Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.  
Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave,  
And Lyttleton a dark designing knave;  
St. John has ever been a wealthy fool,  
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull—  
Has never made a friend in private life,  
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.”

Though Swift considered *raillery* the most refined part of conversation, it is one of those artifices for which there can only be an occasional opening, and which requires at all times a tact and discrimination which are the gifts of few. Thus it had passed from an ingenious and delicate description of compliment into gentle banter upon harmless foibles, and from this into laughing at real defects, and into attempts to render people ridiculous. It was then nothing better than privileged abuse.

It is very remarkable how entirely the reverse of cynical are all Swift's maxims upon conversation. “Surely,” he says, when speaking of *raillery*, “one of the best rules is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had left unsaid; nor can anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.” It was indignation at the perversion of an innocent and useful pleasure that led him to take up his pen; and he held that, though few were qualified to shine, most persons had it in their power to be agreeable. He imputed the low ebb to which conversation had run less to defects of understanding than to pride, vanity, ill-nature, affectation, singularity, and positiveness. He conceived, therefore, that it would be sufficient to produce a reform if he pointed out the errors which were the source of the evil, and which all might correct if they pleased. He did not omit faults which were generally felt and condemned, but which prevailed notwithstanding. The folly of talking too much, for instance, was universally exclaimed against, yet he had rarely seen five people together without one of the number being guilty of it, to the great annoyance of the rest. It might have been supposed that to please himself and disgust his

company was a species of reputation of which no one would be particularly ambitious. The Dean's own practice was to make a long pause after he had spoken, to give anybody who was inclined the opportunity to take his turn.

It will startle many people to find what company Swift singled out as presenting the climax of tiresome talk:

"The worst conversation I ever remember to have heard in my life was that at Will's Coffee-house, where the wits (as they were called) used formerly to assemble; that is to say, five or six men who had writ plays, or at least prologues, or had a share in a miscellany, came thither and entertained one another with their trifling compositions, in so important an air as if they had been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the fate of kingdoms depended on them."

In other words, the conversation at Will's assumed a local, personal, and exclusive character; whereas good conversation, whether literary or not, is distinguished by its sociability, and, being addressed to the world, does not bear the color of what is peculiar and private to the individual. Byron wrote in verse to the same effect:

"One hates an author that's *all author*, fellows  
In foolscap uniforms turn'd up with ink."

The talk of such men may be witty, or it may be eloquent—but it is not *conversation*; for conversation implies as much attention to your neighbor the listener, as to yourself the speaker. This led Swift to extend the meaning of the term pedantry, which he understood to signify the unseasonable obtruding our own branch of knowledge upon a company which could not participate in it. Thus he held it to be pedantic for a soldier to talk too freely of military affairs; for acquaintances to dwell on passages of their history which were *caviare* to the general circle; for women to be over-copious upon the subject of their dresses, fans, and china. Fielding complained that the lawyers in his day were particularly liable to the failing, owing to their being a good deal confined to the society of one another. He had known, he said, a very agreeable party spoiled by a couple of barristers, who seemed rather to think themselves in a court of justice than in a mixed assembly of persons met only for the entertainment of each other.

Swift had no liking for professed wits.

He objected to them that their inventions were always on the rack, and that they only watched the conversation for an opportunity to display their talents, and say a good thing. This is the bane of real sociality; and a few forced jests are a miserable substitute for the feast of reason and the flow of soul. One wit of the Dean's acquaintance was never easy unless he was allowed to dictate and preside; and it will usually be found that the jester requires an audience—that he takes the initiative, and commands your attention like the Punch which appears before your windows. But wit ought to spring naturally out of the conversation. A good bon-mot, like the sparkle from a grindstone, is the casual brilliance of an intellect in fruitful activity. Such was the wit of *Ménage*; and such also that of Bacon, Cicero, Montesquieu, Johnson, Burke, and the many great men who have possessed the endowment. The mass of modern "diners-out" are mere jokers who have some fun and great animal spirits. This amount of facetiousness is compatible with a very ordinary understanding and no attainments. Let us again refer to Swift's high authority:

"I have known men happy enough at ridicule who upon grave subjects were perfectly stupid; of whom Dr. Echard of Cambridge, who writ the *Contempt of the Clergy*, was a great instance."

Indeed the Dean went so far as to assert that he had never known a wag who was not a dunce. The "men of wit and pleasure about town," as they used to be called, though Fielding says the wit had disappeared in his time, and we are inclined to add that the pleasure has followed it in ours, would seem to be instances of this; so utterly drivelling and so void of all serious purpose, or sensible application, is much of our current satirical literature.

Of the stock phrases and stereotyped questions and answers which were the common staple of talk in the reign of Queen Anne among non-literary people, who lived in what was called the world, Swift gives a curious representation, in his "Complete Collection of genteel and ingenious Conversation, according to the most polite mode now used at Court and in the best Companies in England." He professes to record nothing which had not been in constant circulation for at least a hundred years; but if the fashionable

folks of that day really employed one-half of the observations he has set down, we must confess that we have sadly degenerated since, and that our great-great-grandmothers had a larger, richer, and livelier repository than is to be met with now. Many of the retorts, apart from their antiquity, are pleasant enough:—"Never-out. Here's poor Miss has not a word to throw at a dog. Come, a penny for your thoughts. Miss. They are not worth a farthing; for I was thinking of you." And again: "Colonel. Is it certain that Sir John Blunderbuss is dead at last? Lord Sparkish. Yes, or else he's sadly wrong'd, for they have buried him." We are quoting from Sir Walter Scott's edition of Swift; and it is singular to come, in Washington Irving's "Abbotsford," upon the following example of Scott's own humor in conversation:

"One morning at breakfast, when Dominie Thomson, the tutor, was present, Scott was going on with great glee to relate an anecdote of the Laird of Macnab, 'who, poor fellow!' premised he, 'is dead and gone.' 'Why, Mr. Scott!' exclaimed his good lady, 'Macnab's not dead, is he?' 'Faith, my dear,' replied Scott, with humorous gravity, 'if he's not dead, they have done him great injustice, for they've buried him.' The joke passed harmless and unnoticed by Mrs. Scott, but hit the poor Dominie just as he had raised a cup of tea to his lips, causing a burst of laughter which sent half of the contents about the table."

Spence's memoranda of the conversation of Pope and others contain many facts which are well worth preserving, but as specimens of talk the work cannot rank very high. We have come, however, now in Boswell's "Johnson," to the greatest work of the class which exists in the world. The "Tour to the Hebrides" had shown what was to be expected from a man who seems to have been better fitted for his vocation than anybody else who ever lived, and whose name has supplied the English language with a new word. Every year increases the popularity of Boswell's marvellous work.\* The world will some day do more justice to his talents, which those who cannot forgive his Toryism are far too prone to run down; for he possessed great dramatic talent, great feeling for humor, and a very keen perception of all

the kinds of colloquial excellence. With the Cockneys and Radicals, nine tenths of whose affected contempt of him rests on the mean foundation that they dislike the very pardonable pride he took in his ancient birth, who would condescend to reason? But if any unprejudiced person doubts the real talent required for doing what Boswell did, let him make the experiment by attempting to describe somebody's conversation himself. Let him not fancy that he is performing a trivial or undignified task; for which of us, in any station, can hope to render a tithe of the service to the world that was conferred on it by the Laird of Auchinleck?

Johnson's conversation is the perfection of the talk of a man of letters; and if, as we believe, the test of Table-Talk be its worthiness to take a place as literature after its immediate effect has been produced, where shall we look for its match? It has a style of its own, and cannot be imitated without absurdity. It is an intermediate something between literature and conversation, in which it is impossible to separate the share of the man of letters from the share of the man of the world. He sometimes said things which might have been transferred unaltered to his "Lives of the Poets," and he sometimes wrote things which only required the preliminary "Why, Sir," as wings to send them flying through the dining-room of Sir Joshua or the drawing-room at Streatham; but while in his study he was always more or less the scholar, in society he was often a man of the world: and his whole life was such a union of "Town and Gown" as was perhaps never before exhibited by an individual.

Not without difficulty do we realize the impression which his vivid, pithy talk made on his friends. We remember nothing which better illustrates it than the description by Garrick of the talk of Adam Smith: "What do you think, eh? *Flabby*, isn't it?" The word perfectly describes, by opposites, the qualities of Johnsonian conversation. It spoiled men for everything that was not both weighty and smart. It was at once gay and potent; its playfulness resembling the ricocheting of sixty-eight pounders, which bound like Indian-rubber balls, and yet batter down fortresses. Such talk could only come from a great, active, practical man. No mere scholar, no mere metaphysician, could ever have produced it.

\* It may be added to the merits of Boswell's Life of Johnson that Mr. Croker's edition of it is beyond question the best edited book in the English language.



Johnson's conversation was, however, not suited to general society; but, with all its transcendent merit, had its limitations. It had not the winning easy charm of Sir Walter Scott, but was stern and logical. It kept down all sorts of conversational excellence except its own, and gave rise afterwards to many inferior copies. Argument is seldom tolerable in conversation; but as this propensity of Johnson was easier to mimic than his unrivalled faculty of flinging out illustrations, men played at "Johnson and Burke" who could ill reach the meanest qualities of either. The Edinburgh school which followed were a set of argumentative declaimers, or men who varied argument only by epigram. A perverse disputatiousness was seasoned by an unwholesome smartness. The indispensable requisite of nature was forgotten. These were the men who, as Lockhart tells us, thought Scott's conversation "common-place;" the truth being that it was rich in ease, sense, and humor; while theirs was like the breakfasts in military novels, which seem to consist chiefly of devilled kidneys, grilled bones, and other fiery and salamandrine elements.

We have one book of Ana, the "Walpoliana,"\* which more resembles French works of the kind than any other in our literature. Nor is this wonderful, since if ever a human being dearly loved Ana it was Horace Walpole, though they are for the most part the sweetmeats of literature, and are by no means to be made a staple article of diet. Unfortunately the Walpoliana contains much triviality about "warming-pans that had belonged to Charles the Second," and such congenial subjects; flavored with a kind of satirical cynicism against men and man's nature, conceived and expressed in a way to make us fancy we are listening to a French *soubrette* who had studied Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*. We must add that there are anecdotes against the characters of eminent individuals totally destitute of truth, yet told with a kind of gusto which would be disagreeable even if they were unquestionably veracious. When we add that there are some good stories, many of them, however, borrowed, and that his peculiar brilliancy is shown in some happy *bon-mots*, we shall have said all that the book can fairly claim. Like Voltaire and Chesterfield, Walpole both wrote and

talked wittily. Sydney Smith at once occurs as another instance of the combination. It will almost always be found that such wits or talkers are altogether greater than those, by no means rare, individuals, who possess the oral gift only. Much of the charm which belongs to these last is found to resolve itself into person and manner. In a country, too, like England, where colloquial talent has never had so high a place as in other parts of Europe, and where consequently it is rarer, it will sometimes happen that a man, encouraged by the freedom of the field, devotes himself to it, to the exclusion of other pursuits. But such disciples of the "Conversation Sharp" school are few.

For the period immediately before the present, we have the various "Conversations" of Lord Byron, besides the ever-increasing "Memoirs" and "Diaries," such as those of Mackintosh and Moore. Byron was a most remarkable talker. "His more serious conversation," said Shelley, "is a sort of intoxication." That his gayer kind was most shrewd, witty, and lively, those who must trust to records in the matter can see in his Life, and in the work on the subject by Lady Blessington. He seems to have talked Childe Harold or Don Juan at his pleasure, just as he could act either character. He has given us his opinion of all the great conversers of his day: Curran, with his poetic and imaginative wildness; De Staël, with her sentimental glitter; Luttrell's elegant epigram; Lord Dudley's pregnant point; the convivial brilliance of Sheridan and Colman; the fairy grace and ornament of Moore; and the abundant knowledge, the precision, and the modesty of Mackintosh. There was a vast deal of splendid talent in England in Byron's time; and we had better not ask too curiously, Who are the men who supply its place now?

Two remarkable books—Eckerman's "Conversations with Goethe," and the "Table-Talk" of Coleridge—have appeared since Byron's time. Both are too fresh in the remembrance to demand much notice. Eckerman's shows us that the riches of Goethe's mind flowed as readily from his tongue as his pen. He spoke freely on the deepest, and playfully on the slightest subjects; sometimes saying a wise thing, and sometimes a "good thing." Such a book irresistibly impresses us as coming fresher from the heart than any merely literary work. Nothing can supersede the

\* Published in 1799.

value and importance of the original forces of nature; and the force of oral communication is one of these.

The conversation of Coleridge—latterly, at least—was sometimes of the nature of monologue, or even reverie, and cloudy with mystic magnificence; but unquestionably enough exists in his Table-Talk to prove that substantial thought, and free, lucid, bright-hued expressions abounded in his conversation as they abound in his writings. We presume to assign it a place among the best; yet how few are good books of the kind after all! We have looked for them among the records of the wise and the foolish, the witty and the dull, the famous and the little known, and cannot help feeling that after all the Literature of Conversation plays a poor part in literary history. When we consider how much good talk has been lost, while so much bad writing has been preserved, we are inclined almost to be angry; and are scarcely consoled by knowing that the spoken wisdom has not altogether failed of its purpose, though it is less easy to show the channels by which it has enriched humanity than to trace the influence of the thought which remains embodied in print and paper.

Conversation is at a low ebb in England at present. The higher belles-lettres of an age are admitted to be exponents of its manners, and we find the complaint made by Mr. Disraeli, and testified to by Mr. Thackeray. How small a part is played by conversation in our best novels! How rare is an elegant and familiar conversational style in our contemporary literature, which in that respect is far behind the literature of the time of Queen Anne! Who really converses at a *conversazione*? and has not Mr. Carlyle suggested that each lion should have a label on him, like a decanter, that you might learn his name and ascertain those pretensions which will certainly not be manifested by anything you hear from him? The action of the press is one great cause of this colloquial inferiority. Newspapers, novels, magazines, reviews, "Punch," gather up the intellectual elements of our life, like so many electric machines drawing electricity from the atmosphere, into themselves. Everything is recorded and discussed in print, and subjects have lost their freshness long before friends have assembled for the evening. Music is more cultivated, though this is rather an effect than a cause—a device to

fill up a painful vacuity; dinners are late and large, and the "Mahogany" is an extinct institution.

For the social dulness of the majority of men of letters the author of "Coningsby" accounts with a fatal plausibility, when he tells us that they hoard their best thoughts for their publishers. To this, however, there are striking exceptions, and it may be urged that some of them are shy. Still, taken altogether, the genial converse which marked the old tavern life—

'—those lyric feasts  
Made at the Sun,  
The Dog, the triple Tun'—*Herrick*

—the life led in rare Ben's time, then in Steele's, afterwards in Boswell's—belongs to tradition and to the past. Here and there, among authors, there is a *diseur de bons-mots*; but he is talked of as an exception and a wonder, just as here and there, among the circles of high Whiggery, there is a conversationist of the old Mackintosh school, lettered, luminous, and long-memoried. But these are the remains of the last generation, and where are their rising successors?

Where there is talk of a superior character, it appears to affect the epigrammatic form, and this is an unhealthy sign. If there were no other objection, how rarely can it avoid that appearance of self-consciousness and effort which is fatal to all elegance and ease! The epigrammatic is a valuable element, but should never predominate; since good conversation flows from a happy union of all the powers. To approximate to this, a certain amount of painstaking is necessary; and though artifice is detestable, we must submit that talk may be as legitimately made a subject of care and thought as any other part of a man's humanity, and that it is ridiculous to send your mind abroad in a state of slovenliness while you bestow on your body the most refined care.

We have no wish to let loose a troop of "Conversation Browns" on the dining-rooms and drawing-rooms of England. On the contrary, we feel intensely the social misery which a single Bore, with a powerful memory and a fluent tongue, can inflict on a large and respectable private circle. Compared with such a pest the worst book is a trifle, since it can be laid on the shelf; but he—how can he be ejected? You cannot, like Sir Philip Francis, take him by the throat; you can only have re-

course to the mingled resignation and pleasantry which Horace exhibited in a similarly terrible position in the Sacred Way; for the Bore was "known to the ancients"—as when was he not known?—and in all ages has honestly believed himself a very entertaining fellow. Alas! he must learn to be silent before he can learn to talk; the old crop must be pared from the soil and burnt, the ground must

be well broken up, carefully tilled, and entirely resown, before he can become a profitable member of society. But as this is a discipline which could only be practised by the wise, and is beyond the capacity of a prater, we must be content with recommending to him, and even this we are sure in vain, the remark of an old writer, that nature has created man with two ears and but one tongue.

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From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

## THE CAGOTS.

THE existence of an outcast race of men, under the name of Cagots, during several ages in France, has not failed to attract the attention of the curious. To this day, however, obscurity and doubt rest upon their history. It is an error to confound them, as has often been done, with the cretins: they neither had the goitre nor the idiocy which distinguished those unfortunates. The only marks by which they were distinguishable from the population of the south, were dead bluish eyes, considerable discoloration of the skin, and hair of a pale-red tinge. Misery and forced isolation, producing their natural effects in the shape indicating physical debility, rendered these peculiar characteristics more striking.

The proscription of the Cagots, resulting neither from faults of conformation, habitual ill-health, nor impiety—for the Cagots were always esteemed good Catholics—was not merely a popular prejudice, it was sanctioned by the laws of the land. Banished to the foot of the Pyrenees, in the same humid valleys where to this day dwell the hideous family of the cretins, pent up in miserable hovels called Cagotteries, the Cagots were legally set apart from the rest of mankind. Only at night were they permitted to leave their homes; and for their sole subsistence they had to depend on the produce of the common at-

tached to the cagotterie. Trade of every kind was interdicted to them. They were neither allowed to devote themselves to any lucrative avocation, nor to mingle their blood with that of a society which spurned them from its bosom as objects of horror. For some time, they were even permitted to be sold publicly as slaves. A legislative enactment positively forbade their speaking to any person not belonging to their tribe; and if, by special favor, they were permitted to attend the church of the district, they were compelled to enter it through a distinct portal, granted to them out of pity by the clergy, and studiously avoided by all the other worshippers. Traces of these Cagot entrances, and the well-trodden narrow paths leading to them, are still visible in many of the churches of the south of France. The local usages of Béarn, Gascony, and Guienne forced them, moreover, to cut wood gratuitously; to carry about with them no other weapon than an axe; and to wear an infamous costume: a red jacket, on which was stamped, on a square piece of white cloth, the figure of a goose's leg, proclaimed from afar the approach of the Cagot.

The origin of this singular race of outcasts, notwithstanding the researches of several eminent savans, still remains enveloped in mystery. Various theories, more or less plausible, have been set forth to ac-

count for the persecution to which they were subjected. Some writers have conjectured that they were a tribe of northern barbarians, who migrated into France during the third and fourth centuries; but an able article in the *Quarterly Review*, some few years ago, satisfactorily disposed of this idea. Others have fancied the Cagots were Saracens, who remained after their defeat by Charles Martel; and some that they were either lepers, shunned by their neighbors from the fear of infection, or heretics living under the ban of perpetual excommunication. None of these speculations, however, are by any means conclusive, and the subject is still one that invites the attention of the curious in such matters.

After quitting the road to Rebénac, in order to follow the line of the Pyrenees, which extends as far as the confluence of the Oléron with the Gave de Pau, the traveller soon arrives at a gloomy valley, shut in between two high mountains, where the thick vapor of the atmosphere produces the effect of perpetual twilight.

One night—on the 22d April, 1541—during a frightful storm, while vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the darkness, and thunder rolled in awful majesty along the heavens, a man was quietly seated on one of the mountains which command this desolate valley. He was young and tall, but excessively thin, and his features bore the unmistakable marks of profound suffering. Every time the thunder broke out with peculiar violence, his dead eye sparkled with a transient brilliancy, a bitter smile played across his lips, and his whole countenance betrayed a spirit of savage despair. Suddenly, a long streak of jagged fire burst, as it were, through the fissures of a heavy cloud, flitted wildly across it for a few seconds, and then, accompanied by a terrific crash, darted in the direction of a solitary house situated about a quarter of a league from the spot where this singular personage was seated. For an instant, the irresistible instinct of self-preservation roused him. He rose, and after descending the valley, was on the point of entering a wretched hut, constructed of mud and the branches of trees, when a bright red flame shot through the forest. Yves stood still in amazement, and presently the hurried ringing of the church-bells struck his ear. The lightning had fallen some little distance from Saint-Palais; a violent conflagration ensued, and

a sumptuous dwelling-house had already become the prey of the devouring element. The progress of destruction was materially aided by a furious wind; and sheets of fire began to lap themselves round the antique windows, whilst rich suites of tapestry, the labor of years, were soon consumed to ashes. This house, or rather château, belonged to Dr. Noguez, the physician of Gaston de Béarn, Prince of Navarre. In the first moments of alarm, the family thought of nothing but their individual safety. Soon, however, the rapid spread of the conflagration and the loud tocsin brought a crowd of villagers to the spot, anxious, if possible, to stay the impending ruin; but the intensity of the fire prevented their efforts from being successful. Startled out of their sleep, the occupants of the château, who had escaped from their rooms, pale, frightened, and half-naked, now began to recover from the stunning effects of their first alarm. They looked at each other, embraced, thanked God for His protecting mercy, and then began to count their number, in order to ascertain whether any one was still missing.

"My daughter—my child! Where is my child?" cried Madame Noguez, running her haggard eye along the line of spectators who now encumbered the place. No one replied. Suddenly, the poor woman struck her forehead with her clenched hand, uttered a piercing cry of despair, and threw her arms wildly out in the direction of the burning house.

"To the pavilion to the left!" she screamed. "Run, run! my daughter is still asleep. Oh, my life, my fortune, everything, is his who will save my child! For pity's sake, kind friends, save my child!" and she fell on her knees before the spectators. But vain were all her impassioned entreaties—the danger was too real; and the flames had already broken out of the windows of the pavilion, enveloping the whole building with a rampart of fire.

Not far from this scene of grief, a solitary figure lay crouched in the grass, his features illumined at intervals by the pine-torches and the spreading conflagration. He was clad in a coarse red tunic, with a goose's leg traced on a patch of white cloth extending from his shoulder to his waist. He cast around a furtive glance, and then gazed with a bitter smile on the tableau before him—the burning sheaves



of corn waving in the wind, and the shower of fire pouring down from the roof, now almost ready to fall in. Then he approached nearer, and listened attentively. The voice of a child, sharp and terrified, now became faintly audible, soon rising to an acute scream. At this instant, the stranger, glancing around at the crowd, from which he was still separated by about a hundred feet, quickly bounded across the space. On recognizing the unfortunate Cagot traversing the limit imposed by the law which forbade his race from approaching within a certain distance of other men, the crowd recoiled in dismay. A cry of indignation and fear broke from the lips of the assembled multitude: "The Cagot! the Cagot! death to the Cagot!"

A hundred clubs were immediately raised, and dogs were let loose in pursuit of the stranger. Nevertheless, Yves did not relax his speed. Breathless, covered with blood and perspiration, he gained the scene of the devastation. The child's cries were still audible; and thrice had the poor half-dead mother, with sublime courage, thrown herself into the midst of the flames, and, thrice choked with the smoke, fallen senseless on the ground.

Pale as a corpse, and utterly prostrate, the unfortunate lady now distractedly drew her fingers through her dishevelled hair. Yves surveyed her for an instant, and then uttering a horrible cry, and measuring at a glance the height of the house, and the direction of the fire, he sprang forward with the alacrity of a panther, and disappeared amidst the flames.

Laughing, weeping, mad with joy and grief, Madame Noguez now fell on her knees, and offered up the first human prayer that had ever mounted to heaven on behalf of a Cagot! For a time, nothing was heard, nothing but the crash of falling timber and the crackling flames. All eyes were now fixed on the roof, which threatened every instant to fall in; and the villagers looked at each other, shook their heads, and gave up all for lost, when a cry suddenly burst from every side: "There they are! there they are!" and the spectators saw the Cagot—his clothes burnt off his back, his legs tottering, his features unrecognizable, his hair on fire, smiling triumphantly despite his sufferings—hand over to its mother, now delirious with joy, the child, whom he had preserved by pressing it close to his breast. Then

gazing on the now abashed crowd with a look of terrible reproach and bitter irony, he cried: "Allons done! Death to the Cagot! death to the Cagot!"

Just at this instant, the burning roof broke down, scattering in all directions masses of fire and rubbish. Struck violently on the head by a heavy beam of wood, Yves fell dead on the spot, the child alone remaining perfectly unharmed.

"On your knees, girl!" said Dr. Noguez, leading his daughter up to the Cagot—"on your knees before this poor outcast of humanity. He has done that which none of us had the courage to attempt, and has thus proved the injustice of man, and restored to his race the lost dignity of human nature."

With these words, he beckoned to his daughter to come and kiss the proscribed hand that had saved her life. Horror-stricken at the spectacle of the black charred face of the corpse, the poor girl cast a look of agony and prayer on her father; but after a momentary struggle, she knelt slowly down, and kissed, with tears of gratitude, the hand of the unfortunate Cagot.

Dr. Noguez, one of the most enlightened savans of his age, obtained the permission of Gaston de Béarn and of the Bishop of Pau to have the body of the heroic Cagot decently interred in the public burial-ground, and also to have a mass performed for his soul. The coffin was, for the first time on record, introduced through the ordinary church portal, which no Cagot had ever yet passed; and his remains, instead of being thrown into the foul cemetery of the Cagotteries, were piously interred in the consecrated churchyard of Saint Pacôme. Dr. Noguez, in order to disabuse his neighbors of their unjust prejudices, performed several operations on the Cagots. He opened the veins of some of these unfortunates, and the memoirs of the period quaintly relate that their blood was found good and commendable (*bon et louable*).

Still, in spite of all these generous efforts in their behalf, perfect success did not crown the doctor's endeavors. The Cagots obtained only a sort of half measure of justice—an act of reparation, however, which extended not beyond the foot of the Pyrenees; and some time afterwards, the parliament of Bordeaux compelled them to resume their old badge of infamy. Thus for ages they continued to bear the

signs of that physical debility, their peculiar characteristic, which resulted from long years of proscription and misery, and, more especially, from being shut up in the unhealthy localities they were compelled to inhabit. The revolution of 1793 seemed to break their chains, by giving them the rights of citizens; but it is only gradually the laws can operate upon the prejudices of ages. Indeed, the traveller

may still occasionally find in Brittany Cagots designated by the peasantry under the name of *cacons*.

Towards the Pyrenees, and in the valleys of Béarn, every individual of a sickly constitution, with soft white skin, light blue eyes, and pale red hair, is, even to the present day, marked by a sign of reprobation, and secretly classed as one of the descendants of the Cagots.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THE DANES AND THE SWEDES.

BY COLONEL SZABO.

ANOTHER year has passed away, and the Allies are as far as ever from effectually humbling the pride of the foe in the Baltic. The finest fleets that ever left our shores have been employed in a harassing blockade service, which could equally well have been effected by gun-boats; and the only occasion upon which they displayed their prowess—the bombardment of Sweaborg—produced a result far from what we at home had anticipated. It was to be expected that, after a delay in taking active measures which only the most indulgent, and probably mistaken kindness induced us to pardon in our ministers, the result would have been different. Sweaborg was bombarded at a fearful expense; but with all our exertions to render our fleet worthy of our name and naval reputation, at the decisive moment we found ourselves deficient in the most important arm for a bombardment, and the consequence was that we were obliged to withdraw at the very crisis when a continuance of our fire would probably have produced the most important results.

Leaving out of the question whether this unexpected *dénouement* was the result of that lenity which has characterized our proceedings against the Russians since the

commencement of the war, we may lay it down as an established fact that the only possible way in which—supposing the war to be continued—we can conquer our obstinate foe in the north, is by drawing together an immense body of mortar and gun-boats, with which an incessant and exterminating guerilla warfare should be commenced. This, it is fully understood, has been at length satisfactorily provided for by government. But even such a provision, although tardily made, does not militate against another course which it is left to us to pursue, and that is, to continue that policy of subsidizing which has hitherto enabled us to maintain a military front, by applying the same system to our marine.

At a period when Russia was unknown as forming a unit of the great European family, a confederation was formed by the Semiramis of the North which placed upon her head the crowns of the three Scandinavian kingdoms. For a long while these kingdoms formed a powerful bulwark against Russian extension, and it was not until 1714 that Peter the Great struck the first blow against the power of the Swedes. From that epoch Russian history has only victories over their north-

ern neighbors to enrol; and the mistaken policy of the continental nations has only served to augment Russian influence in the Baltic. Still, the three nations contain an immense amount of vitality; and though not able to cope singly with their gigantic neighbor, they would furnish most valuable assistance to the Allies, could they be induced by prospective advantages to join our side.

By nature, and the law of self-preservation, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway are adversaries of Russia; the sympathies of their peoples are assuredly in accordance with a line of policy which regards the humiliation of Russia as the sole termination of the war. As to the governments, Sweden and Norway are not inclined to look favorably on the Czar's pretensions, and their inactivity in the present contest may be referred rather to their doubt of the sincerity of the contest than to a desire to see Russia aggrandized. With Denmark the case is different; the dynasty, actuated by a desire to consolidate its hold on the German duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, would not have been disinclined, probably, to join with Russia, although prudence prevented her, fortunately, from doing so. If, however, the scruples of the Northern Governments as to the final issue of the contest were pardonable, it may fairly be anticipated that the recent successes of the Allies, and the evident determination of Marshal Pelissier to carry on the war with energy, if not impeded by home influences, will not only have obliterated all such apprehensions and doubts, but may have inspired these nations with hopes, and a desire to share in the contest, which—as its result appears now undoubted—may exercise a very decisive influence over their own destinies.

Although the Baltic States are unable, either individually or collectively, to resist their overpowering neighbor, their junction with the Western Powers would render them a mighty factor in the impending struggle. Their alliance would render it possible to engage in operations of most menacing bearing and weighty result in the so-called Baltic provinces of Russia, and against Petersburg, the haughty modern capital of the Czars. The benefits accruing to the Western Powers from the alliance of the Baltic States would consist not only in the mere increase of the combined land and naval forces, but also in obtaining thereby a more convenient basis

for operations on a more extended scale in the northern parts of the Russian Empire.

Our readers, we think, therefore, will owe us thanks if we devote our present article to the consideration of the naval and military resources of the kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, as we have been able to derive them from the most recent modern works.\*

#### DENMARK.

The land forces of Denmark during peace are kept at a very weak standard, and consist of about 23,000 men, thus composed:

(a) GENERAL OFFICERS AND STAFF.—There are at present 2 generals, 5 lieutenant-generals, and 3 major-generals on active service; while the staff of the army is made up of 1 general commanding in chief, 6 field-officers, and 5 captains.

#### (b) INFANTRY:

Guards.....	1 battalion
Infantry of the line.....	12 battalions
Light infantry:.....	5        "
Chasseurs.....	5        "

The battalions are subdivided into 4 companies or brigades, each consisting of about 180 men, including 4 officers; 16 men of each company of the line are armed with the new pattern musket. The whole infantry force amounts, in time of peace, to 16,600 men.

#### (c) CAVALRY:

Guards.....	1 regiment of 3 squadrons.
Dragoons.....	6 regiments of 24 squadrons.

The whole cavalry is formed into 3 brigades, and amounts to 3000 men. Each squadron consists of 130 men, including 4 officers.

(d) ARTILLERY.—This arm constitutes 1 brigade, composed of 4 regiments, the effective strength of each consisting of 1 general, 6 field officers, 24 officers, and 1272 non-commissioned officers and men; 6 batteries, each made up of 6 guns and 2 howitzers, commanded by four officers, and served by 208 men. The whole artil-

\* Among these we must not omit drawing particular attention to a charming little book, just published in Paris, "*La Baltique. Par Leouzon le Duc*," which combines sound practical information with amusing anecdote. We are more particularly indebted to this work for the sections relating to Norway and Sweden.

lery force amounts to 2560 men, with 96 pieces.

(e) **ENGINEERS.**—1 general as chief, 1 colonel, 24 majors, 24 officers, two companies of engineers, and 1 of pioneers, each of 110 men, altogether yielding a force of 362 men.

(f) **CONTINGENT SUPPLIED TO THE GERMANIC CONFEDERATION.**—Infantry, 2790 men; cavalry, 514; artillery, 259, with 8 guns; sappers, 36; reserves and substitutes, 1800. Total, 5400 men.

These forces are very considerably augmented in time of war, by calling out the reserves, &c., which form 32 battalions of infantry, 24 squadrons of cavalry, and 6 batteries. The reserve may also be employed in increasing the effective strength of the permanent battalions and squadrons. In the late war with Germany about the duchies, Denmark raised her forces to the very large amount of nearly 70,000 men; namely, 49,000 infantry, 10,600 cavalry, 900 sappers, or technical troops, and 8000 artillery, with 144 field-pieces. Some authors even assert that Denmark would be able to raise her armies to a maximum of 90,000 men.

Military service is obligatory in Denmark, and the recruits are selected by lot from the conscripts. The military service commences with the twenty-second year, and the time of service is limited to eight years. After the expiration of that period, for another term of eight years the soldier is bound to serve in the first levy, and then, up to his forty-fifth year, in the reserve class.

The Danish navy, prior to the destruction of the fleet by the English in 1807, and the loss of Norway, was very much larger than it is at present. It now consists of—

5 Line-of-battle Ships, carrying 398 guns	
9 Frigates.....	416 "
4 Corvettes.....	88 "
4 Brigs.....	56 "
5 Schooners, Cutters, &c.....	34 "
6 Steamers (the largest of 260 h. p.).....	35 "
33 Vessels with.....	1027 guns

The flotilla of row-boats for the defence of the Danish coasts consists of 23 boats armed with howitzers, 47 with small mortars, and 47 with common guns: total, 117 boats.

The navy is commanded by 1 vice-admiral, 2 rear-admirals, 8 commodores, 10 lieutenant commodores, 17 captains, 26 first lieutenants, and 77 other officers. In addition to these there are on the staff 2 lieutenant-commodores and 10 captains. The crews constitute two divisions, each about 2000 men strong, including sailors, gunners, and artificers.

#### SWEDEN.

In ancient times the whole population of Sweden formed its army. Every free man enjoyed the privilege of bearing arms. When civilization was introduced into the country, and the social classes were established on permanent bases, the armed force assumed a different character. Then the service of the nobility, as well as the employment of permanent troops, were arranged. The latter were indispensably necessary for the kings, partly on account of the frequent rebellions of the nobility, and partly owing to their negligence in fulfilling their obligations. Gustavus Vasa maintained an army of 13,000 to 14,000 men, a portion Swedes, another Germans. Erik XIV., his son, augmented it more than twofold: he had 24,000 infantry and 5000 cavalry. At the expiration of the reign of John III., Sweden brought into the field, in her war with Russia, 40,000 men, the greater part of whom were raised by conscription. Gustavus Adolphus, the great captain, generally employed only small armies. In the battles of Breitenfeld and Lützen he had no more than 20,000 men; at Nuremberg, it is true, he was at the head of 58,000 men, but the Swedes formed the minority, the greater portion being formed of soldiers enrolled in Germany, or belonging to German princes.

Charles XI., in 1682, introduced many radical reforms into the army, which were carried out by his successors, and the Swedish army, according to the most recent returns, is composed as follows:

1. **GENERAL OFFICERS AND STAFF.**—The Swedish army counts at the present moment 24 generals (exclusive of 9 adjutants-general), of whom, however, only 10 are on actual service; the staff is composed of 60 officers of all grades, who have passed a careful examination.

**ENGINEERS.**—1 general as chief, 1 colonel, 1 lieutenant-colonel, 2 majors, 8-9 cap-



tains, 9 first-lieutenants, 6 lieutenants, several supernumerary lieutenants, and 12 non-commissioned officers.

The topographical department is managed by a special corps, consisting of 1 colonel (chief), 1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 major, 5-6 captains, and 3 first lieutenants, and is incorporated with the general staff.

As there are no engineers properly so called, the technical affairs are managed by troops of the line, detached for the purpose in time of war.

The composition of the Swedish army is so curious, that before entering into details we shall find it necessary to hazard a few remarks on its organization.

The Swedish army is composed of three distinct portions: the *Indelta*, the *Värfvade*, and the *Bevåring*. We will explain in turn the meaning of these terms.

The institution of the *Indelta* was substituted for the former military conscription, the abuses of which in any great war weighed so heavily on the nation. It does not do away with the sacrifice of their sons to the service of their country; but instead of their being forcibly carried off, they are furnished proportionably to the number or importance of the *hemmans*, or rural properties. The estate which furnishes a soldier is called *rote*; and the obligation to furnish him, *rotering*. The soldier receives from the *rote* his undress uniform; from the state, full dress and accoutrements. Each *rote* is bound, in addition, to preserve and keep up these various objects, as well as those generally which form the equipment of its men. These regulations refer exclusively to infantry.

Cavalry recruiting emanates from another obligation, known by the name of *Rustning*. It presses on the domains tributary to the crown, and certain estates which were left by Charles XI., in 1680, on this condition, in the hands of their former owners. The *Rustning* consists in furnishing and supporting a horseman fully armed and equipped: the state in return gives the tenant who furnishes this horseman a portion of the claims which it has on the revenues of his estate.

Although the *Indelta* troops constitute a portion of the permanent army of Sweden, they are not bound down to a garrison life; they remain on the estates to which they belong, only leaving them once a year, during the month of June, in order to go through their manœuvres. The expenses

of the latter fall on the *rote* and *Rusthall*, who pay a settled sum on this account into the military chest. The maintenance of the *Indelta* only imposes on the state a very slight expense, for it has only to pay the officers.

The *Värfvade* is formed by means of voluntary enrolment, and when attached to the *Indelta* forms the standing army.

The institution of the *Bevåring* dates back to the year 1808. It then bore the name of *Landtvärn*; but this name, so odious to the Swedes, as reminding them of an incapable administration, was changed into *Bevåring's Manskap*, or *Bevåring*, which signifies a corps of defence.

The *Bevåring* is based on the principle of conscription. Every Swedish subject, from the age of twenty to twenty-five, is liable. Exempted are: old soldiers, pilots, postilions, workmen in government employ, and employes generally. The *Bevåring* allows substitution, but only between persons belonging to the same province. The *Bevåring* troops are divided into five classes, according to the annual progression of their age, after twenty-five is passed. Their effective strength is called out once a year for exercising. The *Bevåring* is only composed of infantry.

We will now proceed to examine the statistics of the Swedish army.

#### (a) RECRUITED TROOPS (*Värfvade*):

INFANTRY.—1 regiment of guards of 2 battalions, or 6 companies; 1 chasseur regiment (*Wärmeland*) of 6 companies.

CAVALRY.—1 regiment of horse guards of 5 squadrons; 1 regiment of hussars (*Crown Prince*) of 8 squadrons.

ARTILLERY.—3 regiments, 2 mounted and foot artillery, and 1 regiment of horse artillery; 1 corps of firemen for the rocket brigade; 1 regiment "*Swea artillery*"—6 mounted and 1 foot battery, and 1 regiment "*Götha artillery*"—6 mounted and 1 foot battery, with 6 *dépôt* companies; 1 regiment "*Wendes artillery*"—4 horse batteries, with 2 *dépôt* companies.

Each of the two first regiments has 4 6-pounder batteries, 1 12-pounder, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  4-pounder battery.

The third regiment has 3 6-pounder batteries and 1 12-pounder battery; 1 6-pounder battery—6 6-pounder guns and 2 12-pounder howitzers; 1 12-pounder battery—8 12-pounder guns; 1 24-pounder



Northern navies, established. This system has since been kept up. It was seen that for the defence of the coasts of Sweden heavy ships of war were useless. Light vessels, easy to move, were required in the Baltic and Gulf of Finland, where the passages are so narrow, the waters so shallow. The discovery of steam was an immense auxiliary to the strength of this flotilla.

The personnel of the fleet :

1	Admiral
2	Vice-Admirals
5	Rear-Admirals
200	Captains and Lieutenants
1850	Marine Artillerymen
1540	Sailors, &c.
8200	Boatmen
1160	See Beväring (or Reserve)
34	Companies Marines (Royal Navy)
15	Companies Marines (Gun-boats)

In addition, there are 30 companies Indelta Marine, and the crews can be materially reinforced by means of the maritime conscription.

The whole strength amounts to about 24,000 men.

#### THE FLEET :

12	Ships of the Line	} Royal Navy
8	Frigates	
8	Brigs and Corvettes	
6	Schooners	
8	Mortar Vessels	
22	Transports	} Flotilla
256	Gunboats, &c.	
12	Steamers	
332 Vessels		

The royal navy is generally stationed at Carlsrona, the flotilla at Stockholm and Gothenburg. The navy is recruited in Sweden in the same manner as the army. It comprises Indelta sailors and conscription sailors. The former number about 8200 men, only 900 of whom are supplied by the towns. The principal districts wherein sailors are recruited are Western-Norland, Bliking, Halland, the Island of Gothland, &c.

#### NORWAY.

The Norwegian army is not organized at all like the Swedish, but bears a closer resemblance to the other continental forces; hence it requires no special introductory remarks.

#### GENERAL OFFICERS :

2	Lieutenant-Generals
8	Major-Generals
1	Adjutant-General

#### GENERAL STAFF :

1	Chief (Colonel at least)	} Permanent Members
2	Lieutenant-Colonels	
1	Major	} Attached
3	Captains	
3	Lieutenants	

#### (a.) INFANTRY.—5 Brigades :

1st	.....	5 brigades
2d	.....	5 "
3d	.....	4 "
4th	.....	5 "
5th	.....	3 "

22 brigades, or 11,924 men

There is a peculiar corps in the Norwegian army, consisting of several companies of *Skjeløbere*, or skaters, employed as light infantry, and armed with rifles and long sticks.

#### (b.) CAVALRY :

1 Brigade of 3 Chasseur corps = 1070 men

#### (c.) ARTILLERY.

1 Artillery Regiment, of the strength of = 1330 men

If we add the reserve of 9160 men, the total strength of the Norwegian army will amount to about 23,500 men.

#### THE NORWEGIAN NAVY.

During the period that Norway was reunited to Denmark she possessed no special navy, but on being incorporated with Sweden she consecrated her independence by establishing a very large fleet. This however, she was unable to keep up for any length of time, and at present it is reduced to—

2	Frigates	5	Schooners
4	Corvettes	4	Steamers
1	Brig	136	Gun-boats

The personnel of the fleet consists of—

1	Vice-Admiral	} = 360 men
1	Commander	
3	Commander Captains	
24	Captains	
48	Lieutenants	
350	Petty Officers and Marines	}
180	Dockyard Men	
1	Company Artillery	
1	" Sailors	}
1	" Artificers	

The whole strength amounts to about 30,000 enrolled seamen, between thirty and sixty years of age.

From the Edinburgh Review.

## THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF HENRI BEYLE.\*

THE literary career of Henri Beyle, who wrote under the pseudonym of M. De Stendhal, deserves to be commemorated, if only as a curious illustration of the caprice of criticism; or it may well be cited in proof of the occasional readiness of contemporaries to forestall the judgment of posterity, when there is no longer a living and sentient object for their jealousy. His habits were simple, his tastes were of a nature to be easily and cheaply gratified, and his pecuniary wants were consequently of the most modest description. He would have been content, he tells us, to rub on with 4000 francs a year at Paris; he would have thought himself rich with 6000; and in an autobiographical sketch he says, "The only thing I see clearly is, that for twenty years my ideal has been to live at Paris in a fourth story, writing a drama or a novel." This ideal was never realized,

because the booksellers and theatrical managers would not, or could not, bid high enough for dramas or novels from his pen; and he was eventually compelled to accept the consulship of Civita Vecchia, where the closing period of his life was shortened by the disease of the climate, as well as embittered by disappointment and ennui. There occurred, indeed, one striking exception to this general indifference. In the "Revue Parisienne" of September 23d, 1840, appeared a long and carefully written article, entitled an "Etude sur H. Beyle," by Balzac, in which "La Chartreuse de Parme" was declared to be a masterpiece, and its author was described as one of the finest observers and most original writers of the age. But although elaborately reasoned out, and largely supported by analysis and quotation, this honorable outburst of enthusiasm was commonly regarded as an extravagance into which Balzac had been hurried by an exaggeration of generosity towards a fancied rival; and Beyle's courteous letter of acknowledgment contains the following sentence, showing how little disposed he was to over-estimate his position or his hopes: "This astounding article, such as no writer ever before received from another, I have read, I now venture to own to you, with bursts of laughter. Every time I came to an eulogium a little exalted, and I encountered such at every step, I saw the expression of my friends' faces at reading it."

Could he awake from the dead and see his friends' faces now, his characteristic smile of irony, rather than loud laughter, would be the form in which his feelings might be most appropriately expressed; for those friends have not waited till 1880, the earliest era at which he expected to be read; they have barely exceeded the time prescribed by Horace—*nonumque prematur in annum*—for testing the soundness of a work. Beyle died in 1842,

\* *Bibliothèque Contemporaine*. 2<sup>e</sup> Série. DE STENDHAL. Œuvres complètes. Paris: 1844-55. En vente.

*Vies de Haydn et Mozart, et de Métaïasse*. Nouvelle édition. 1 vol.

*Histoire de la Peinture en Italie*. Nouvelle édition, entièrement revue. 1 vol.

*Rome, Naples, et Florence*. Nouvelle édition. Préface inédite. 1 vol.

*De L'Amour*. Seule édition complète. Augmentée de Préfaces et de Fragments entièrement inédits. 1 vol.

*Vie de Rossini*. Nouvelle édition, entièrement revue. 1 vol.

*Racine et Shakespeare: Etudes sur Le Romantisme*. Nouvelle édition, entièrement revue et augmentées d'un grand nombre de Fragments inédits. 1 vol.

*Promenades dans Rome*. Nouvelle édition. 2 vols. *Mémoires d'un Touriste*. Préface et la plus grande Partie d'un Volume inédite. 2 vols.

*Le Rouge et Le Noir*. *Chronique du XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle*. Nouvelle édition. 1 vol.

*La Chartreuse de Parme*. Nouvelle édition, entièrement revue. 1 vol.

*Romans et Nouvelles*. Précédées d'une Notice sur De Stendhal, par M. B. COLOMBE. 1 vol.

*Correspondance Inédite*. Précédée d'une Introduction, par PROSPER MÉRIMER, de l'Académie Française; ornée d'un beau Portrait de Stendhal. 2 vols.



and few beyond the very limited circle of his intimates then seemed aware that a chosen spirit had departed, or that a well of valuable thought and a fountain of exquisite sensibility had been dried up. One solitary garland of *immortelles* was flung upon his grave. An essay on his life and character, by M. Auguste Bussi re, appeared in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for January, 1843; but the first paragraph was an avowal of the hazardous character of the attempt:

"We approach a task which is at the same time both embarrassing and seducing, that of appreciating a man of talent whose upright character and original qualities seemed to promise a greater extent of influence than he has exercised on his contemporaries. We shall encounter in this mind and in this character odd specialities, strange anomalies, contradictions which will explain how, after having been more vaunted than read, more read than relished, more decried than judged, more cited than known, he has lived, if the expression may be used, in a sort of clandestine celebrity, to die an obscure and unmarked death. Contemporary literature, it must be owned, has found before the tomb of one of its most distinguished cultivators, only silence, or words worse than silence. M. Beyle dead, all has been said for him. His remains have not seen their funeral attendance swelled by those regrets which delight in display, and which come to seek under the folds of the pall a reflection of the lustre shed by the living."

A noble English poet, after an ordinary night's sleep, awoke and found himself famous. Beyle must have slumbered thirteen years, dating from the commencement of his last long sleep, before he could have calculated on a similar surprise on waking. But his hour has come at last, and come sooner than he anticipated. We have now (1855) before us popular and cheap editions of almost all his books (thirteen volumes), in addition to two closely printed volumes of correspondence, and three volumes of novels from his unpublished MSS., bearing striking evidence of the assiduity with which every scrap of his composition has been hunted up. We have, moreover, a somewhat embarrassing superfluity of biographical notices from surviving friends, who, whatever their amount of agreement with Balzac in 1840, have no objection to respond

to the popular demand for Beyle testimonials in 1855. Prefixed to the "Correspondence" is a condensed and pithy series of clever, polished, highly illustrative, and by no means enthusiastic, notes and reminiscences by M. M rim e. M. Sainte-Beuve has devoted two papers, distinguished by his wonted refinement and penetration, to Stendhal, in the "Causeries du Lundi." An extremely interesting biographical notice, drawn up by M. Colomb, Beyle's most attached friend and testamentary executor, from private papers and other authentic sources of information, is prefixed to the "Romans et Nouvelles;" and by way of preface or introduction to the "Chartreuse de Parme," the publishers have judiciously reprinted the long-neglected * loge* of Balzac. As if to complicate the problem, Beyle's critics and biographers announce and claim him as "eminently French," although he systematically ridiculed the vanity of his countrymen, reviled their taste, disliked the greater part of their literature, and, deliberately repudiating his country as "le plus vilain pays du monde que les nigauds appellent la belle France," directed himself to be designated as Milanese on his tombstone. Here is enough, and more than enough, to justify us in devoting our best attention to the social and intellectual phenomenon thus presented—to say nothing of the interest we naturally take in the reputation of an author who, in straitened circumstances, ordered the complete collection of "*mon cher*" Edinburgh Review, and appealed to its extended circulation as an unanswerable proof that the English are more reasonable in politics than the French.

Marie-Henri Beyle was born at Grenoble, on the 23d of January, 1783, of a family which, without being noble, was classed and lived familiarly with the provincial aristocracy. One of his earliest preceptors was a priest, who appears to have sadly misunderstood and mismanaged his pupil. "Beyle," says M. M rim e, "was wont to relate with bitterness, after forty years, that one day, having torn his coat whilst at play, the Abb  intrusted with his education reprimanded him severely for this misdeed before his comrades, and told him he was a disgrace to religion and to his family. We laughed when he narrated this incident; but he saw in it simply an act of priestly tyranny and a horrible injustice, where there was nothing to laugh

at, and he felt as acutely as on the day of its occurrence the wound inflicted on his self-love." It was one of his aphorisms that our parents and our masters are our natural enemies when we enter the world; the simple matter of fact being, that his own character, tendencies, and aspirations had been invariably opposed to the plans, wishes, and modes of thinking of his family. They were clearly wrong in endeavoring to force him into uncongenial paths of study; nor was he likely to be cured of his inborn wilfulness, or his morbid sensibility, by harsh treatment. On the establishment of the *Ecole Centrale*, in 1795, they had no alternative but to send him there; and such was his quickness or diligence, that when the day arrived for the examinations in "*grammaire générale*," not one of the pupils could compete with him, and he received all the prizes that had been proposed.

During the four following years he sustained his reputation by carrying off all the first prizes in all the courses that he attended; and at the end of that time, in 1798, he concentrated his energies on mathematics for (according to M. Colomb) the strange reason that he had a horror for hypocrisy, and rightly judged that in mathematics it was impossible. A more intelligent and more likely motive was his laudable ambition to be admitted into the Polytechnic School, for which he was about to become a candidate after much anxious preparation, when a sudden change took place in his prospects; and we find him in 1800, at the age of seventeen, a supernumerary in the ministry of war. He was indebted for this employment to the Daru family, which was distantly related to his own; and when, early in the same year, the two brothers Daru were dispatched to Italy on public duty of an administrative kind, they invited Beyle to rejoin them there on the chance of some fitting occupation for him turning up. He made the journey from Geneva to Milan on horseback, following so close on the traces of the invading army, that he had to run the gauntlet before the fort of Bard, which, overlooked from its insignificance, had well nigh frustrated the most brilliant of Napoleon's early campaigns at starting. Our young adventurer entered Milan at the beginning of June, 1800; and on the 14th of the same month, had the good fortune to be present, as an amateur, at the battle of

Marengo. An armistice having been signed the next day, he took advantage of it to visit, in company with a son of General Melas, the Boromean Isles and the other remarkable objects in the vicinity. Hurried away, we suppose, by the military spirit which animated all around him, Beyle entered a regiment of dragoons as quartermaster; and, in the course of a month, received a commission as sub-lieutenant. He served for about half a year as aide-de-camp to General Michaud, and received the most flattering certificate of courage and conduct; but before the expiration of a year (on September 17th, 1801) he was ordered to rejoin his regiment, then in garrison at Savigliano, in Piedmont, in consequence of a regulation forbidding any officer under the rank of lieutenant to be employed as aide-de-camp.

His life in a provincial town differed widely from that of the brilliant staff-officer, which, divided between Brescia and Bergamo, with frequent excursions to Milan and the Isles, and thickly sown, says his biographer, with various and romantic sensations, realized his conceptions of perfect happiness. So soon as the treaty of Amiens afforded him an honorable pretext for quitting an inactive and unexciting course of life in the army, he flung up his commission very much to the disgust of his patrons, and went to reside with his parents at Grenoble. Of course this experiment failed, but he made himself sufficiently disagreeable to extort an allowance of 150 francs a month from his father with leave to live in Paris, where, in June, 1807, he took up his elevated abode (*au cinquième*) in the Rue d'Angivilliers, and without seeking for introductions or aiming at immediate distinction, calmly and resolutely set about educating himself anew. Montesquieu, Montaigne, Cabanis, Destutt de Tracy, Say, J.J. Rousseau, were his familiar authors. He also made a careful study of Alfieri's tragedies; and out of his five francs a day he contrived to pay masters in English and fencing. He got on tolerably well in English, although his instructor was an Irishman with a touch of the brogue; but his skill with the foil was of so equivocal a description, that Renouvier, the director of the *Salle Fabien*, is reported to have given him nearly the same advice which was addressed to a British peer by a celebrated French fencing master, when his lordship was settling account with him at the con-

clusion of a long series of lessons at a napoleon per hour: "Milord, je vous conseille décidément d'abandonner les armes."

Beyle's figure was ill adapted for active exercises; but his nerves, which grew tremulous at the slightest touch of emotion, were firm as steel in the presence of danger; his eye was good, and he attained to such a proficiency with the pistol as to be able once, when anxious to display his skill, to bring down a bird upon the wing at forty yards' distance. The reputation thus acquired (perhaps by a happy accident) was far from useless for a man of his character, who was then daily liable to be called to account for the indiscreet indulgence of his peculiar humor. Towards the conclusion of his career he writes: "I ought to have been killed a dozen times for epigrams or *mots piquants* that can not be forgotten; and yet I have received only three wounds—two of which are of little consequence, those in the hand and the left foot." One of his maxims was, to catch at the first occasion for a duel on entering life; and his receipt for a first duel, which he pronounced infallible, runs thus: "Whilst your adversary is taking aim, look at a tree, and begin counting the leaves. One preëccupation will distract from another of a graver kind. Whilst taking aim yourself, recite two Latin verses; this will prevent you from firing too quickly, and neutralize that five per cent. of emotion which has sent so many balls twenty feet above the mark."

About this time (1803), Beyle formed the curious project of writing a comedy, in one act and in prose, to confute the critical canons of the celebrated Geoffroy. It was to be called "Quelle Horreur! ou l'ami du despotisme pervertisseur de l'opinion publique." He worked at it, from time to time, for ten or twelve years; and then definitely abandoned it. In 1805 he renewed the experiment of domestic life at Grenoble, which this time was curiously and characteristically interrupted. He fell in love with an actress; and, on her leaving Grenoble on a professional engagement for Marseilles, he pretended a sudden inclination for commerce, and became clerk to a Marseilles firm of dealers in colonial produce, with whom he remained a year, when the lady married a rich Russian magnate, and Beyle returned to Paris. Having contracted a fixed taste for intellectual pursuits, he was

with difficulty persuaded by his friends, the Darus, to attach himself once more to their fortunes. He complied, however, and rejoined them in Germany, where he was present, as a non-combatant, at the battle of Jena, and witnessed the triumphant entry of Napoleon into Berlin in 1806. A few days after this event, Count Daru (the father) procured for Beyle the place of *intendant* of the domains of the Emperor in Brunswick, which he held two years, profiting by his residence in the Duchy to study the German language and philosophy. Here, again, he gave signal proof of both moral and physical courage. He put down an insurrection in a town, the garrison of which had just quitted it, by the bold expedient of arming the invalid soldiers left behind in a hospital, and suddenly leading them against the crowd. An instance of his energy as an administrator is thus related by M. Mérimée:

"According to his wonted mode of showing himself worse than he was, he affected to despise the enthusiasm that made the men of his epoch do such great things. 'We had the sacred fire,' he observed, 'and I among the rest, though unworthy. I had been sent to Brunswick to levy an extraordinary contribution of five millions. I raised seven millions, and I narrowly escaped being torn in pieces by the populace, who were exasperated at the excess of my zeal. The Emperor inquired the name of the auditor who had so acted, and said, 'C'est bien.'"

It would have been difficult to discover another auditor similarly circumstanced, who would have refrained from putting into his own pocket one, at least, of the two extra millions; and it is far from clear that the Emperor would have trusted or respected him less on that account, so long as the imperial demands were fully answered. Napoleon commonly knew to a fraction the amount of the illicit gains of his functionaries, as the famous contractor Ouvrard discovered to his cost. This man was once foolish enough to bet that Mademoiselle Georges would sup with him instead of keeping her known engagement to sup, on a specified night, at the Tuileries. He overcame her scruples by a bribe of 200,000 francs, and won his wager. The day following he was ordered to attend the Emperor, and was thus quietly addressed:—"M. Ouvrard, you have gained five millions by your contracts for the supply of the army in Spain; you will pay two into the imperial

Treasury without delay." This state of things and tone of feeling must be kept in mind in appreciating a man like Beyle, who, after dealing with millions in times of commotion and confusion, died in exile because he could never muster capital enough to secure an annuity of 160*l.* a year.

In his capacity of auditor he was attached to the grand army during the invasion of Russia, and had his full share of the glories, dangers, and privations of the retreat. He was among the few, says M. Mérimée, who, on this trying occasion, never forfeited the respect of others. One day, not far from the Beresina, Beyle presented himself, shaved and carefully dressed, before his chief: "You have shaved as usual, I see," observed M. Daru; "you are a brave man (*un homme de cœur*)."

In a letter from Moscow he has given one of the most graphic and picturesque accounts we are acquainted with of the fire. It concludes thus:

"We left the city lighted up by the finest conflagration in the world, forming an immense pyramid, which, like the prayers of the faithful, had its base on earth and its summit in heaven. The moon appeared above this atmosphere of flame and smoke. It was an imposing spectacle, but one ought to have been alone, or surrounded by men of mind, to enjoy it. That which has spoilt the Russian campaign for me, is to have made it with people who would have commonplacéd the Colosseum and the Bay of Naples."

He said he had not suffered so very much from hunger during the retreat, but found it impossible to recall to memory how he had procured food, or what he had eaten, with the exception of a lump of tallow, for which he had paid twenty francs, and which he always recollected with delight. Before setting out on this expedition he deemed it prudent to take especial precautions against the want of ready money. His sister replaced all the buttons of a surtout by gold pieces of twenty and forty francs, covered with cloth. On his return she asked if this expedient had answered. He had never once thought of it since his departure. By dint of taxing his memory, he recalled a vague impression of having given the old surtout to the waiter of an inn near Wilna, with the gold buttons sewed up as at Paris. This incident, observes M. Colomb, is truly illustrative, for Beyle was excessively given to precaution, with-

out a parallel for forgetfulness, and reckless to the last degree.

He abided faithfully by the declining fortunes of Napoleon, and did good service in the crisis of 1814; but he was destined never to enjoy the reward of his devotion; and when the crash came, he bore his ruin with so philosophical an air, that many superficial observers openly accused him of ingratitude and tergiversation. The best answer to such charges was his refusal to apply or lay himself out for office under the restored monarchy, although a fair opening was managed for him by his friends.

In August, 1814, he left Paris for Milan, where he resided till 1821, with the exception of visits to Paris and London in 1817. At Milan he enjoyed in perfection the precise kind of life which suited him. The opera was a never-failing source of enjoyment; and there was no department of the fine arts from which he could not draw both instruction and amusement at will. The cosmopolite character of his tastes may be inferred from the manner in which he speaks in a letter, dated October, 1818, of Viganò, the composer of ballets:

"Every man who has an immense success in his own country is remarkable in the eyes of a philosopher. Viganò, I repeat, has had this success. For example, 4000 francs a year has been usually paid to the composers of ballets; he has 44,000 for 1819. A Parisian will exclaim, *Fi, l'horreur!* He may speak in good faith; only I shall add aside, so much the worse for him. If Viganò discovers the art of writing gestures and groups, I maintain, that in 1860 he will be more spoken of than Madame de Staël. Therefore, I have a right to call him a great man, or at least, a very remarkable man, and superior, like Rossini or Canová, to all that you have at Paris in the fine arts or literature."

In another letter, in which he repeats and justifies this opinion, he says, "I pass my evenings with Rossini and Monti: all things considered, I prefer extraordinary men to ordinary ones." Amongst the extraordinary men with whom he associated on familiar terms at Milan was Lord Byron, who thus alludes to the circumstance in a letter to Beyle in 1823:—"You have done me too much honor by what you have been so good as to say of me in your work; but that which has caused me as much pleasure as the praise is to learn at last (by accident) that I am indebted for it to one whose esteem I was



really ambitious to obtain. So many changes have taken place since this epoch in our Milan circle, that I hardly dare revive the memory of it. Death, exile, and Austrian prisons, have separated those we loved. Poor Pellico! I hope that in his cruel solitude his Muse consoles him sometimes, to charm us once again when her poet shall be restored again with herself to liberty."

Beyle's account of their introduction and dinner with Monti is quoted in Moore's "Life of Byron." In March, 1818, he writes thus to a friend who was anxious that he should become a candidate for office:

"Without hating any one, I have always been exquisitely abhorred by half of my official relations, etc., etc. To conclude, I like Italy. I pass from seven o'clock to midnight every evening in listening to music; the climate does the rest. Do you know that during the last six weeks we have been at 14° of Reanmur? Do you know that at Venice one lives like a gentleman for nine *lire* a day, and that the Venetian *lira* is fifty centimes? I shall live a year or two longer at Milan, then as much at Venice, and then, in 1821, pressed by misfortune, I shall go to Cularo; I shall sell the apartment, for which I was offered 100,000 francs this year, and I shall try my fortune at Paris."

By a strange coincidence of untoward events, which could not have been so much as guessed when this plan of life was sketched, he was eventually compelled to adhere to it. His father died in the course of the following year (June, 1819), and left him less than half of the 100,000 francs on which he had calculated; and in July, 1820, he writes to announce "the greatest misfortune that could happen to him,"—"the hardest blow he had ever received in his life." A report had got about, and was generally credited at Milan, that he was a secret agent of the French Government. "It has been circulating for six months. I observed that many persons tried to avoid saluting me: I cared little about this, when the kind Plana wrote me the letter which I inclose. I am not angry with him; yet here is a terrible blow. For, after all, what is this Frenchman doing here? Milanese simplicity will never be able to comprehend my philosophic life, and that I live here on five thousand francs, better than at Paris on twelve thousand." He had partly himself to blame for this disagreeable position; for he was fond of mystifying people by playing tricks with his name, or by

adopting odd names and signatures, as well as by giving counterfeit, shifting, and contradictory descriptions of his birth, rank, and profession.

"When," says M. Colomb, "he had to give his address to a tailor or bootmaker, it was rarely that he gave his real name. This led to *quid pro quo*s which amused him. Thus, he was inquired for by turns under the names of Bel, Beil, Bell, Lebel, etc. As to his profession, it depended on the caprice of the moment. At Milan he gave himself out for a superior officer of dragoons who had obtained his discharge in 1814, and son of a general of artillery. All these little inventions were but jokes; he never derived any advantage from them beyond a little amusement."

This excuse might have been partially admissible if, in the aristocratic society of Milan, he had given himself out for an ex-corporal and the son of a tailor; but the assumption of a superior grade and higher birth savors strongly of a censurable amount of petty vanity; and such tricks were the height of folly in a town like Milan, where both the governing and the governed were naturally prone to suspect treachery.

Whilst he was yet hesitating what course to pursue, the police settled the matter by summarily ordering him to leave the Austrian territory, upon the gratuitous supposition that he was affiliated to the sect of Carbonari. From 1821 to 1830, he resided at Paris, where he was an established member of the circles which comprised the leading notabilities of the period, male and female, political, social, literary, and artistical.

"It is from this epoch," says M. Colomb, "that his reputation as *homme d'esprit*, and *conteur agréable* (both these terms are untranslatable) dates. Society listened with pleasure—with a sustained interest—to that multitude of anecdotes which his vast memory and his lively imagination produced under a graceful, colored, original form. People recognized in the narrator the man who had studied and seen much, and observed with acuteness. Across the profound changes undergone by the *salon* life since 1789, he recalled attention, to a limited degree, to the taste which reigned at that time amongst those who guided it; he succeeded in generalizing the conversation—a difficult and almost disused thing in our days, when, if three people are gathered together, there are two conversations proceeding simultaneously without any connection; when *roués* resemble public places open to all comers, and where about as much *esprit* is consumed as at a costume ball, composed of persons who see each other for the first time. Beyle's agreeability frequently enabled him

to triumph over all the dissolvents which tend to destroy French society.'

And a very great triumph it was, if we consider the period and the angry passions which then divided the company that he thus contrived to amalgamate by the introduction of well-chosen topics, by his felicitous mode of treating them, by his varied knowledge, his lively fancy and his tact. The reason why M. Colomb is obliged to go back to a period antecedent to 1789 for his model of drawing-room life, is, that the French thenceforth ceased to be the gay, laughing, pleasure-seeking nation of which we have read or heard traditionally. Serious practical politics are a sad drawback to lively and clever conversation, not merely because any dull fellow can bawl out the commonplaces of his party, but because the easy interchange of mind is impeded, and our thoughts are constantly reverting, in our own despite, to the absorbing and beaten questions of the hour. But the buoyant spirits and elastic energies of a rising generation cannot be kept down. The struggle of a new school of authors or artists with a declining or superannuated one, affords ample scope for the display of wit, taste, and acquirement; and the contest between classicism and romanticism, which raged furiously during the last years of the Restoration, was admirably adapted to the genius of a Beyle.

There can hardly be a fairer test of the position held by a man in his own country than the contemporary impression of an enlightened foreigner. In her "France in 1829—1830," Lady Morgan describes "the brilliant Beyle" as the central figure of a group of notabilities at her hotel; and his *nom de guerre* figures thus with her ladyship's name in one of Viennet's versified epistles:

"Stendhal, Morgan, Schlegel,—ne vous effrayez pas,  
Muses, ce sont des noms fameux dans nos climats,  
Chefs de la Propagande, ardens missionnaires,  
Parlant de Romantique, et prêchant ses mystères."

It is elsewhere recorded of him, that, besides talking well himself, he contributed largely to the social pleasures of the circles in which he mixed, by leading others to talk, and by bringing persons of congenial minds together.

"A party of eight or ten agreeable persons," he

writes, "where the conversation is gay and anecdotic, and where weak punch is handed round at half-past twelve, is the place in the world where I enjoy myself most. There, in my element, I infinitely prefer hearing others talk to talking myself. I readily sink back into the silence of happiness; and if I talk it is only to pay my ticket of admission."

He named half-past twelve at night because the steady, regular, formal people are wont to retire before that time, and the field is pretty sure to be left free to those who live for intellectual intercourse, and love it for its own sake, instead of hurrying to crowd after crowd to proclaim their importance, gratify their vanity, or parade their tiresomeness. He insisted on anecdotes, facts, and incidents, in contradistinction to the vague, the declamatory, and the abstract style of conversation—that trick of phrase-making, as he termed it, which (in common with Byron) he detected and detested in "Corinne." Madame Pasta happening to say one evening of love, "C'est une tuile qui vous tombe sur la tête;" "Add," said Beyle, "comme vous passez dans la vie," and then you will speak like Madame de Staël, and people will pay attention to your remark."

In an existence like Beyle's, as in a Rembrandt picture, the bright parts stand out in broad contrast to the surrounding intensity of shade:

"Dearly bought the hidden treasure  
Finer feelings can bestow;  
Hearts that vibrate sweetest pleasure  
Thrill the deepest notes of woe."

"My sensibility," he writes shortly before his death, "has become too acute. What does but graze others, wounds me to the quick. Such was I in 1799; such I am still in 1840. But I have learnt to hide all this under irony imperceptible to the common herd." We suspect that this sensibility somewhat resembled that of Rousseau, who, whilst laying down rules for the education of children in "Emile," suffered his own offspring to be brought up at a foundling hospital; or that of Sterne, who, it is alleged, neglected a dying mother to indulge in pathos over a dead donkey. In the midst of his social triumphs, Beyle more than once meditated suicide; and on one occasion, in 1828, he appears to have been driven to despair by the remissness of an English publisher, who had omitted to pay him for some

articles which he had contributed to a London magazine. Under these circumstances, we can hardly wonder that the prospect of an independence induced him to accept the consulship of Trieste, which was obtained for him in September, 1830, by the friends who had thriven on the revolution of July. They have been censured for not doing more for him; but it should be remembered that a party is a combination of persons who unite their talents and resources upon an understanding that, in case of success, the power and patronage thereby acquired shall be shared amongst them. There is nothing necessarily wrong in such a league, because those forming it may fairly claim credit for confidence in one another's honesty and capacity as well as for having fixed principles of policy to carry out; and the leaders have no right to gratify their private feelings at the expense of their supporters. Now Beyle took no part in the proceedings which resulted in the temporary establishment of the Orleans dynasty upon the throne. He had encountered no danger, and was entitled to no reward. Nay, he had just before been in confidential communication with the Polignac ministry on the delicate subject of the Roman Conclave. He had made himself extremely useful, and was naturally looking forward to his reward from them. So far as his influence went, it had been exerted to depreciate and discourage the exertions of the Liberal party. "France," he had said some time before, "is on the high road to happiness. If they try to make her take the short cuts, they will upset the coach." The remark was prophetic, and does credit to his penetration.

He was supremely miserable at Trieste, and, fortunately for him, Prince Metternich refused to sanction the appointment; so he was transferred to Civita Vecchia, which was an improvement, as admitting of frequent excursions to Rome. But his letters are full as ever of longings for Parisian life.

"What a prospective," he exclaims, "not to see the intellectual people of Paris more than two or three times before I die! I was at a charming dinner yesterday, the finest place in the neighborhood, trees, a fresh breeze, and thirty-three guests, who felt honored by the presence of a consul; but not an idea, not a touch of depth or refinement. Am I destined to die surrounded by *bêtes*? It looks very like it. I am sought after; I enjoy some consideration; I have the best slice of a fish

weighing fourteen pounds, the best of its kind. I had an excellent horse, which did the five miles and a half in three quarters of an hour, yet I am perishing of ennui. How many cold characters, how many geometricians, would be happy, or, at least, tranquil and satisfied in my place! But my soul is a fire, which dies out if it does not flame up. I require three or four cubic feet of new ideas every day, as a steamboat requires coal."

The utmost indulgence he could obtain was leave of absence, purchased by the sacrifice of half his salary, from 1836 to 1839. In 1838 he came to London, and (according to M. Colomb) struck up a passing intimacy with Theodore Hook, at the Athenæum Club. In March, 1839, on the retirement of M. Molé from the Presidency of the Council and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Beyle reluctantly resumed his official duties at Civita Vecchia. His health began to break, and he returned to Paris for medical advice in 1841. On the 22d of March, 1842, he was struck with apoplexy in the Rue Neuve des Capucines, close to the door of the Foreign Office. He was carried to his lodging in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, where he expired at two o'clock the next morning, without having uttered a word, and apparently without pain, in the sixtieth year of his age. He was buried in the cemetery of Montmartre (du nord), and the following inscription was placed by his own express directions upon his monument: "Arrigo Beyle, Milanese, Scrisse, Amò, Visse, Ann. 59. M. 2. Mori 2. 23. Marzo, M.D.CCC.XLII. (Henry Beyle, Milanese, Wrote, Loved, Lived, 59 years and 2 months. He died at two A.M. on the 23rd March, 1842.)"

According to Beyle's own philosophical creed, which referred everything to self, he wrote, and loved, and lived in vain; for his writings were unprofitable, his loves were unprosperous, and his life was an unhappy one. It will not be uninteresting, nor beside the purpose, to trace and analyze the more recondite causes of these results.

Miss Edgeworth wrote the story of "Murad the Unlucky," to prove that what is popularly called ill-luck is simply another name for imprudence, and that we have commonly ourselves to thank for our success or ill-success in life. Beyle's career might be plausibly adduced either for or against her argument. It was undeniably ill-luck that two dynasties should be successively upset, just as he had establish-

ed a claim on each respectively. His acknowledged merits very far exceeded those of many by whom he was distanced in the race; and on five or six occasions he strikingly distinguished himself, yet his good hits did little or nothing for his advancement. Fortune, therefore, clearly had something to do with his disappointments; yet we are disposed to think that his avowed incapacity for biding his time was the main cause of most of them. In the worldly struggle, passive endurance is no less useful than active energy; and patience under annoyance, or perseverance in uncongenial employments, has again and again proved ambition's best ladder. Beyle was the most impatient and least tolerant of human beings. Whenever an occupation ceased to interest him, he abandoned it; the moment his acquaintance failed to amuse, he fled from them. He deemed ennui the greatest of earthly evils, and a bore the worst of criminals. Armed with medical and legal authorities to the effect that death might be produced by ennui, and that the means by which it was illegally inflicted were immaterial in a juridical point of view, the Duc de Laraguais formally prosecuted a famous Parisian bore for an attempt upon his life. If Beyle had been the judge, he would have broken the accused upon the wheel without mercy or compunction. He was not wholly without excuse, for when suffering from ennui he underwent a complete prostration of his moral and physical faculties.

Another of his confirmed antipathies, if more excusable, was not less formidable as an obstacle or dangerous as a stumbling block.

"Three or four times," he writes, in his fifty-sixth year, "fortune has knocked at my door. In 1814 it only rested with myself to be named Prefect of Mans, or Director-general of Corn Imports at Paris under the orders of Count Beugnot; but I was frightened at the number of platitudes and half-meaneases imposed daily on the public functionaries of all classes. . . . When I see a man strutting about in a room with a number of orders at his button-hole, I involuntarily reckon up the number of paltry actions, of degrading submissions, and often black treasons, that he must have accumulated to have received so many certificates of them."

This may remind the reader of Selwyn's remark on a silver dinner-service, at the sale of the effects of Mr. Pelham, the Minister: "How many toads have been eaten off these plates!"

Beyle rivalled or outdid Swift in his "hate of folly" and his "scorn of fools," and took no pains to conceal his aversion or contempt. At the same time (like Sydney Smith with his "foolometer") he fully appreciated the importance of this very numerous and very influential corporation. Thus, when maintaining the cause of the Romantic School against the Classicists, he says:

"Never, in the memory of historians, did nation undergo in its manners and its pleasures a more rapid and entire change than that from 1780 to 1823, and people wish to give us the same literature! Let our grave adversaries look round them; the fool (not) of 1780 produced stupid and insipid pleasantries; he was always laughing; the fool of 1823 produces philosophic reasonings—vague, hackneyed, sleep-inspiring; his face is constantly elongated. Here is a notable revolution. A society in which an element so essential and so abundant as the fool is changed to this extent, cannot support either the same comic or the same pathetic; then everybody aimed at making his neighbor laugh; now everybody wishes to pick his neighbor's pocket."

We have already quoted his confession of an incurable tendency to produce enmity by his sarcasms. A man who habitually indulges in this mode of talking and writing may be esteemed for his manly spirit, his independent bearing, his moral and physical courage, or his uncompromising integrity, but he will rarely succeed as a place-hunter.

Beyle's irreligion is not offensively paraded in the works published under his own eye in his lifetime; but the lamentable state of his mind in this respect is most repulsively exhibited in three or four passages of the "*Correspondance Inédite*," where they have been inexcusably retained by the editor. His friend *Mérimée* describes him as a confirmed infidel and an "outrageous materialist;" nor, after fully allowing for his reckless habit of making himself appear worse than he was to shock grave people, can it be doubted that his entire mind and character were underlaid and pervaded by a cold, hard, ingrained and ineradicable system of disbelief. In the false pride of his mistaken logic, he fearlessly pushed his creed, or no-creed, to its extreme consequences. Denying Providence, he denied moral responsibility, and he regarded human beings as puppets, meant for nothing higher or better than to play a sorry or ridiculous part on the stage of life, where all their motions are



regulated by the strings of egotism. According to Mérimée, he could never be persuaded that what he thought false could be deemed credible by others; and he put no faith in the sincerity of the devout. This extent of skepticism, assuming it to be genuine, implies a degree of blindness, of ignorance, of downright fatuity, that seems utterly irreconcilable with his proved strength of understanding, his varied commerce with the world, and his acknowledged sagacity. To borrow the language which would have been best adapted to his apprehensions, it was worse than a crime, it was a blunder. His assumed skill in penetrating to the springs of human action and his boasted logic, one or both of them, were at fault, and we need look no farther for the explanation of his disappointments or his despondency.

He is admitted on all hands to have been a man of strict honor and scrupulous integrity. M. Colomb adds, that few have had more devoted friends than Beyle, although he was culpably prone to neglect their interests as well as his own. This raises a fresh difficulty; for, generally speaking, no bad quality or vice carries its appropriate punishment along with it more surely than heartlessness. If we do not trust others, they will not trust us; and if we have no faith in friendship, we neither deserve nor acquire friends. What is worse, we forfeit our best source of consolation when we throw away hope; and we canker happiness in the bud when we kill enthusiasm:

"Like following life in creatures we dissect,  
We lose it in the moment we detect."

In one of Beyle's letters he speaks of himself as simultaneously conscious of two states of being,—the sentient and the observant or reasoning; and we can fancy him like the hero in "Used Up" (*L'Homme Usé*), who, in momentary expectation of a strong excitement, takes out his watch to count the beatings of his pulse. This constant practice of mental analysis may refine the perceptive powers, or sharpen the logical faculty, or supply materials for psychological study, but it chills the imagination, and induces an undue preference for sensual pleasures as the most solid or the least evanescent sources of enjoyment. Such was one of its effects on Beyle, who combined pruriency of fancy with delicacy of thought, and (no very rare occurrence) was at the same time sen-

timental and what the late Lord Alvañy used to call *fleshimental*. Another of its effects, not less marked, was to inspire him with a morbid dislike to poetry in verse, although he showed admirable discrimination in selecting beautiful passages from Shakspeare and Dante.

The reader will have observed that the combination of qualities which we have described in Beyle, belongs rather to the analytical than to the creative order of mind, and entitle their possessor to rank higher as a critic or metaphysician than as a writer of fiction. It is the very essence of sound criticism to trace impressions to their source; but the poet, the dramatist, and the novelist (or writer of prose epics) must be swept along by the glowing stream of their own composition, or the public will look on indifferently or not notice them at all. In the case of the author before us, precisely what we should have anticipated from *à priori* reasoning, has come to pass. The only works of his which acquired any share of popularity on their first appearance were "Rome, Naples, and Florence" (1817); "Racine et Shakspeare" (1823); and the "Life of Rossini" (1823). Beyle was passionately fond of music. When he wrote on it, he was hurried away by his subject; and the first of these three works may be described as a musical tour. The "Life of Rossini" speaks for itself; and "Racine and Shakspeare" was an exclusively critical production, thrown off upon the sudden impulse in the height of an exciting controversy. Such an occasion was eminently favorable to the display of his peculiar talents; and he was saved, in his own despite, from the fatal error of writing, or affecting to write, for a contemporary public of exceedingly narrow dimensions, or for a larger one that was to begin studying him in right earnest, and in a becoming spirit, about 1880.

It is stated in an English book of travels, printed for private circulation, that Manzoni, "half in earnest, avowed it to be his creed, that as society became more enlightened, it would tolerate no such thing as literature considered merely as a creation of art." Beyle too frequently acted on the hypothesis that this stage of progressive improvement had been reached already, or was sure to be reached very shortly; for he takes little pains to develop, or even to separate, his ideas, thoughts, and images, when they crowd upon him. When the expression is irre-

proachable in respect of clearness, the odds are that the arrangement is faulty, or that the form is such as to create an inadequate impression of the work. We hardly remember another instance in which so much curious information and masterly criticism, so much varied and valuable matter of all sorts, is presented in so loose, scattered, unpretending, and unattractive a shape as in his "Promenades dans Rome." His friends allege that it was his dislike to Madame Staël, and his horror of what he thought the sickly sentimentalities and pompous platitudes of "Corinne," that hurried him into the opposite extreme of putting forth two volumes of Notes.

"Whatever negligence may be found in his works," says M. Mérimée, "these were not the less laboriously worked up. All his books were copied several times before being delivered to the printer; but his corrections were not of style. He always wrote fast, changing his thought, and troubling himself little about the form. He had even a contempt for style, and maintained that an author had attained perfection when readers remembered his ideas without being able to recall his phrases." Just so it has been observed that the best dressed person is one who leaves a general impression of ease and elegance; or, as Brummell put it, if John Bull stops to look at you, you are not well dressed, but too stiff, too tight, or too fashionable. M. Thiers, again, in the eloquent Preface to his concluding volumes, compares a perfect style to glass which we look through without being conscious of its presence between the object and the eye. These respective points of excellence, however, are not attained when the dress conveys an impression of awkwardness, when the glass troubles the view, or when the style repels readers and degrades, instead of elevating, the thought. Nor are they often attained without labor; and it has been pointedly observed that the "Ramblers" of Dr. Johnson, elaborate as they appear, were written rapidly and seldom underwent revision; whilst the simple language of Rousseau, which seems to come flowing from the heart, was the slow production of painful toil, pausing on every word, and balancing every sentence. Balzac concludes his fervent eulogy of Beyle by protesting against his "habitudes de sphinx;" and says of the style of his best work, "He writes very much in the style of Diderot, who was not a writer;

but the conception is grand and powerful, the thought is original, and often well rendered. This system is not to be held up to imitation. It would be too dangerous to let authors believe themselves profound thinkers." It would certainly be too dangerous to let them set up for so many Bentham's, and depend upon a corresponding supply of Dumonts to translate or interpret them.

In a letter to M. Colomb, Balzac adds: "Beyle is one of the most remarkable spirits of the age; but he has not paid sufficient attention to form: he wrote as the birds sing, and our language is a sort of Madame Honesta, who finds no good in anything that is not irreproachable. I am deeply grieved at his sudden death; the pruning-knife should have been carried into the 'Chartreuse de Parme,' and a second edition would have made a complete and irreproachable work of it. In any case it is a wonderful production, *le lièvre des esprits distingués*."

Although not quite agreeing in this estimate, we concur with M. Balzac to the extent of thinking the "Chartreuse de Parme" a very remarkable book, which may be fairly taken as Beyle's masterpiece in the department of fiction. We shall, therefore, endeavor to convey some notion of it by a rude outline of the plot and a few extracts.

The time is the first quarter of the present century. The scene is laid at Milan and Parma. The heroine (Gina, the abbreviation of Angelina) is a Milanese of high birth, surpassing beauty, indomitable energy, and morals of that elastic and accommodating order that never stand in the way of her preferment or her caprice. The hero Fabricio, her nephew, is a good-looking, gallant, and gifted scapegrace, a sort of Italian Tom Jones, who is constantly getting himself and his patrons into difficulty by indulging the impulse of the moment. His aunt is attached to him with an intensity of affectionate interest that might have ended in a scandal of the worst kind, had it been reciprocated, which it is not; and she herself is represented as never wilfully cherishing an irregular or guilty wish. The most important of the *dramatis personæ*, after these two, are the reigning Prince of Parma, Ernest IV., and his prime minister, the Count Mosca della Rovere. More than a hundred pages are occupied in laying the train by details of Fabricio's youth-

ful adventures and the early life of Gina, of which a single incident may suffice. Her husband, the Count Pietranera, having been killed in a duel, she intimates to her principal adorer her sovereign will and pleasure that he should pursue the successful combatant and revenge the death of her lost lord. He hesitates, and she sends him the following billet:—

“Voulez-vous agir une fois en homme d'esprit? Figurez-vous que vous ne m'avez jamais connue. Je suis, avec un peu de mépris peut-être, votre très humble servante, GINA PIETRANERA.”

Refusing the most splendid offers, she takes up her abode in a fifth story, with the avowed intention of living on a pension of 1500 francs a year. The Count Mosca sees her at La Scala, and falls desperately in love with her. “He was then between forty and forty-five years of age: he had marked features, no appearance of pretension, and a gay, simple air, which predisposed in his favor. He would have been very good-looking still, if a whim of his prince had not obliged him to wear powder as a pledge of sound political opinions. He consoles himself for the advance of years by the reflection that age, after all, is but the inability to give oneself up to those delicious tremblings and emotions;” and, encouraged by the Countess's smiles, he at length makes his proposals, which are not exactly what the French ladies call *pour le bon motif*. Like a late lamented English statesman, he explains that there are three courses open. He would fling ambition to the winds, and live with her at Milan, Florence, or Naples, on the wreck of his fortune; or she might settle at Parma, where he could insure her a place about the Court:

“‘But,’ he continues, ‘there is one capital objection. The prince is devout, and, as you are aware, it is my fate to be married. The result would be a million of annoyances. You are a widow; it is an excellent position which you must exchange for another, and this is the object of my third plan. A new and accommodating husband might be found. But it is essential that he should be of an advanced age, for why should you refuse me the hope of replacing him at some future day? Well, I have concluded this singular affair with the Duc Sanseverina-Taxis, who of course does not know the name of his future duchess. All he knows is that she is to make him ambassador, and confer on him a grand cross that his father had, and the want of which renders him the most miserable of mortals. Allowing for this weakness, the Duc is not too much of a simpleton. He has

his clothes and perukes from Paris. He is by no means the sort of man to commit intentional depravity; he seriously believes that honor consists in having a cross; and he is ashamed of his wealth. He came to me a year ago to propose to found a hospital to gain this cross. I laughed at him, but he did not laugh at me when I proposed a marriage; my first condition, I need hardly say, being that he should never set foot in Parma again.’

“‘But are you aware,’ interrupted the Countess, ‘that what you are proposing to me is very immoral?’

“‘Not more immoral than what has been done in our Court and twenty others. There is this convenience in absolute power, that it sanctifies everything in the eyes of the governed; and can that which is seen by no one be a blot? Our policy, for twenty years, bids fair to consist in the fear of Jacobinism; and what a fear! Every year we shall fancy ourselves on the era of '93. You will hear, I hope, the phrases I am in the habit of declaiming on that topic, at my receptions. They are grand. Everything that may diminish this fear a little will be supremely moral in the eyes of the noble and the devout. Now, at Parma, everything that is not noble or devout is in prison or preparing to go there; and you may be well assured that this marriage will not appear singular amongst us before the day of my disgrace.’”

Three months afterwards, the new Duchess Sanseverina-Taxis was the cynosure of every eye and the observed of all observers at the Court of Parma, where the Prince, whose portrait is a masterpiece, soon seeks to displace and replace his minister. On one of her Thursday receptions, he could not resist the temptation of going in defiance of etiquette, and the following colloquy arises:

“‘But if I accept your Highness's attentions,’ observed the Countess, laughing, ‘with what face should I dare to reappear before the Count?’ ‘I should be almost as much out of confidence as you,’ replied his Highness. ‘The dear Count! my friend! But this is an embarrassment very easy to evade, and one on which I have been thinking,—the Count would be sent to the citadel for the remainder of his days.’”

She exerts her influence to make him pay a visit to his wife, an event which electrifies the Court:

“‘This prince was not a wicked man, whatever the liberals of Italy may say of him. To be sure, he had thrown a good many of them into prison; but it was from fear; and he sometimes repeated, as if to console himself for certain reminiscences, that it is better to kill the devil than for the devil to kill us. The day after the *soirée* of which we have been speaking, he was in the highest spirits; he had done two good actions—gone to the Duchess's Thursday and spoken to his wife.’”

This rivalry of their confiding master and friend a little disturbs the domestic felicity of this exemplary pair, but still their grand cause of anxiety is Fabricio; and it is at length resolved between them that the proper vocation for a young man of family, suspected of liberalism, and more than suspected of libertinism, is the Church. The young man refuses at first, but his scruples are overcome by an appeal to the example of his ancestors.

"What a mistake!" (he had thoughts of enlisting in the army of the United States) remonstrates his aunt. "You will see no war, and you will relapse into the tavern-life, only without elegance, without music, without love. Trust me, American life would be dull work for you or me." She explained to him the worship of the god dollar, and the respect that must be shown for the workpeople in the streets, who decide everything by their votes. "Before turning yourself into a policeman in uniform, reflect well that we are not talking of your becoming a poor priest more or less virtuous and exemplary, like the Abbé Blanès (his tutor). Remember that your uncles were archbishops of Parma. Read over again the notices of their lives in the supplement to the genealogy. Above all, it becomes the bearer of an illustrious name to be *grand seigneur*, noble, generous, protector of justice, destined beforehand to find himself at the head of his order, and in all his life to be guilty of only one act of knavery, but that one very useful."

It was Talleyrand (whose choice of his original profession was probably influenced by similar considerations) who, when Rulhières said he had been guilty of only one wickedness in his life, asked, "When will it end?" There was more in this repartee than its readiness or its point; for there are mean, wicked, and degrading actions which never do end, and which color the entire current of a life. Fabricio, loose as he is, has a vague instinct that he is about to commit one of these, but his scruples are overcome by the Duchess, and he consents with a sigh to become a Monsignore.

The Count's parting advice to his protégé is not quite equal to that given by Polonius to Laertes, but is in strict keeping with the part.

"If we are dismissed," said the Duchess, "we will rejoin you at Naples. But since you accept, till the new order of things, the proposal of the violet stockings, the Count, who thoroughly understands Italy as it is, has charged me with an idea for you. Believe or disbelieve what you will be taught, but never raise an objection. Fancy to yourself that you are learning the rules of whist;

would you raise objections to the rules of whist? I have told the Count that you are a believer, and he is glad of it; this is useful both in this world and the next. But if you believe, do not fall into the vulgarity of speaking with horror of Voltaire, Diderot, Raynal, and all those crack-brained Frenchmen, precursors of the two Chambers. Let those names be ready in your mouth; but when you must speak of them, speak of them with a calm irony; they are people who have been refuted long since, and whose attacks are no longer of any consequence. Believe blindly whatever you are told at the Academy. Reflect that your least objections will be noted down; you will be pardoned a little intrigue of gallantry well managed, but not a doubt: age suppresses intrigue and augments doubt."

"The second idea that the Count sends you is this—If you happen to think of a brilliant argument, a victorious repartee, which changes the course of the conversation, do not yield to the temptation of shining—be silent; people of discernment will see your mental superiority in your eyes. It will be time enough to have *esprit* when you are a bishop."

How far Fabricio had benefited by these instructions may be inferred from his first interview with the Prince on the completion of his Neapolitan training for the priesthood:

"Well, Monsignore," began the Prince, "are the people of Naples happy? Is the King beloved?" "Serene Highness," replied Fabricio, without an instant's hesitation, "I admired, in passing through the streets, the excellent bearing of the soldiers of the different regiments of His Majesty; the good society of Naples is respectful towards its masters, as it ought to be, but I will fairly own that in all my life I never suffered people of the lower classes to speak to me of anything but the work for which I paid them." "Peste," said the Prince to himself, "what unction! this is all in the Sanseverina style. Was it possible to repeat more closely the lessons of the aunt? I fancied I heard her speaking. If there was a revolution in my States, she would edit the 'Moniteur,' like the San-Felice at Naples. But the San-Felice, despite her beauty, and her twenty-five years, was hanged; a warning to over-clever ladies."

The Duchess narrowly escapes sharing the fate of La San-Felice. The nephew kills a man in self-defence. He is accused of murder; and henceforth the main interest of the plot turns on the struggles of the aunt to save him from his persecutors, who are secretly set on by the Prince, and to make him an archbishop in defiance of them. The most conspicuous among her adversaries is the minister of police, Rossi, and the least scrupulous of her tools is the



republican enthusiast, Palla Ferrante, who robs on the highway to pay for the printing of his democratic tracts, and, whilst daily risking his life for liberty, is made the slave of an aristocratic beauty by a smile. Palla Ferrante, says Balzac, "is the type of a family of Italian spirits, sincere but misled, full of talent but ignorant of the fatal effects of their doctrine. Send them, ye ministers of absolute princes, with plenty of money to France (*i. e.* in 1840) and to the United States. Instead of persecuting them, let them enlighten themselves. They will soon say, like Alfieri in 1793, 'The little at their work reconcile me to the great.'"

We agree with the same acute critic, that the commencement should have been abridged, and that the curtain should have fallen on the death of the Prince, although the loves of Fabricio and Clelia form one of the finest satires in the book. When the following interview takes place, Fabricio is Archbishop of Parma, a popular preacher, and supposed (as is the lady) to be living in the odor of sanctity. He is admitted into an orangery, and finds himself before a barred window. A hand is extended to meet him, and a soft voice announces, *C'est moi*:

"I have made a vow to the Madonna, as you know, never to see you; this is the reason why I receive you in this profound darkness. I wish you to understand that if ever you force me to see you in broad daylight, everything between us will be at an end. But in the first place, I do not choose you to preach before Anetta Marini."

"My angel, I will never preach again before any one. I only preached in the hope of seeing you."

"Do not speak thus; remember that it is not allowable for me to see you."

[Here we request permission to overleap a space of three years.]

"The Marchioness had a charming little boy, about two years old, Sandrino, who was always with her, or on the knees of the Marquis, her husband. During the long hours of each day when she could not see her friend, the presence of Sandrino consoled her; for we have to confess a thing which will seem odd north of the Alps, she had remained faithful to her vow; she had promised the Madonna never to see Fabricio; such had been her very words, consequently she never received him but at night, and there was never a light in the apartment."

Balzac insists that the Count Mosca is meant for Prince Metternich, and that for Parma we should read Modena. Beyle denied that he had copied any living or

contemporary original, male or female. He argues that his scene could not have been laid in one of the great courts on account of the details of administration. "There remained the little princes of Germany and Italy. But the Germans are so prostrate before a riband, they are so *bêtes*. I passed many years amongst them, and have forgotten their language from contempt. You will see that my personages could not be Germans. If you follow this idea, you will find that I have been led by the hand to an extinct dynasty, to a Farnese, the least obscure of these extincts, by reason of the General his grandfather." . . . "I have never seen Madame Belgioso. Rossi was a German. I have spoken to him a hundred times. I learnt 'The Prince' during my residences at St. Cloud in 1810 and 1811."

Schiller, in "Cabal und Liebe," and Lessing, in "Emila Galotti," have each painted a petty despot, with the resulting demoralization of all within his sphere, in still darker colors; but they wrote before the Great Revolution of 1789, which permanently altered the tone and limited the social effects of despotism, great or small. Although oppression and corruption may be as rife as ever, and iniquitous sentences may be procured as easily in the actual Naples as in the Parma of the novelist, the modern tools and satellites of tyranny are more rogues than fools; they are no unhesitating believers in right divine; their reverence for white staves and gold sticks is founded rather on calculation than on faith; and they no longer (except a few of the very silliest) talk of themselves, even amongst themselves, as privileged to indulge their vices at the expense of the non-noble classes with impunity. We doubt whether at any time since the commencement of the nineteenth century, a clever woman like the Duchess would have treated as an absurdity the notion of a del Dongo being prosecuted for killing a Gilletti, or whether any Pope within living memory would have been induced to sanction Fabricio's elevation to the archbishopric. Every objection of this sort, however, might have been obviated by carrying the plot back to the period when Dubois received his cardinal's hat, or even to that when Talleyrand was made a bishop, and when a gentleman was expected to suppress the insolence of the canaille by the infliction of instant death. Thus Edgeworth relates in his "Memoirs," that once

when he was riding with a lady in the south of France, some coarse expressions were addressed to her, or in her hearing, by a peasant, whom Edgeworth forthwith horsewhipped and rolled into the ditch. Shortly afterwards he found himself coldly received by the aristocracy of the neighborhood, and learnt, on inquiring the cause, that he was thought to have been wanting in proper spirit, and that it was his duty to run his sword through the fellow's body on the spot.

In the "Promenades dans Rome," and in the "Correspondance Inédite," may be found authentic examples by the dozen of crimes committed under the influence of jealousy, in which the criminal invariably had public opinion on his side. Beyle's experience of Italian society, as it existed in the first quarter of the present century, if not to the present day, had satisfied him that in Italy no offences against good feeling and morality were so unnatural as to lie altogether beyond the bounds of probability; and he constructed this singular tale from examples which had doubtless passed before his eyes. But he has caricatured Italian depravity. Although parallels should be found for every individual act of villany, meanness, or immorality, there is no getting over the improbability or the repulsiveness of the universal corruption of the *dramatis personæ* as a whole. Not one of them has the smallest consciousness of a principle, or of a well-defined difference between right and wrong. The best, or (more correctly speaking) the least bad, are mere creatures of impulse; and it may fairly be made a question whether such a society could have been held together under such a government, even with a friendly and powerful despot to prop it up. In fact, Beyle seems to have invented a race of men and women to square with his own theory of materialism, and to have shaped his story with an exclusive view to their idiosyncrasy. Much ingenuity has been displayed in contriving forced scenes for the development of their peculiarities, whilst strokes of refined irony, witty remarks, and clever sketches, are found in sufficient number to give a tempting flavor to the book; but the plot drags and bewilders, and the characters inspire no interest, because they want vitality, and because (like Swift's Yahoos) they are an outrage on nature and on truth. The in-

tended moral of the book is thus stated by the author:

"From all this, the moral to be drawn is, that the man who approaches the court, compromises his happiness, if he be happy, and in every case makes his future destiny depend on the intrigues of a *femme de chambre*. On the other side, in America, in the republic, one must bore oneself all day long with paying serious court to the shopkeepers of the street, and become as stupid as themselves; and there, no opera!"

In the concluding sentence spoke the true genius, the mocking, penetrating, and Epicurean spirit of the man.

It is one of the common whims or tricks of Fame to reward the pioneers and champions of progress in an inverse ratio to their deserts. When their victory over error or prejudice is complete, the struggle is speedily forgotten, and their services, sometimes their very names, are forgotten too. The rising generation, who have been wont to regard the presence of Victor Hugo and Scribe among the illustrious Forty as a thing of course, and who have crowded to the Français to see Rachel in *Angelo* or *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, will find it difficult to believe that less than forty years since the arm-chairs of the Academy would have been deemed desecrated by such occupants and the national theatre profaned by such performances. But the fact was so, and the complete change which public opinion in France has undergone on this class of subjects is owing in no slight degree to Beyle; who, in the first grand assault on classicism, led the forlorn hope, and made himself honorably conspicuous by the glitter of his weapon and the vigor of his stroke. Mérimée awards him the honor of having, so to speak, discovered Italian music for the Parisian amateurs. Saint Beuve, another high authority, says that Beyle, after having smoothed the way for the due appreciation of Cimarosa, Mozart, and Rossini by the French, was equally successful in clearing the horizon for the brilliant galaxy of writers who, during the last quarter of a century, have formed the pride and ornament of literature in France. When he came to the rescue, the Romanticists were out-numbered and hard-pressed. Whoever dared to transgress the unities of time and place, or to depart in the slightest degree from the prescriptive standards of orthodoxy in language, morals, manners, or dramatic

action, was hooted down or proscribed; whilst the Academicians, forming a compact body of literary policemen, and backed by the most influential journals, stood prepared to enforce or execute the decree. Their ground, however, was every way untenable, and they were soon thrown into confusion by the logic, sarcasms, and well-applied anecdotes of Beyle. At this distance of time from the controversy, a bare statement of the question will be enough.

"Romanticism," says Beyle, "is the art of presenting a people with the literary works which, in the actual condition of their habits and modes of faith, are capable of affording them the greatest possible amount of pleasure. Classicism, on the contrary, presents them with the literature which afforded the very greatest possible amount of pleasure to their great-grandfathers."

Then after showing that the very dramatists set up as models for the moderns by the classicists, were essentially romanticists in their day, he continues:

"The Abbé Delille was eminently romantic for the age of Louis XV. He was poetry made for the people, who at Fontenoy called, hat in hand, to the English, 'Gentlemen, fire first.' That is certainly very noble, but how can such persons have the effrontery to say that they admire Homer? The ancients would have laughed outright at our notion of honor. And this poetry is expected to please a Frenchman who was in the retreat from Moscow."

"The romanticists do not advise any one to imitate directly the dramas of Shakspeare. What should be imitated in this great man is, the manner of studying the world in the middle of which we live, and the art of giving our contemporaries precisely the kind of tragedy of which they are in want; but which they have not the audacity to claim, terrified as they are by the reputation of the great Racine. By accident, the new French tragedy would strangely resemble that of Shakspeare. But this would be merely because our circumstances (in 1823) are the same as those of England in 1590. We also have parties, executions, conspiracies. That man, who is laughing in a salon whilst reading this pamphlet, will be in prison in a week. The other, who is joking with him, will name the jury that will find him guilty."

It was by acting on this theory, by adroitly striking the chords in unison with the public mind, that, shortly afterwards, Alexandre Dumas attained the height of popularity by "Henri Trois," and "Antony," in which not only all the old stage proprieties, but proprieties which can

never become obsolete, were systematically infringed.

The "Correspondance Inédite," on which we have already drawn largely for our biographical sketch, contains numerous specimens of criticism, observation, and description which go far towards justifying the estimate of the writer's intimate friends when they pronounce him to be better than his books. Unluckily, most of his letters, like his controversial writings, relate to bygone topics, or to publications which have fallen into oblivion or quietly settled down into their proper places, and either way have ceased to inspire interest enough to give zest to a commentary. The following passages, however, possess the double attraction of being both pointed and characteristic. He is mourning over the extinct race of *grand seigneurs*:

"I am not one of those philosophers who, when a heavy shower falls in the evening of a sultry day in June, are distressed by the rain, because it threatens injury to the crops, and, for example, to the blossoming of the vines. The rain, on such an evening, seems to me charming, because it relaxes the nerves, refreshes the air, and, in a word, makes me happy. I may quit the world to-morrow: I shall not drink of that wine, the blossoms of which embalm the hillocks of the Côte d'Or. All the philosophers of the eighteenth century have proved to me that the *grand seigneur* is a very immoral, very hurtful thing; to which I answer that I am passionately fond of a grand seigneur—high-bred and gay, like those I met in my family when I learnt to read. Society bereaved of these beings so gay, charming, amiable, taking nothing in the tragical vein, is, in my point of view, the year deprived of its spring."

"I seek for pleasure every day, for happiness as I can. I am fond of society, and I am grieved at the state of consumption and irritation to which it is reduced. Is it not very hard on me, who have but a day to pass in an apartment, to find it just then occupied by the masons, who are white-washing it; by the painters, who drive me away by the intolerable smell of their varnish; finally, by the carpenters, the noisiest of all, who are hammering away with all their might at the floor? All these vow that, but for them, the apartment would come down. Alas! gentlemen, why was it not my good luck to inhabit it the day before you set to work?"

Beyle's "History of Painting in Italy," which he transcribed seventeen times, fell still-born. His essay "De L'Amour," as we are candidly informed in the preface to the new edition, shared the same fate. Yet, despite his paradoxes and caprices, he must have been a very entertaining

and instructive cicerone; and, too frequently imbedded in masses of broken thought and incomplete theory, more than one specimen of his happiest manner will be found in this neglected volume upon Love. Take, for example, the introductory part of the story, entitled "Le Rameau de Salzbourg:"

"At the mines of Hallein, near Salzbourg, the miners throw into the pits that have been abandoned a bough stripped of its leaves: two or three months afterwards they find it entirely covered with brilliant crystallizations. The smallest branches, those which are not larger than the claw of a titmouse, are incrustated with an infinity of little glancing and glittering crystals. The primitive bough is no longer to be recognized. The miners never fail, when the sun is bright and the air perfectly dry, to offer these branches of diamonds to the travellers who are about to descend into the mine.

We omit the description of the party with whom the author visited these mines. All that it is necessary to know is, that one of his companions was a beautiful Italian.

"During our preparations for the descent, which were long, I amused myself with observing what was passing in the head of a good-looking, fair-complexioned Bavarian officer of hussars, who, although very handsome, had nothing of the coxcomb about him, and on the contrary appeared to be an *homme d'esprit*; it was Madame Gherardi (familiarily called the Ghita) who made the discovery. I saw him falling in love at first sight with the charming Italian, who was beside herself with pleasure at the thought of our soon finding ourselves five hundred feet under-ground, and was a thousand miles from the thought of making conquests. Before long I was astonished at the strange confidences which the officer made to me unconsciously. I warned Madame Gherardi, who, but for me, would have lost this spectacle to which perhaps a young woman is never insensible. What struck me most was the shade of insanity which unceasingly increased in his reflections. He kept finding in this woman perfections more and more invisible to my eyes. Every moment what he said pointed with less resemblance the woman he was beginning to love. I said to myself, the Ghita cannot be the cause of all the transports of this poor German. For example, he began praising her hand, which had been affected in a singular manner by the small pox, and had remained very pitted and very brown.

"How to explain what I see? said I to myself. Where find a comparison to elucidate my thought? At this moment, Madame Gherardi was playing with the branch covered with crystals which the miners had just given her. There was a bright sunshine: it was the third of August, and the little saline prism shone as brilliantly as the finest diamonds in a well lighted ball-room. . . I told

the Ghita, 'The effect produced upon this young man by the nobleness of your Italian features, by those eyes such as he never saw before, is precisely similar to that which the crystallization has produced on the little branch which you hold in your hand and think so pretty. Stripped of its leaves by the winter, it was surely nothing less than dazzling. The crystallization of the salt has covered the blackened bough with these diamonds, so brilliant and so numerous, that except in a few places we can no longer see the branches as they are.'

"Well, and what is your conclusion?" said Madame Gherardi. 'That this bough,' I replied, 'faithfully represents the Ghita, such as she is seen in the imagination of this young officer.'

"That is to say, that you perceive as much difference between what I am in reality and the manner in which this amiable young man regards me, as between a little branch of dried elm and the pretty *aigrette* of diamonds which these miners have presented to me!

"Madame, the young officer discovers in you qualities that we, your old friends, have never seen. For example, we should never perceive an air of tender and compassionate *bonté*. As this young man is a German, the first quality of a woman in his eyes is *bonté*, and forthwith he reads the expression of it in your face. If he was an Englishman, he would endow you with the aristocratic and "lady-like" air of a duchess; but if he were I, he would see you such as you are, because for many a day, and to my misfortune, I can imagine nothing more fascinating."

The thought may have occurred to others, as when Congreve's Mirabel says to Millamant, "You are no longer handsome when you have lost your lover; your beauty dies upon the instant: for beauty is the lover's gift; 'tis he bestows your charms; your glass is all a cheat." But the theory was never so fully developed, or so gracefully expressed, and Beyle's carelessness, as well as his unreasonableness in complaining of not being understood, may be estimated from the fact that this story, which is the keynote of the book, was discovered amongst his papers, and first appeared in the posthumous edition. He has an odd theory to account for the alleged insensibility of English women:

"In England the wealthy classes, tired of staying at home, and under pretext of necessary exercise, complete their three or four leagues a day, as if man were created and placed on the globe to trot. In this manner they consume the nervous fluid by the legs and not by the heart. After which, forsooth, they presume to talk of feminine delicacy, and to despise Spain and Italy. Nothing, on the contrary, can be more free from



occupation than the young Italians; the motion which would deprive them of their sensibility is disagreeable to them. They may walk half a league occasionally as a painful security for health; as to the women, a Roman beauty does not take in a year as much exercise as a young *miss* in a week."

Beyle might have learnt that a young *miss* exercises her mind as well as her body; and it is a strange perversity of morals to claim the palm of "feminine delicacy" for women, who (if we may trust their eulogist) are trained to become languishing or capricious mistresses instead of faithful wives or intellectual companions, and taught that intrigue, not duty, is and ought to be the chief business and grand object of their lives. We shall conclude our extracts with an anecdote and a shrewd remark:

"Ought not the true pride of a woman to be placed in the energy of the sentiment she inspires? The courtiers of Francis the First were joking one of the queen-mother's maids of honor about the inconstancy of her lover, who, they said, had no real love for her. A short time afterwards this lover was taken ill, and reappeared at court dumb. One day, at the end of three years, when the same persons were expressing their astonishment at her loving him still, she said to him, 'Speak;' and he spoke."

"It not unfrequently happens that a clever man, in paying court to a woman, has done no more than make her think of love, and predispose her heart. She encourages this clever man, who gives her this pleasure. He conceives hopes. One fine day this woman meets the man who makes her feel what the other has described."

It is a redeeming feature in Beyle's character, to be set against a host of errors, that, in what he terms his affairs of the heart, he was remarkable for the delicacy and depth of his feelings, and the constancy of his attachment. "There was one woman," says Mérimée, "whose name he could never pronounce without trepidation in his voice. In 1836 (he was then fifty-three) he spoke to me of his love with

profound emotion. An affection, which dated very far back, was no longer returned. His mistress was growing reasonable, and he was as madly in love as at twenty. 'How can you still love me?' she asked; 'I am forty-five.' 'In my eyes,' said Beyle, 'she is as young as when we first met.' Then, with that spirit of observation which never left him, he detailed all the little symptoms of growing indifference that he had remarked. 'After all,' he said, 'her conduct is rational. She was fond of whist. She is fond of it no longer: so much the worse for me if I am still fond of whist. She is of a country where ridicule is the greatest of evils. To love at her age is ridiculous. During eighteen months she has risked this evil for my sake. This makes eighteen months of happiness that I have stolen from her.'"

Beyle, always too stout for elegance, grew corpulent as he advanced in years, and his portrait, as sketched by his friend M. Colomb, does not convey the impression of a lady-killer. But his brow, was fine, his eye lively and penetrating, his mouth expressive, and his hand cast in so fine a mould that a celebrated sculptor applied for permission to take a cast of it for a statue of Mirabeau.

The utmost space we feel justified in devoting to this remarkable man is exhausted, and we cannot now notice any other of his works. We will merely add one observation which is equally applicable to all of them. They belong pre-eminently to what he calls the class of insolent works, which require and compel readers to think; and if (as many apprehend) the prevalent fashion for cheap literature should end by deteriorating the article and lowering the popular taste, there will be some comfort in reflecting that it has occasionally rescued from unmerited neglect the name and writings of a man of thought, observation and sensibility, like Beyle.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## MARRYAT'S SEA STORIES.

"LIST, ye landmen, all to me!  
Messmates, hear a brother sailor  
Tell the dangers of the sea!"

UNDOUBTEDLY the most popular naval novelist Great Britain has yet produced is Captain Marryat, R.N. We are far from admitting that the popularity of an author is an impregnable certificate of his degree of merit. We could easily name popular living authors, in various departments of literature, who are arrant quacks, unblushing charlatans, whose pretensions are regarded with scorn and contempt by all honest and competent critics; and yet, by dint of puffery, cliqueism, business tact, and immeasurable impudence, they have wriggled their way into public favor, have got what is called a "Name," and their trashy books sell by thousands and tens of thousands, whilst works of incomparably greater merit don't even pay their expenses. This is a melancholy truth, much to be deplored by all right-thinking men who have the interests of literature at heart—for literature is the glory of a nation, and if it is in an unhealthy state (as it must ever be when quacks flourish and gullible readers abound), shame and discredit accrue to that nation. Of course, a few years suffice to consign these pretenders and their works to congenial obscurity, quickly followed by oblivion; but whilst their mushroom popularity endures, much mischief is done. Again, authors really of great ability in their peculiar line, will occasionally attain amazing temporary popularity, by dexterously humoring some whim of the day, some ephemeral literary fashion, and, by thus stimulating and catering for what is, as they well enough know, a false or morbid appetite, they, for a fleeting period, career triumphantly o'er the unstable billows of popular applause, and enjoy a fame and prosperity exceedingly pleasant—whilst it lasts. The reaction comes: the public has been gorged to repletion by high-spiced

artificial dishes, and it loathes its unwholesome banquet, and very penitently returns to honest roast-beef and plum-pudding. Then it is that these foolscap-crowned authors, who awoke one morning and found themselves famous, awake another morning and find themselves—dismissed, ignored, forgotten. They went up like rockets, they come down like sticks. There let them lie: we don't pity them; and we sincerely hope that a similar fate will speedily overtake certain literary mountebanks who are at this very moment capering and prancing, and spouting away, to the apparent delectation of immense audiences of gaping gomerals, but to the intense disgust of all sensible people.

But Captain Marryat was not in any way a charlatan, and he did not truckle to win temporary popularity; and yet he was, and continues to be, a preëminently popular author in his line. Now these facts—two negative, and one affirmative—point to the inevitable conclusion that Marryat must have produced works of genuine merit, and of a kind calculated to permanently command the sympathies, to interest and amuse, a very wide circle of readers. Such, indeed, is the simple general fact. He has not, in our opinion, written the best nautical fiction extant, but taking his works altogether, they place him at the very head of (British) naval novelists; the only other two who may be classed immediately after him being Michael Scott (author of "Tom Cringle," etc.), and Captain Chamier. Our other chief naval novelists, namely, Captain Glascock, H. M. Barker (the "Old Sailor"), Howard (best known as author of "Rattlin the Reefer," which is often erroneously attributed to Marryat himself, although he merely "edited" it), Johnson

Neale (author of "Cavendish," "Paul Periwinkle," etc.), and some others, must be ranked a long chalk (to use an expressive Americanism) below the above-named, notwithstanding they have all more or less distinctive merit.

"Peter Simple" was the work that first effectually introduced Captain Marryat to the public, and made his name famous. It was the most successful English naval fiction ever published. No work of the kind had such immense success before, nor has any whatever (even by Marryat himself) rivalled it in popularity since. The author, we believe, received in all the large sum of £2,000 for its copyright. Ah! what would we not give to enjoy "Peter Simple" now, as we did in our happy boyhood! When we turn over its familiar pages, we involuntarily sigh, and exclaim, in the words of Goethe:

"Give, oh give me back the days,  
The time when I myself was young!  
The longing for the true—the real,  
The pleasure in the bright ideal!"

'Twould be worth being young again, could we only feel the hilarious delight we experienced on first reading "Peter Simple," and others of Marryat's works. He received a "Good Service Pension" as a post-captain, and we think he also richly deserved another pension for good service of a different kind; and the reason it was not accorded probably may be attributed to the fact, that neither the Admiralty nor the Government are sufficiently enlightened and patriotic to appreciate the value of that man's services, who, by the magic influence of his writings, upholds the honor of the navy, and inspires spirited youths to enter it as cadets. No author, whomsoever, has sent so many young gentlemen to sea as Captain Marryat. We solemnly warn, advise, and conjure all tender and loving mammas, who wisely wish to keep their darlings safely at home, not to permit Marryat's sea-fictions to be read, devoured, gloated over, by their ingenuous boys, until the latter are well on to seventeen, for, by a recent regulation, youths are now allowed to enter even at sixteen years of age. Above all, guard against "Peter Simple," and "Mr. Midshipman Easy!" for the adventures of these model reefers exercise an irresistible fascination over all lads who have an innate predilection for the sea, and they are straight-

way seized with an almost unquenchable emulative thirst, which will too probably only be satiated when they have swung their hammocks in one of her Majesty's ships or vessels of war. So beware, mammas, say we!

Our conscience being materially lightened by the delivery of the above sage and sound piece of advice, we will now proceed, by no means oblivious of our own youthful reminiscences of Marryat's sea-stories, to pass them in review, and give our mature critical judgment of them in mass. Our old friend "Peter Simple," of course, heads the phalanx, or, we ought to say, fleet. The others we must enumerate, not in the order in which they were launched on the ocean of literature, but just as they now come to hand: "Jacob Faithful," "King's Own," "Frank Mildmay," "Japhet in search of a Father," "Masterman Ready," "Midshipman Easy," "Newton Forster," "Percival Keene," "Poor Jack," "Pirate and Three Cutters," "Snarleyow," "Privateersman." Most of them are well thumbbed—the degree of *thumbing*, in fact, which a work of fiction has undergone, is often a tolerably correct indication of its merit. Your Public is, after all, the best critic! So thought my Lord Byron—so think we.

These books are of various degrees of merit, however. We should class four as being decidedly the best liners of the fleet: namely, "Peter Simple," "Frank Mildmay," "King's Own," and "Midshipman Easy." A good seaman, who was also well read in sea-fictions, once assured us that, in his own opinion, the last named work was the very best Marryat ever wrote; but we did not agree with him. As second-raters, we would class "Jacob Faithful," "Japhet," "Masterman Ready," and "Percival Keene." We propose to notice the above, more or less, in the course of this article, but not in separate detail, as that would be unnecessary, for a reason we shall hereafter give.

Five works of the thirteen are, comparatively, so inferior, that we shall, once for all, dismiss them here, each with a few lines of remark, which is all they can justly claim at our hands.

"Poor Jack" is, like all Marryat's works, amusing and humorous, and in some parts graphic and instructive; but as a whole, it is a strange jumble, and hardly worthy the illustrations with which our edition is embellished. The *title* is capital for a sea-

story, but the hero is a very different personage from what any one would reasonably anticipate. The best parts of the book are those descriptive of the life led by the old pensioners of Greenwich.

"Newton Forster; or, the Merchant Service," is mediocre, but contains a few striking scenes. Captain Marryat was not sufficiently *au fait* with the merchant service to do justice to his subject, and anything but a good idea of the service in question is conveyed in his veracious pages.

"The Pirate and the Three Cutters" is not, as its title would seemingly imply, a single story, but two in one volume. The "Pirate" is a bustling and thorough melodramatic sort of a yarn, exceedingly well adapted to please sentimental young ladies, and it is garnished with divers cut-throat corsair episodes, which Byronic youths will gloat over, although the aforesaid thrilling scenes are a great deal too much in the style of Holywell-street horrors to elicit anything but a feeling nigh akin to disgust from people of taste and judgment. We marvel that a man like Marryat should have condescended to scribble rawhead-and-bloody-bone claptrap. (He did as bad, or worse, by the bye, in describing the doings of a pirate-schooner in "Percival Keene.") The pirate vessel is called the *Avenger*—and this reminds us of the melancholy fate of the *Avenger* frigate, which a few years ago was totally lost off the coast of Africa, and all on board, except four, perished. A son of Captain Marryat was first-lieutenant of this ill-fated ship, and bore a high character as a most gallant and popular officer. He had repeatedly saved men at the peril of his own life, and only a few weeks before he was lost, he leaped overboard and preserved a poor fellow. His death was a terrible shock to the veteran post-captain and author, who, it was said, never recovered the blow, and he certainly died in less than a year after the catastrophe. Not many months ago, the last surviving son of Captain Marryat, Frank, died at the early age of twenty-nine. He had served as a midshipman, and subsequently went to California. He was a clever writer, and an accomplished sketcher and draughtsman, and produced an interesting book on "Borneo," and also a lively account of his adventures in California, under the whimsical title of "Mountains and Mole-hills." To resume. The second part of the work we are noticing, "The Three Cutters," is

a mere spun-out magazine sketch, brisk enough, but outrageously improbable in its incidents. The book, however, is remarkable for having been published in a sumptuous edition, illustrated by twenty exquisite plates, from designs by that prince of marine artists, Clarkson Stanfield.

"Snarleyow; or the Dog Fiend," possesses no literary merit, but it is certainly a laughable book, though we suspect it will hardly bear to be twice read. It is all about a cutter, and smugglers, &c. The scenes ashore, at the sailors' Dutch drinking-houses (or "boozing-kens," to use flash English), are graphic, albeit coarse, and the dog Snarleyow figures prominently, though he is not quite so diabolical as the title of the book would imply.

"The Privateersman a Hundred Years Ago," is the very poorest fiction Marryat ever published. It is only fitted for the perusal of very good little boys, of from five to ten years of age—and it would not entertain them much, we believe. The only thing in it worth print and paper is a page or two wherein the author soundly denounces privateering as immoral and inexpedient.

The rubbish being cleared away, we have prepared a good foundation for our edifice. In other words, having summarily disposed of the chaff, we have eight grains of wheat—eight books more or less able—left as wholesome food to be masticated by our critical grinders. We have already said that we do not intend to review them in separate detail, and the reason is, there is such a family likeness—all so much resemble coins from the same mint—that it would be a work of supererogation. We shall, therefore, only refer to these works individually when we find occasion to seek for passages to illustrate our remarks on their characteristics as a group of sea-fictions.

Captain Marryat was not a man of genius. That is an important fact to commence with. Herein, we conceive, is the key to explain the immense difference between him and that mighty transatlantic sea-novelist, Fenimore Cooper. Marryat had great and versatile talent, and was full of genuine humor, but he lacked genius. His best books are all constructed on one system—a very simple and easy one for the writer, and one that no man could better succeed with than himself. They usually open with a richly humor-



ous chapter or two, introducing us to the hero and his family, and this hero is pretty sure to be a mischief-loving ne'er-do-well, who is sent to sea to learn good morals and manners, or else he personally elects to enter a man-o'-war from an innate conviction that he will be amazingly happy in a midshipman's berth. The books are mainly occupied by the escapades of these interesting young gentlemen, until they become lieutenants, commanders, and post-captains, and of course we have then details of their actions with French ships, Dutch corvettes, and Spanish gun-boats and feluccas, and their love-makings, intrigues, and marriages. As to plot, there is rarely one worth naming (but this is *not* a fault in a sea-fiction), nor is there any leading incident which strongly rivets our attention. Marryat could not powerfully excite our interest, neither in his individual ships, his leading characters, or his general story. We care little or nothing for the fate of either. We read only for amusement, for occasional recreation, and in that are never disappointed. He is, par excellence, the prince of nautical *gossippers*. We do not doubt that the majority of the innumerable anecdotes and little episodes introduced in his stories, are genuine; that is, they are not mere coinages of the brain, but actual facts which the author had either witnessed or heard at first or second hand; but no doubt he colored them to heighten effect and suit his purpose. He must have been a greedy picker-up of mess-table gossip, and of galley-yarns (but in full-length galley-yarns Captain Glascock decidedly excelled him), and his memory was either uncommonly tenacious, or else, which is highly probable, he jotted down in his note-book any tit-bit he heard.

Marryat's style is remarkably fluent and easy, but rather slovenly and slipshod; he never troubled himself to amend and correct his first draught, we will be bound. In one of his books he coolly tells us how he wrote it, at odd spells, and subject to all manner of interruptions, in his cabin at sea (whilst captain of the ship), on a cruise in sweltering latitudes; and he mentions this by way of explaining the random nature of the work, giving us a sort of impression that he privately exclaimed in reference to his readers—"There, take that, you dogs! and be thankful for what you can get. It isn't

every post-captain of His Majesty's navy who would condescend to scribble disjointed yarns in his leisure hours at sea to amuse a set of land-lubbers like you, who don't know the difference between a hand-spike and a marlingspike!" We don't recollect whether he quoted (as he very aptly might have done) the first stanzas of the Earl of Dorset's celebrated ballad:

"To all you ladies now on land,  
We men at sea indite;  
But first would have you understand  
How hard it is to write;  
The Muses now, and Neptune, too,  
We must implore to write to you.  
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

"For though the Muses should prove kind,  
And fill our empty brain;  
Yet if rough Neptune rose the wind,  
To wave the azure main,  
Our paper, pen, and ink, and me,  
Roll up and down in ships at sea.  
With a fa, la, la, la, la."

We have a vehement suspicion that Captain Marryat's readers are not a little indebted to the printer, and the printer's reader, for even as it is, we notice in his works many badly-constructed sentences, and grammatical errors. We dare say that the gallant captain's *copy* (as MS. is technically called) required a great deal of careful revision. Post-captains are not often very elegant and precise writers, and we all now know that even distinguished admirals write in utter defiance of all the ordinary rules of grammar, spelling, and punctuation. It was, by the bye, an ungenerous and cruel act of the *Times* to publish Sir Charles Napier's recent letter *verb. et lit.* Whatever the provocation, still, we say, the Leviathan of the press ought to have forbore, in consideration of the long roll of gallant services performed of yore by the old sea-king, and not have pilloried him, that every puny school-boy and Miss might laugh at blunders for which they themselves would have been soundly and deservedly whipt, had they been the perpetrators thereof. Setting aside Fighting Charley's lubberly spelling, etc., there was nothing to despise in his letter, for it contained much sound sense and manful remonstrance. We cry shame to the *Times*, and in spite of it yet exclaim—"Charley is *our* darling!" And we really should like to see an MS. of Captain Marryat's. Who knows whether it would be spelt and

punctuated a bit better than old Charley's letters?

Marryat abounds with humor—real, unaffected, buoyant, overflowing English humor. Many *bits* of his writings strongly remind us of Dickens, and we must bear in mind that most of them were written before Dickens became the bright star, "observed of all observers," in our literary firmament. He is an incorrigible joker, and frequently relates such droll anecdotes and adventures, that the gloomiest hypochondriac could not read them without involuntarily indulging in the unwonted luxury of a hearty cachinnation. He is certainly a prosaic writer, yet his plain, matter-of-fact way has an especial charm for many readers; and his books abound in shrewd worldly remarks and valuable snatches of practical philosophy. Although it perhaps would not be unfair were we to assert that the adventures and misadventures, the doings and misdoings, the tricks, quips, pranks, and wanton wiles of middies, form the staple material of his writings, yet there are other prominent ingredients. A landsman will derive a good general idea of the navy (*as it was*), from Marryat's stories; and they also contain many interesting and graphic descriptive sketches of the scenery and manners of foreign countries, especially the West Indies. His writings are interspersed with much sound and excellent practical advice to young officers, and we should opine that the latter could hardly fail to derive professional benefit from a careful perusal of such passages. Marryat also clearly and ably details the manœuvres of ships, and his "Peter Simple" contains the very best description ever written of that delicate and momentous evolution, the *club-hauling* of a ship. Of course, he also gives some occasional dashing pictures of minor naval exploits during the last war, but we should not be disposed to accept them as historically accurate; and in describing even imaginary actions at sea, it seems to us that Marryat was rather prone to exaggeration. In "Percival Keene," he describes the capture of a Dutch 38-gun frigate by an English frigate, and gives the loss of the Dutchman at 147 killed, 151 wounded; total 298! It is true the Dutchman is said to have had a detachment of troops on board, and we all know how doggedly obstinate those broad-bottomed gentry are. Marryat nearly always makes his

actions desperately bloody; but in this case, the fight reminds us rather too much of the celebrated battle-royal between the two Kilkenny cats, who fought all night, and in the morning nothing remained of them but the tail of one, and a fore paw of the other! The cowardly old purser of the English frigate is represented as having, whilst stupefied with fear, presented *his* report of the killed and wounded to the captain, and it was found to read thus:—"Pieces of beef, 10; ditto, pork, 19; raisins, 17; marines, 10." Bravo, Marryat! you never stick at a trifle, provided you could make your readers laugh. Poor old purser Culpepper might well be excused for entering raisins in his list of killed and wounded, for his store-room had recently been robbed by an illustrious young reefer, one Mr. Tommy Dott, who was detected in the very act, with his pockets stuffed full of juicy raisins. Mr. Culpepper solemnly predicted that he should live to see Mr. Tommy hanged; but he didn't, which must have been a sore disappointment to the vindictive old purser.

Although Captain Marryat was himself emphatically an officer of the old service, and deeply imbued with its spirit and traditions, we feel cordial pleasure in noting the fact that in more than one respect, he nobly rose superior to its prejudices, and manfully maintained opinions diametrically opposed to those doggedly upheld by the school in which he had been professionally educated. He not only drew some over true characters (especially a full-length portrait of a Captain G——, one of those demons incarnate, who too frequently disgraced and cursed the old service, but the like of whom, happily, cannot be found in the navy now-a-days), with a view to gibbet such diabolical sea-tyrants, and expose them to the abhorrence of the world; but he also strongly deprecated flogging, and said that he himself, in his capacity of a captain, never resorted to it except when absolutely compelled, and then ordered and witnessed (as in duty bound) its infliction, with profoundly painful feelings. He evinced a similarly liberal spirit on the *vezata questio* of press-gangs. In "Frank Mildmay," speaking of press-gangs, he describes his hero as commanding a party of seamen at Quebec, thus employed in kidnapping men, and puts the following impressive words in his mouth—words, which the

few remaining advocates of press-gangs may ponder with profit:—"I became an enthusiast in man-hunting, although sober reflection has since convinced me of its cruelty, injustice, and inexpediency, tending to drive seamen from the country, more than any measure the government could adopt. I cared not one farthing about the liberty of the subject, as long as I got my ship well manned for the impending conflict; and as I gratified my love of adventure, I was as thoughtless of the consequences as when I rode over a farmer's turnips in England, or broke through his hedge in pursuit of a fox."

We have, ourselves, written strongly against press-gangs, and we need hardly add that we deeply sympathize with all that Captain Marryat said to advocate their permanent abolition. We regret to add that Captain Glascock (whose writings we otherwise hold in much esteem) wrote energetically in support of impressment. We believe that Captain Marryat wrote a pamphlet expressly against press-gangs. We have either read or heard that Marryat's humane and enlightened, ay, and just and wise, opinions on this subject were exceedingly unpalatable to our somewhat bigoted and not over gifted sailor-King, William the Fourth, who, it is said, on Captain Marryat's name being submitted to His Majesty as one deserving of a pension for good services (or some similar reward), exclaimed—"What! 'Marryat? Why, that's the fellow who wrote against impressment. He shall not have it!" (We quote the words from memory.) Even so, O most sapient monarch! and yet Captain Marryat *did* eventually receive the well-earned reward.

If the above anecdote be authentic (and for aught we know it is), we need not marvel if Captain Marryat chewed the cud of reflection thereon; and that he apparently did so, there is some curious evidence in more than one of his works. For example, in "Frank Mildmay," he writes a short passage, which we shall here quote (from the original edition, published in 1842), not only for its intrinsic significance, but also because it justifies our previous strictures relative to the slovenly style of writing too frequent in Marryat's books. He says: "Strange to say, for a succession of reigns, the navy never has been popular at Court. In that region, *where merit of any kind is seldom permitted to intrude*, the navy have [has]

generally been at a discount. Each succession of the House of Hanover has been hailed by its members [our careless author means the members of the navy, not those of the House of Hanover] with fresh hopes of a change in their favor, which hopes have ended in disappointment; but perhaps it is as well. The navy require [requires] no prophet to tell it, in the literal sense of the word, that one cannot touch pitch without being defiled; but there is a moral pitch, the meanness, the dishonesty, and servility of the Court, with which I trust our noble service will never be contaminated." We think the reader of this will exclaim with us—"By'r lady! but these be bitter words!" Ay, bitter enough, good sooth, but are they not also true? At any rate, they *were* true when Marryat wrote.

Captain Marryat rarely treated his readers to any but the briefest pictures of the phenomena of ocean, and of the manner in which ships are handled so as to battle with and triumph over imminent elemental dangers. "Frank Mildmay," however, contains a really capital (albeit concise) description of a ship overtaken by a hurricane in the West Indies. It is evidently truthful, and it is, we think, the most graphic and interesting passage of the kind in all Marryat's writings; yet we have only to compare it with similar pictures of a ship struggling with the elements, in Fenimore Cooper's greatest works, and we see at a glance the immeasurable superiority of the American author in that style of writing. Let the reader even refer to two of Cooper's latest sea-novels, "Homeward Bound" and "Afloat and Ashore," and he will perceive the truth of our allegation, although these two books are not to be named with Cooper's earlier works. In justice to Marryat, we will give the most material portions of his hurricane scene:

"The wind was from the north-west—the water, as it blew on board, and all over us, was warm as milk; the murkiness and close smell of the air was in a short time dispelled; but such was the violence of the wind, that on the moment of its striking the ship, she lay over on her side with her lee-guns under water. Every article that could move was danced to leeward; the shot flew out of the lockers, and the greatest confusion and dismay prevailed below, while above deck things went still worse; the mizenmast and the fore and main-topmast went over the side; but such was the noise of the wind that we could not hear them fall, nor did I, who was standing close to the

mizenmast at the moment, know it was gone until I turned round and saw the stump of the mast snapped in two like a carrot. The noise of the wind 'waxed louder and louder': it was like one continued peal of thunder; and the enormous waves as they rose were instantly beheaded by its fury, and sent in foaming spray along the bosom of the deep; the storm-staysails flew to atoms: the captain, officers, and men stood aghast, looking at each other, and waiting the awful event in utter amazement.

"The ship lay over on her larboard side so heavily as to force in the gun-ports and the nettings of the waist hammocks, and seemed as if settling bodily down, while large masses of water, by the force of the wind, were whirled up into the air; and others were pouring down the hatchways, which we had not time to batten down, and before we had succeeded, the lower deck was half full, and the hammocks were all floating about in dreadful disorder. The sheep, cows, pigs, and poultry were all washed overboard, out of the waist, and drowned. ["And drowned!" What need to tell us that? Any living thing washed overboard in a hurricane *must* perish.] No voice could be heard, and no orders were given—all discipline was suspended—captain and sweeper clung alike to the same rope for security.

"The fore and mainmasts still stood, supporting the weight of rigging and wreck which hung to them, and which, like a powerful lever, pressed the laboring ship down on her side. To disengage this enormous top-hamper, was, to us, an object more to be desired than expected. Yet the case was desperate. . . . The danger of sending a man aloft was so imminent, that the captain would not order one on this service, but, calling the ship's company on the quarter-deck, pointed to the impending wreck; and by signs and gestures and hard bawling, convinced them, that unless the ship was immediately eased of her burden, she must go down.

"At this moment every wave seemed to make a deeper and more fatal impression on her. She descended rapidly in the hollows of the seas, and rose with a dull and exhausted motion, as if she could do no more. She was worn out in the contest, and about to surrender, like a noble and battered fortress, to the overwhelming power of her enemies. The men seemed stupefied with the danger; and, I have no doubt, could they have got at the spirits, would have made themselves drunk, and, in that state, have met their inevitable fate. At every lurch the mainmast appeared as if making the most violent efforts to disengage itself from the ship; the weather-shrouds became like taut bars of iron, while the lee-shrouds hung over in a semi-circle to leeward, or, with the weather-roll, banged against the mast, and threatened instant destruction, each moment, from the convulsive jerks. We expected to see the mast fall, and with it, the side of the ship to be beaten in. No man could be found daring enough, at the captain's request, to venture aloft and cut away the wreck of the main-topmast and the main-yard, which was hanging up and down, with the weight of the topsail-yard resting upon it. There was a

dead and stupid pause while the hurricane, if anything, increased in violence."

This is very good indeed (setting aside some loose and misty writing which the intelligent reader will easily discover without our aid), and we will honestly admit that if we had never read Cooper's grand and unrivalled pictures of storms and hurricanes, we should rate Marryat's much higher than we are now disposed to do.

The most valuable—perhaps the only permanently valuable quality of Marryat's writings, apart from their incidental instructive lessons to young officers, consists of his vivid pictures of life in the Old Service. Thoroughly at home was he on this (to him) genial topic. He was cognizant of the traditions of the old service to an extraordinary degree, and could minutely depict its ships, its captains and officers, and its gallant pigtailed tars, hitting off their several peculiarities with free yet firm and graphic touches. Marryat is rather too much an old service man himself in one or two respects—we allude to his not unfrequent coarseness of both language and ideas. The oaths and blasphemy which he puts in the mouths of many of his characters are quite indefensible. Nor is that the worst. He does not hesitate to relate the broadest jokes and anecdotes, which, even admitting them to be allowable at the mess-table (which we very much doubt), are certainly not fit for appearing in type. He never could let slip an opportunity to indulge in *double entendres* and indelicate innuendoes, and on this ground alone we distinctly state our opinion that certain of his works are not exactly proper to be placed in the hands of a modest youth or a pure-minded maiden. Look at "Frank Mildmay," too, as a specimen of the very questionable *incidents* which Marryat sometimes detailed. We object to Frank's criminal intrigues with Eugenia in England, and with Carlotta in the West Indies, as being, to say the least, in very bad taste. We really believe that Captain Marryat honestly intended to inculcate good lessons by showing what misery resulted from these intrigues, but we cannot conceive what good could result from detailing them. They may sully the innocent mind, but they can hardly reform the already guilty. Marryat's *intentions* generally were excellent, and in themselves praiseworthy, but like most officers of the old school he had



unconsciously contracted habits of speaking and writing with too much freedom and levity, and his notions of what is and is not permissible to be openly spoken of in reference to the sex, appear to have been cloudy and indistinct. Let us not be misunderstood. We by no means imply that Marryat was anything so coarse as Smollett, and sure are we that the gallant captain had not the remotest idea that he trespassed too much beyond the bounds of decorum and sound morality. His head was to blame, not his heart.

We have, however, another charge against him. He too often related stories of an irreverent tendency. We abhor cant, but we protest, far more in sorrow than in anger, against the shocking expressions which so many of his prominent characters indulge in. It is not to be expected that rough seamen, and old-school officers, should talk as correctly and devoutly as the Archbishop of Canterbury; but surely an author is not justified in making them utter blasphemies which cause us to shudder with horror; nor is he to be defended when he relates anecdotes which are intrinsically profane, although related in such a manner that the thoughtless will laugh. We nevertheless acquit Captain Marryat of *intentional* profanity; and innumerable brief passages throughout his writings also bear witness that at heart he was sincerely impressed with sound religious convictions and aspirations. We have deemed it our duty to refer to and deprecate the above grave faults of our old favorite, and now gladly turn to pleasanter parts of our task.

Captain Marryat's works contain quite a gallery of striking sketches of original characters. We can never forget his daguerreotype portraits of Captain G——, the brutal, infamous tyrant; of Captain Kearney, the good-natured and generous commanding officer, but such a consummate and unparalleled liar, that he never in his life spoke the truth, *unless by mistake*; of Captain Horton, young and brave as a lion, but so inordinately slothful, that he would not even get up from his cot when his ship was in imminent danger during a gale, preferring, apparently, to go to the bottom in his bed rather than be at the trouble to turn out on deck; of Captain Hawkins, the mean, spying, creeping coward; and of many other captains and officers whom we cannot enumerate. As a specimen, however, of the clever and hu-

morous way in which Marryat could exhibit, for our amusement, an officer remarkable for some idiosyncrasy, let us quote the description which O'Brien gives to Peter Simple of a captain aptly nicknamed "Avoirdupois:"

"What do you mean by a jackass frigate?" inquired I.

"I mean one of your twenty-eight gun ships, so called, because there is as much difference between them and a real frigate, like the one we are sailing in, as there is between a donkey and a race-horse. Well, the ship was no sooner brought down to the dockyard to have her ballast taken in, than our captain came down to her—a little, thin, spare man, but a man of weight nevertheless, for he brought a great pair of scales with him, and weighed every thing that was put on board. I forget his real name, but the sailors christened him Captain Avoirdupois. He had a large book, in which he inserted the weight of the ballast, and of the shot, water, provisions, coals, standing and running rigging, cables, and everything else. Then he weighed all the men, and all the midshipmen, and all the midshipmen's chests, and all the officers, with everything belonging to them; lastly, he weighed himself, which did not add much to the sum total. I don't exactly know what this was for; but he was always talking about centres of gravity, displacement of fluid, and nobody knows what. I believe it was to find out the longitude somehow or other, but I didn't remain long enough in her to know the end of it; for one day I brought on board a pair of new boots, which I forgot to report, that they might be put into the scales which swung on the gangway; and whether the captain thought they would sink his ship, or for what, I cannot tell, but he ordered me to quit her immediately—so there I was adrift again. I packed up my traps and went on shore, putting on my new boots out of spite, and trod into all the mud and mire I could meet, and walked up and down from Plymouth to Dock until I was tired, as a punishment to them, until I wore the scoundrels out in a fortnight."

The above paragraph is, as the French cook said of his chef d'œuvre, *impayable*—like a good many similar bits in Marryat's books. Ere quitting the subject of old service captains, we may remark that in speaking of Peter Simple when he passed his examination for lieutenant, Marryat says that most captains knew little or nothing of navigation, for they merely acquired it by rote when midshipmen, and forgot nearly all about it when lieutenants, and when captains could merely prick off the ship's position on a chart, the *master* being responsible for the reckoning. He broadly declares his opinion, that were captains themselves examined as to their knowledge of navigation, nineteen in twenty would

be disgracefully plucked! This might be true enough of the old service, but we should say not of the new. Captains, and all officers now-a-days, are required to possess more scientific knowledge. So far as thorough practical seamanship was concerned, however, we have little hesitation in expressing our opinion that the old service officers were superior to the majority of those of Queen Victoria's. Rely upon it, steam screw-liners are *not* the best possible schools for seamanship, neither for officers nor blue-jackets. But the progression of the navy—practical seamanship only excepted—since the close of the last war, has been truly immense. The ships are incomparably superior; the officers are more gentlemanly, and infinitely less cruel and tyrannical; navigation, and naval gunnery especially, have vastly improved; the men are treated now *as men*, and though brave and daring as ever, are better informed, and have more self-respect than the pig-tailed Jacks of past generations. Just let us hear what Captain Marryat has to say of a frigate half a century ago! He calls it "a ship crowded with 300 men, where oaths and blasphemy interlarded every sentence; where religion was wholly neglected, and the *only honor paid to the Almighty was a clean shirt on a Sunday*; where implicit obedience to the will of an officer was considered of more importance than the observance of the Decalogue; and the commandments of God were in a manner abrogated by the articles of war—for the first might be broken with impunity, and *even with applause*, while the most severe punishment awaited any infraction of the latter." There's an awful picture for you! Well might men-o'-war be called Floating Hells! And when we boast of the past triumphs of our navy, it would be well to bear in mind these fearful revelations of an eye-witness.

Great as Captain Marryat was on the subject of old service captains, he was yet greater on midshipmen. We suppose he himself must have been a prime specimen of a youngster—mischievous as a monkey, and continually in scrapes and dangers, but somehow always managing to alight on his feet again like a cat; for otherwise how *could* he describe mids and their doings in the way he has done? We always picture him to our mind's eye as a reefer, very like his own Percival Keene; and how he ever could find in his heart to punish midship-

men when he became a captain, is more than we can conceive—but his first lieutenant would save him any twinge of conscience. Marryat, as an author, intensely *enjoyed* describing the peccadilloes of middies. How he must have chuckled behind his pen when portraying Mr. Tommy Dott, and other demure young gentlemen of kindred genius! We are much afraid that a perusal of Post-captain Marryat's works has suggested many a naughty trick to modern reefers, though their own brains are certainly fertile enough in all matters of mischief. The medal has a graver side.

The life of a midshipman partook of the general coarseness and severity prevalent in every grade of the old service. The arrangements of the midshipmen's berths were not merely devoid of all personal comfort, but really were hardly consistent with common decency; and the license of conduct prevalent was such, that the characters of the "young gentlemen" inevitably became morally deteriorated to a melancholy degree. No matter how gentlemanly, and modest, and innocent a young lad might be when he first joined his ship, he could not resist the contagion of the berth. He was hourly habituated to blasphemous and obscene language; he was sworn at, cuffed, kicked, robbed, beaten, and maltreated in all manner of ways; he could not help beholding the vicious practices of his messmates, their brutality, drunkenness, and licentiousness; and what at first shocked, frightened, and revolted him, soon became fatally familiar. A few weeks, or at most a few months, were sure to be sufficient to make him just as bad as the rest. He must either become one of them in all respects, or else quit the service in disgust. There was no alternative. However morally and religiously a boy had been brought up at home, however anxious he might be to avoid evil and continue good, he could not overcome the contaminating influence of the midshipmen's berth. We cannot enter into unseemly details on this sad topic, but our assertions are based on incontrovertible testimonies. Of course there were some rare, very rare, exceptions, especially when the captain of the ship happened to be a good, moral, and religious man, who felt it his duty to look strictly after the personal conduct of his midshipmen. But alas! how few cap-

tains were of this class in the old service! We might count them upon the fingers of one hand, we verily believe!

Let us now hasten to say that the old service midshipmen were hard-worked fellows, and very rapidly learnt the arduous duties of their profession. They soon became enthusiastically attached to the service, and were exceedingly eager to distinguish themselves, which they had superabundant opportunities of doing. And although, as we have plainly intimated, they were permitted a shameful and degrading license in their berth, they were yet subjected to a severe discipline *on duty*. The youngest had to strictly keep watch, and were tautly looked after on deck. Little mercy was shown them when they had incurred punishment. Half-a-dozen mids were almost daily perched at the mast-heads of any ship of size, and we have somewhere read of a ship's crosstrees being so loaded with delinquent reefers, that the boatswain humorously suggested the propriety of setting up preventer-stays to save the topmasts from toppling overboard! Mast-heading is now nearly obsolete, and a very good thing too, for it was, in cold rough weather, rather too severe a punishment, and one marvels that frequent fatal accidents did not occur from the practice, especially when we recollect that some luckless youngsters actually spent one-half of their time at the cross-trees! Worse than mast-heading, youngsters were liable to be flogged in the cabin, with a cat (the midshipmites' cat!) solely dedicated to their private use, service, and benefit. A captain, moreover, could (and not unfrequently actually did) at his will and pleasure turn a poor mid forward to do duty before the mast, until his High Mightiness thought the peccant youngster sufficiently punished, and so permitted him to resume duty on the quarter-deck.

We have made the foregoing observations as preliminary to Marryat's pictures of life in the midshipmen's berth, which we shall now introduce to the notice of the reader. We intend to confine ourselves to a single work of our author—viz., "Frank Mildmay," one of the very best he produced. First let us have a glimpse of poor Frank on the eve of joining his dashing frigate at Plymouth. We think it is a capital and characteristic fragment:

"One of the red-letter days of my life was that on which I first mounted the uniform of a midshipman. My pride and ecstasy were beyond description. I had discarded the school and schoolboy's dress, and with them my almost stagnant existence. . . . I had arrayed myself in my uniform; my dirk was belted round my waist; a cocked hat, of an enormous size, stuck on my head; and perfectly satisfied with my own appearance, at the last survey which I had made in the glass, I rang for the chambermaid under pretence of telling her to make my room tidy, but, in reality, that she might admire and compliment me, which she very wisely did; and I was fool enough to give her half-a-crown and a kiss, for I felt myself quite a man. The waiter, to whom the chambermaid had in all probability communicated the circumstance, presented himself, and having made me a low bow, offered the same compliments, and received the same reward, save the kiss."

When Frank at length gets on board, and duly joins, we are favored with a description of a midshipman's berth (in 1803), very graphic, and we know it to be perfectly faithful—that is, it describes unexaggeratedly the miserable dog-hole in which young gentlemen were then berthed, like hogs in a sty. Marryat tells us how his hero descended from the half-deck to 'tween decks, and into the steerage:

"In the forepart of which, on the larboard side, a-breast of the mainmast, was my future residence—a small hole, which they called a berth; it was ten feet long by six, and about five feet four inches high: a small aperture, about nine inches by six, admitted a very scanty portion of that which we most needed—namely, fresh air, and daylight. A deal table occupied a very considerable extent of this small apartment, and on it stood a brass candlestick, with a dip candle, and a wick like a full-blown carnation. The table-cloth was spread, and the stains of port-wine and gravy too visibly indicated the near approach of Sunday."

We pass over Frank's reception by his messmates—which would be much more entertaining to the reader than it was to him, poor fellow!—and quote a graphic picture of the young gentlemen at their luxurious supper, on which interesting occasion they sat on their lockers round the table, almost as tightly jammed as Lochfine herrings in a barrel:

"The population here very far exceeded the limits usually allotted to human beings in any situation of life, except in a slave ship. The midshipmen, of whom there were eight full-grown, and four

youngsters, were without either jackets or waistcoats; some of them had their shirt-sleeves rolled up, either to prevent the reception or to conceal the absorption of dirt in the region of the wristbands. The repast on the table consisted of a can, or large black-jack, of small beer, and a japan breadbasket full of sea biscuit. To compensate for this simple fare, and at the same time to cool the atmosphere of the berth, the table was covered with a large green cloth with a yellow border, and many yellow spots withal, where the color had been discharged by slops of vinegar, hot tea, &c., &c.; a sack of potatoes stood in one corner, and the shelves all round, and close over our heads, were stuffed with plates, glasses, quadrants, knives and forks, loaves of sugar, dirty stockings and shirts, and still fouler tablecloths, smalltooth combs and ditto large, clothes brushes and shoe brushes, cocked hats, dirks, German flutes, mahogany writing desks, a plate of salt butter, and some two or three naval half-boots. A single candle served to make darkness visible, and the stench nearly overpowered me."

A pretty enumeration of the living occupants of a middy's berth, and the furniture and garnishing thereof! One would fancy this description quite enough to knock on the head all romantic notions of a reefer's life, or out of the head, rather, of any enthusiastic school-boy sighing to write R. N. after his name! And the doings in this little pandemonium—for such it was—and such was every midshipmen's berth in the old service! We repeat, that if a lad had a spark of modesty or self-respect, it would be inevitably stifled there in a few weeks at most. Fighting, swearing, obscene language, blackguard and cruel practical jokes, and immoral conduct, were the order of the day and night. Ah! poor, fond, tender-hearted, pious mother! You, who have sent your boy to sea, with fervent prayers that he might do his duty to his King and his country, and fear and honor his Maker—you, O mother! who sate in your widowed room, yearningly praying for that boy's welfare, and striving to fancy what he was then, at that moment, doing; oh! could you have beheld him amid his messmates! Ah, God amend us all. 'Tis oft a mercy unspeakable that we know not *what* the loved one may be in the act of doing at the instant we are picturing him to our mind's eye. We write with bitter earnestness.

With a sigh, and almost a tear—albeit we have grown unused to the melting mood—we return to Marryat's pages (magic pages they were *once* to us! Alas! for the days that will ne'er return). Cap-

tain Marryat tells us that the same language, the same manners, which prevailed among the superior officers of the old service, were to be found—*not* refined—in the midshipmen's berth. The only pursuits, he says, of the midshipmen when on shore (we fear we ought to put a note of sadly-significant interrogation after the word *only*?), were "intoxication to be gloried in and boasted of when returned on board. My captain said that everything found its level in a man-of-war. True, but in the midshipmen's berth it was the level of a savage, where corporeal strength was the *sine qua non*, and decided whether you were to act the part of a tyrant or a slave." We may add that Mr. Frank Mildmay felt soundly inculcated with his captain's sage observation that "everything and everybody finds its level in a man-of-war;" and so did he at length, as a matter of course, but it is at least satisfactory to know that he fought his way manfully, until he became cock of the berth, and caterer for the mess. There we will leave him, and the mids of the old service altogether.

How different is the midshipmen's berth of Queen Victoria's service to that of her grandfather's, George the Third! We hear old fogies—genuine relics of the old service, who are already nearly as scarce as bustards on Salisbury Plain, or as sovereigns in an author's purse, and who will soon be a species as extinct as the dodo—we occasionally hear these venerable vikings growling ominously, and swearing roundly against screw-liners and all modern innovations, for, as they tremulously tell us, they clearly perceive that the service is going headlong—whither it certainly has no business to go. It is hardly worth while to break a spear with these old growlaways, for if you were to argue with them from sunrise to sunset on the longest day of all the year, you would only render them yet more dogmatic (if possible) and impenetrable to conviction. Ever since we can remember, we have from time to time been startled and frightened by two awful predictions—that the Navy is going to the, &c., and, consequently, that the downfall of the British Empire was at hand. Whenever the first prediction is realized, we certainly *do* potentially believe that the second will quickly ensue, and then certain people will doubtless be ineffably gratified by witnessing the interesting phenomenon of



the sun of England setting to rise no more. To resume. In no respect is the difference between the old and the new service more striking than in the midshipmen's berth. Modern midshipmen are gentlemanly fellows, and much bitter reason as there is to complain of the excessive degree of favor shown, in the shape of rapid promotion, to the scions of aristocracy who now swarm in the Navy, yet we will most cordially admit that we owe, in no slight degree, to their admission, the fact that the *tone* of the service has become so refined.

Our modern reefers are not the same race as their renowned predecessors. They are, as we have said, gentlemanly, and a majority of them are naval dandies to boot. They read reviews and belles lettres, they waltz and play on the piano, and are *au fait* in the latest systems of etiquette. They criticise operas, singers, dancers, actors, poets, parsons, legislators, and everything and everybody worth talking about. They bet knowingly on horse-races, and are much given to private gambling, and fashionable dissipation generally. They dress in tip-top style, and frequent the best society in which they can obtain admission. They mess luxuriously on board, and live extravagantly at first-rate hotels on shore. They are rarely out of debt, and spend thrice their proper allowance, to the dismay of their unhappy parents. They care comparatively little for the service, shirk their duties as much as possible, and don't think it the correct sort of thing to appear very zealous as officers. Can we marvel at this when we reflect how hopeless promotion is without interest, and how certain it is with friends at head-quarters? Moreover, until this Russian war broke out, most of our large ships lay hulking in harbor, nine months at least out of twelve, and their midshipmen were brought up in idleness and exposed to every temptation to dissipate. The old service midshipman was rough, coarse, and *low* in his manners, tastes, and habits; but he was a practical seaman every inch, and devoted heart and soul to his profession. The modern midshipman is refined in manners, and gentlemanly even in his vices; but he is not much of a seaman and officer, and does not care to be. Yet, after all, let us bear in mind that the modern midshipmen are of the same true British stuff as their predecessors, and they can, with proper opportunity and in-

clination, be not only gentlemen but good seamen to boot. And we have reason to hope and believe that the present war, by rousing up our Navy from its long apathy, will do much to secure this desirable result.

Perhaps the reader would not object to a picture of the modern midshipmen's mess, just by way of contrast to the dismal extracts we gave from Marryat? We can easily gratify him with the help of that clever writer, Mr. James Hannay, who drew from personal experience on the Mediterranean station. He tells us that, "on board the *Sovereign*, Brummell might have attired his person with all the care which it demanded." And now hear how he describes the mess-table! (we quote from his work, entitled "Sand and Shells:—")

"The mess-dinner of the *Sovereign* is laid out. Some twenty-five fellows sit down. The steward (elaborately attired) bows as he sees Fitz-Gubin seat himself with the knot at the head of the table—Riddel, Corbieton, Siddlington, &c. His satisfied eye welcomes the mild familiar glass, china, and silver, and the pleasant gleam of the huge decanters of iced wine. The dinner is the object of constant admiration, and Cuckles daily jokes on its splendor, as compared with that which he supposes to be the habitual fare of the mess (except, of course, those of our degree) at home. (Pleasant Cuckles! thou man of fine heart and fine taste!)

"The steward, with a profound bow, now hands to Lord Fitz-Gubin the *carte*. I say distinctly the *carte*. Shade of Lord Collingwood, shade of Benbow, wag your ghostly pigtails, and let us look at the items of the *carte*. (The cook of the *Sovereign* was a man of genius, and will probably die a baronet.) 'Cotelettes à la Trafalgar; Vol au vent, au maintop; Fricassée de gibier en pigtail antique; Brimbousky marine, &c., &c.' These were the leading features of the entertainment that day, with sufficient substantials, of course; which, by-the-bye, were highly necessary to the youngsters,\* who could not always, if we are to believe some people, get any of the finer specimens of the *cuisine*. Bung, the master's assistant, made a democratic agitation on the subject, by bawling to the servants after some of the '*ong pigtail hontick*;' but the roar of laughter which his pronunciation justly raised, soon caused him to subside into silence and boiled beef. What was worse, he never heard the last of the matter. You don't, indeed, often hear the last of a joke in the service; and many a fellow who has got himself a nickname in the first week, retains it for life, carries it over the whole globe, and through every grade of rank, and dies in it. Accordingly,

\* By "youngsters," Mr. Hannay of course means the young naval cadets. The others of the mess are called "oldsters."

the youngsters were perpetually at Bung: 'Bung, any *hontick* to-day?' &c.

"'Lord Alfred, a glass of wine,' said Cuckles, ordering champagne; a luxury in which, to do him justice, he did not often indulge. They drank.

"'I like the dinner,' said Fitz-Gubin, with his usual deliberation. 'The cook is really not bad. *He ranks, of course, as a petty officer?*'"

Now, reader, glance backward a few pages, and compare Hannay's midshipmen's mess with that of Marryat's, if you please! Can any greater contrast be imagined? One all refinement and splendor, the other all squalor, meanness, and brutality. And if we condemn the modern mess as being too luxurious and costly (thereby compelling *poor* midshipmen to spend beyond their means, and, perhaps, being sometimes the primary cause of their future ruin), yet we still ask, is it not far better, on the whole, than the miserable mess of the old service? Where there is luxury, or even comfort (and reasonable comfort is all that *ought* to prevail in a mid's berth), there is sure to be refinement of manners in a corresponding degree; and where there is refinement, there will be greater social morality—outwardly, at any rate, for perhaps it won't do to go too deep into the subject. Anyway, a youngster now-a-days is not exposed to open demoralization. He is not compelled to drink, and swear, and fight, and forget every good lesson he received at school. He may continue to be a gentleman, and keep a good conscience—if so he wills.

We must prepare to bid adieu to our subject. We have done justice to Captain Marryat; impartially weighing his claims to distinction, cordially pointing out his excellences, and not sparing his faults. The majority of the extracts we have given from his writings not only illustrate our observations, but also are themselves specimens of his best style. We have previously alluded, incidentally, to his celebrated description (in "Peter Simple") of *club-hauling* a ship, and all naval men who have read it will admit that it is a wonderfully fine piece of writing, and perfectly accurate in a professional sense, and yet a man may pass his life at sea, and never have an opportunity to see a ship club-hauled! On referring to the book, we perceive that we can give all the essential parts of the description in a moderate compass, and will therefore do so, by way of a parting extract:

"It really was a very awful sight. When the

ship was in the trough of the sea, you could distinguish nothing but a waste of tumultuous waters; but when she was borne up on the summit of the enormous waves, you then looked down, as it were, upon a low sandy coast, close to you, and covered with foam and breakers."

The ship behaved nobly, but the wind suddenly headed her, and she broke off from her course a couple of points. The best bower cable was then double-bitted, and stoppered at thirty fathoms. We now resume from Marryat:

"The ship continued to hold her course good, and we were within half a mile of the point, and fully expecting to weather it, when again the wet and heavy sails flapped in the wind, and the ship broke off two points as before. The officers and seamen were aghast, for the ship's head was right on the breakers. 'Luff now, all you can, quartermaster,' cried the Captain. 'Send the men aft directly. My lads, there is no time for words; I am going to *club-haul* the ship, for there is no room to wear. The only chance of safety you have is to be cool, watch my eye, and execute my orders with precision. Away to your stations for tacking ship. Hands by the best bower anchor. Mr. Wilson, attend below with the carpenter and his mates ready to cut away the cable at the moment that I give the order. Silence, there, fore and aft. Quartermaster, keep her full again for stay.' Mind you ease the helm down when I tell you.' About a minute passed before the Captain gave any further orders. The ship had closed to within a quarter of a mile of the beach, and the waves curled and topped around us, bearing us down upon the shore, which presented one continuous surface of foam, extending to within half a cable's length of our position, at which distance the enormous waves culminated and fell with the report of thunder. The captain waved his hand in silence to the quartermaster at the wheel, and the helm was put down. The ship turned slowly to the wind, pitching and chopping as the sails were spilling. When she had lost her way, the Captain gave the order, 'Let go the anchor! We will haul all at once, Mr. Falcon,' said the Captain. Not a word was spoken; the men went to the fore-brace, which had not been manned; most of them knew, although I did not, that if the ship's head did not go round the other way, we should be on shore, and among the breakers, in half a minute. I thought at the time that the Captain had said he should haul all the yards at once; there appeared to be doubt or dissent on the countenance of Mr. Falcon, and I was afterwards told that he had not agreed with the Captain; but he was too good an officer, and knew that there was no time for discussion, to make any remark; and the event proved that the Captain was right. At last the ship was head to wind, and the captain gave the signal. The yards flew round with such a creaking noise, that I thought the masts had gone over the side, and the next moment the wind had caught the sails, and

the ship, which, for a moment or two, had been on an even keel, careened over to her gunnel [gunwale] with all its force. The captain, who stood upon the weather hammock-rails, holding on by the main-rigging, ordered the helm amidships, looked full at the sails and then at the cable, which grew broad on the weather bow, and held the ship from nearing the shore. At last he cried, 'Cut away the cable!' A few strokes of the axes were heard, and then the cable flew out of the hawse-hole in a blaze of fire, from the violence of the friction, and disappeared under a huge wave, which struck us on the chess-tree, and deluged us with water fore and aft. But we were now on the other tack, and the ship regained her way, and we had evidently increased our distance from the land."

Thus it was that the gallant frigate escaped her imminent danger by *club-hauling*. Her perils, however, were not over, for in a few hours she was in deadly jeopardy again, weathering a rocky point only by a few yards; thanks, under Providence, to the consummate seamanship of the Captain. The whole description is incomparably the finest and most thrilling piece of writing Captain Marryat ever produced, and it is really worthy of having been written by Cooper himself in his palmiest days. Higher praise than that we cannot possibly accord.

In the course of this article we have several times alluded to Fenimore Cooper, and it will not be objectionable if we conclude by instituting a searching parallel between the greatest American and the greatest English sea-novelist. Let it be clearly understood that our mature opinion here delivered is founded on the *best* works only of each author.

Cooper's *style* is beyond compare superior to Marryat's on the score of precision and accuracy of language, and his sentences are grave, sonorous, and majestic. Marryat writes in an off-hand, free-and-easy, conversational manner, which is certainly exactly adapted to the subject-matter of his works. Cooper's mind was essentially poetic; Marryat's essentially prosaic. Cooper constructed enthralling stories, which held us in breathless suspense, and made our brows alternately pallid with awe and terror, or flushed with powerful emotion; Marryat gleefully dashed off a reckless yarn, full of unconnected adventures and anecdotes. Cooper's books, when once taken up, are so fascinating that we must, perforce, read on from beginning to end, panting to arrive at the thrilling dénouement; Marry-

at's are just gossippy volumes for odd leisure hours, or half-hours, to be taken up, opened at random, lightly read, laughed at, and laid carelessly down again, as the humor suits. Cooper's writings are so subtle, that they must be studied, and read o'er and o'er again; Marryat's are merely surface reading. In Cooper's works our interest is irresistibly enlisted in the fate of the ship, and of the leading characters, whose fortunes we follow with absorbing anxiety; in Marryat's we don't care a straw for any particular ship, hero, or character, they amuse us for the moment, and that is all. Cooper can make us weep with sympathy, with pity, with yearning love and admiration; Marryat cannot excite any tears but those of laughter. Cooper created original characters so marvellously true to nature that they seem living beings present to our corporeal vision—witness Tom Coffin (of the dainty *Ariel*), and honest Dick Fid, and his friend the noble negro, Scipio (of the *Red Rover*);—Marryat never drew a single character worthy to be ranked alongside the above. Cooper (who was a man of sincere piety) never shocked us with blasphemy and immoral levity of language on the part of his characters; Marryat too frequently did. Cooper occasionally was richly humorous; but Marryat undoubtedly excelled him in broad comic fun and humor. (Neither of them had *wit*.) Cooper's works delight young and old, of all classes; and so do Marryat's in a lesser degree; and yet Marryat is relished more by *seamen* than Cooper, and we attribute this to the fact that seamen prefer entertaining professional anecdotes and mess-table gossip, in which line Marryat was unrivalled. Cooper's writings abound with the noblest conceptions of the terrors and sublimity of the hoary ocean; Marryat's rarely do more than hastily glance at the marvels and mysteries which Cooper delighted in expounding and exploring to their hidden depths. In two respects the authors are alike. Cooper's heroines generally are dead failures; so are Marryat's. Cooper's early works are his best; so are Marryat's. Both wrote worse when veterans than at the outset of their career of authorship. If we might hazard a simile, we should say that Cooper was a magnificent first-rater, moving majestically, 'mid cloud and storm, through the heaving billows; Marryat, a dashing frigate, bounding saucily along

from wave to wave, flaunting, all a-taunt-o with tackle trim, in the morning sunbeams. Finally—Marryat's works have been read by tens and by hundreds of thousands; Cooper's literally by millions and by tens of millions, for they have passed through numberless editions in America and England, and have been translated into almost every civilized language throughout the globe.

Such were Marryat and Cooper. If the

former was the *King* of the naval novelists of Great Britain, Cooper was the *Emperor* of the naval novelists of *all* countries; and there is this enormous difference between the King and the Emperor—the former was an estimable writer of versatile talent, and the latter a glorious prose-poet of the very loftiest genius. The gulf between the two is, and ever will be, impassable.

We have done.

W. H.

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From *Tait's Magazine*.

## A L E X A N D R E D U M A S .

### S E C O N D N O T I C E .

Few men have ever seen a change so speedily wrought in their fortunes as that which Dumas experienced during the four hours the representation of "Henri III." lasted. He is decidedly in the category of fortunate sleepers, who, awaking in the morning, have found themselves famous. Almost unknown in the evening, the next day he was the talk of Paris. By noon he had sold his manuscript for 6,000 francs; and the second performance, as brilliant as the first, inaugurated a series of repetitions that, in a short time, enriched his purse with 30,000 more. It was a perilous change; at one step he passed from the discipline of poverty to the luxury of wealth—in imagination boundless. Family necessities were speedily supplied, the mean abode forsaken for elegant apartments, and a career of prodigality commenced that has proved abundantly fertile in opportunities of display. "Henri III." brought him all the advantages, and to use his own phrase, all the *ennuis*, which accompany success. For the rest of the winter of 1829 he was the fashionable author. Invitations without number poured in upon him; free admission was given him to all the theatres; his portrait

hung in shop windows, and a medallion was struck to commemorate the occasion. Nothing was wanting—not even the petty ridicule that loves to fasten on a growing reputation. Strange stories alarmed the lovers of scandal. In cafés and salons it was told that fanatics had raised the cry of death, and demanded aloud the head of the Academy—how that, when the curtain had fallen and the lights were extinguished, by the glimmer of dying embers, funereal dancers around the venerated bust had made the burden of their song re-echo, "*Enfoncé Racine!*" The partisans of the classic and romantic schools arose in arms as at the sound of the tocsin. Another blow had been struck, by a strong though rude hand, and the enfeebled descendants of the old régime believed the sceptre dropping from their grasp. Complaints grew into controversies, and controversies collapsed into petitions. The Theatre Français, that national temple of the drama, was profaned, and the protestations of its hoary priests rang in the intruder's ears. As to the value of "Henri III." judged by its intrinsic merits—apart from that transition period of French literature which it so forcibly



illustrates—there can scarcely be two opinions. The plot, though developed with considerable vigor, involves too extended a machinery, and, by the diverse aims it seems to propose, destroys the sense of unity. To place its author by the side of Shakspeare, and to regard the two as son and sire, is simply to discredit both. Nowhere do we find the same insight into man and nature, or the same mastery of all material and spiritual elements, or the same splendor of imagery and grace of fancy, or the same purity and truth, chilling into awe the demons of sense and sin. Dumas has yielded to the stimulating force of Shakspeare; but it is as the weed springing up in the sunlight. Nor must it be forgotten, in the light of his whole career, even when we would do honor to this stalwart champion of the romantic host, that in supplanting conventional law, he has not unfrequently confounded the spirit of riotous innovation with the genius of modern art.

The supposed discovery of certain incendiary allusions—showing to what ridiculous excesses political suspicions can be carried—threw a momentary shadow over this brilliant dawning of fame. The play was interdicted, but the censure cancelled almost as soon as uttered. One of the first things for Dumas to do now was to visit his old companions at the Palais Royal, and, a temptation too strong to be resisted, retort upon them for past offences. Oudard, his superior originally, and his friend throughout, met him at the door with his compliments; but Alexandre was not to be easily propitiated, and determined to play the great man in the presence of his former patrons. After a little skilful fencing on either side, Oudard proposes his return to the establishment: "I know you would refuse to remain on the old conditions; we should not wish it, you must have time to work." "Proceed, Seigneur Mæcenas; in the name of Augustus, speak; I listen." "No, it is for you to say what you wish." "I? I wish for success. I have had it; I want nothing more." "Yes; but what can we do for you that would be agreeable? Is there no situation that you covet?" "I am not ambitious, but there is one that would suit me—that of colleague to Casimer Delavigne." Oudard shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, "You are *very* ambitious, my friend." Besides, a small library, with a librarian and sub-librarian alrea-

dy—the thing was not so easily done; but a promise was readily given to secure the place if possible. And secured it was; for in a few days he was nominated an assistant librarian, at a salary of 1,200 francs. The appointment left him free to pursue his studies, and gave him ample facilities in their prosecution.

Thus the impulses and desires of his youth are satisfied, and Dumas finds himself suddenly on an eminence whence a splendid career opens far before him. Energy has mastered circumstances. We accept the moral. Pity that the story should read like an elaborated hyperbole; still greater pity that the youthful achievements it records should lack their counterpart in maturer age, that this ambition—delusive as it may be, still, "the glorious fault of angels and of gods"—should degenerate into a vulgar egotistic thirst for notoriety alone. The steep ascended, we need not so minutely trace the course of our hero beyond; but from these interminable *Mémoires* we would string together a few curious jottings that may help us to an estimate of his character and works. It would form an interesting chapter in the study of mental phenomena, could we classify the innumerable anecdotes told of the habits of great thinkers, by which unconsciously they have seemed to stimulate or lull the mind in its hours of exertion. Dumas chronicles his own experiences in this particular, and we may take them as a contribution not without a singular significance. Sometimes, he complains, an author imagines that he can best concoct his plan in a particular place, sometimes that he can write but on a certain sort of paper. Having determined to remodel "Christine," he says: "As for me, I had got it into my head that I could only get a new 'Christine' out of the old one, by making a journey, and lulling myself by the motion of a carriage. As I was not rich enough to take a post chaise, I chose a diligence. It mattered little in what direction the diligence went, provided that I found the coupé, the inside, or the rotunde empty." One was soon discovered with nobody in the coupé, starting for Havre—a long twenty hours' ride. "I got in, and as in works of art the imagination goes for much, my imagination once satisfied as to the mode began to work. When I reached Havre my piece was finished. The division of Stockholm, Fontainebleau, and Rome was fixed

on, and the part of Paula has suggested itself in connection with this new arrangement." With regard to these strange prepossessions, that impose certain conditions for the accomplishment of a work, M. Dumas assures us that, though nobody has less of the poet's *frenzy* than himself, or can labor with greater ease during longer periods, yet in two or three instances he has been absolutely obliged to yield to the caprice of the moment. "The first occasion has just been alluded to; the second was when I composed 'Don Juan de Marana;' the third when I wrote 'Capitaine Paul.' I imagined that I could only compose my fantastic drama within the sound of music. I asked my friend Zimmerman for an introduction to the conservatoire, and there, in the corner of a box where there were three strangers—with my eyes shut appearing to sleep, and lulled indeed into a half sleep by Beethoven and Weber—I composed the principal scenes in two hours. With 'Capitaine Paul' it was different. I wanted the sea, a vast horizon, clouds sweeping along the sky, winds whistling through the rigging. In the course of my travels in Sicily, I had my little vessel anchored for two days at the entrance of the straits of Messina; at the end of those two days 'Capitaine Paul' was finished." Shall we add another confession? "When I am engaged in a work which interests me, I must narrate; as I narrate, I invent, and at the end of some one of these narrations it comes to pass one fine morning that the piece is finished. But it often happens that this manner of composing, that is, of not commencing the piece till I have completed the plan, is very slow. In this way I carried 'Mademoiselle de Belle Isle' in my head for nearly five years, and since 1832, I have had the plan of a 'Wandering Jew' in my memory, on which I shall set to work my first leisure moment, and which will be one of my best works: so that I have only one fear—lest I should die before I have done it!" But to return to "Christine." Victor Hugo had just written his "Marion Delorme;" and Dumas, when he reached Paris again, was invited to hear it read. The melody of the verse, and the superiority of the style, strongly impressed him; and inspired with fresh energy, while its musical language was still ringing in his ears, he sat down, and put "Christine" to paper. This, his second drama, was con-

signed to the Odéon, but not played till some time after its reception, in consequence of the interference of the censorship. When at length produced, the performance was protracted till two o'clock in the morning. For a time success seemed doubtful, but the curtain fell amidst overwhelming applause, and successive representations confirmed the verdict of the first night. The cross of the Legion of Honor was talked of as the reward of the young dramatist, but it was not till 1836 that he received it.

Meanwhile the Revolution of 1830 broke upon the nation, disturbing students and poets as well as politicians, and calling all men to a sterner field of action. When the cry to arms was raised along the streets of Paris, Dumas, of course, could not be an unimpassioned spectator, but, seizing his musket, rushed out to take his share in the uncertain struggle. He paraded the streets at the head of a body of workmen, rendering service where it seemed most required; but his grand exploit was a descent on Soissons, after the first tumult had subsided, to secure more power in case of a fresh emergency. Accompanied by but one or two companions, and armed with the authority of La Fayette, he succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of the garrison, surprising the commandant into submission, and bringing back the coveted stores—an enterprise which he narrates in an exaggerated style, his energy, readiness, and resolution appearing so conspicuously as to leave no room for further eulogium. He was afterwards dispatched on a special mission to La Vendée, to inquire into the disposition of the inhabitants, and see how far the formation of a National Guard, to prevent any reactionary movement, was possible. The rapidity of events soon left his republicanism behind, and on his returning to Paris, after an absence of six weeks, he found the aspect of affairs greatly altered, and a monarch on the eve of ascending a throne he had hoped for ever abolished. The *Mémoires* of this period disclose the young dramatist in the new character of a politician, and exhibit in the strongest colors the disinterestedness of his principles. When he first quitted the *secretariat* of the Duke of Orleans, he had no desire to sever himself from the man who, while he assured him a livelihood, had permitted him to continue his studies, and to become what he was. The

Duke, the son of a regicide, then appeared to him, if he had not receded since 1783, to be more advanced in political opinions than himself, the son of a republican general. Now, the case stood otherwise. The Duke had been his patron, but had become a King. Future prospects shall be sacrificed to political consistency! Dumas' report on the condition of La Vendée, submitted to La Fayette, is transferred to Louis Philippe. He is sent for to the Palais Royal, and his old friend Oudard urges him to accept an interview with his Majesty. "Not," he asks, "if I was commissioned to appoint an hour of audience?" "You understand, I should not have the bad taste to refuse, but I don't believe you have received such a commission." "Well, you are mistaken, nevertheless; the King expects to see you to-morrow morning at eight o'clock." "Oh, my dear fellow, the King will find me a wretched companion." "How so?" "Because I am quite cross when I get up so early." Another hour, then, is ultimately fixed, and Dumas leaves his former "chef," assuring him that he will tell the King what he is not accustomed to hear—the truth! The interview follows, and he takes upon him to rebuke the policy of his Majesty, and to advocate the expediency of a foreign war. Afterwards he sends him a polite note, to the effect that his "political opinions not being in harmony with those which the King has a right to expect in the persons who constitute his household, he begs his Majesty to accept his resignation of the office of librarian;" and this missive miscarrying, he formally publishes his act of abdication, affirming, in ambitious words, that the literary, in his case, is but the preface to the political man. A visit of etiquette paid to the King on the following New Year's Day had a still more unfortunate ending. Dumas had been officially admitted into the artillery of the National Guard, and had risen to the rank of captain. To avoid all suspicion of disaffection, the officers of the regiment resolved to pay the usual complimentary visit of the new year, and an hour was fixed for them to go in a body to the Palais Royal. Dumas rose on the appointed morning, donned his uniform, and fearing he should be late, hurried to the spot. The courtyard was crowded with officers of every rank, but amidst the brilliant colors that shone in every direction, he sought in

vain the uniform of the artillery corps. They must then have gone on into the royal presence. But stop!—could he overtake them on the grand staircase, or in the apartments of the Palace?—and away he ran in pursuit of his associates. Still no artillery uniform! The regiment must have gone through; he would go, too, even though alone. To use his own words:

"If I had been less concerned about my lateness, I should have noticed the wondering looks of the bystanders; but as it was, I did not observe anything except that, when we came to the chamber of the King, the group of officers with whom I had mingled made simultaneously a movement from the centre to the circumference that left me as completely isolated as if I had been suspected of bringing the cholera with me. I attributed this sort of repulsion to the part that the artillery had played in the last émeutes, and as, on my own account, I was ready to take the responsibility of my acts, I entered boldly holding my head up. I must say that of the twenty-five forming the group of which I had the honor to make a part, I appeared to be the only one worthy the attention of the King. He looked at me with such astonishment that I cast my eyes around to see why he did so. Among those who were there some affected to smile disdainfully; others appeared astounded; some in their pantomime appeared to say, 'Seigneur, excuse me for having come with this man.' All this I confess was inexplicable. I passed before the King, who was so good as to speak to me. 'Ah, bon jour, Dumas,' said he, 'I know you.' I looked at the King, and would have given the world to know how he knew me. Then, as he began to laugh, and the good courtiers round him followed his example, not to be singular, I laughed too, and continued my way. In the room beyond I found Vatout, Oudard, Appert, Tallencourt, Casimir Delavigne—all my old comrades. They had seen me through the half-open door, and were laughing also."

Then came the explanation. The fact was that an order had been issued the preceding day dissolving the artillery corps, preparatory to its reorganization on another basis; the decree had appeared in the *Moniteur*, and Dumas had not seen it. Well might he be vexed at the oversight; his conduct was construed into an act of bravado, and in spite of his protestations of ignorance, the story went the round of Paris. "To this action," he adds, "I afterwards owed my being named a member of the committee on national recompenses, and of the decoration committee of July, and my being reëlected as a lieutenant in the new artillery—honors which very naturally led to my taking part in

the 5th of June, 1832, and being obliged to make a tour of three months in Switzerland and two in Italy."

While political changes absorbed attention, the theatre strove to minister to the popular excitement. At the first outbreak of the Revolution, Harel, the director of the Odéon, had suggested "Napoleon" to Dumas as a good subject for a drama *apropos* of the times; and at every opportunity since he had so importunately pressed the matter as to make it a perfect bore. One day, however, Dumas received an invitation to the first performance of the "Mère et la Fille" of Mazères, with a request to join a midnight banquet at Harel's afterwards. The play over he presented himself as directed, and was received by Harel—who stood alternately rubbing his hands and taking snuff, in high glee at the success of the evening—without a word of "Napoleon." Mademoiselle Georges, the celebrated actress, presided at the supper table; the viands were abundant; so was the wit. At three o'clock the company still sit laughing together. Suddenly there are signs of conspiracy; smiles and furtive glances are exchanged, and a wink is given. Soon Mademoiselle Georges, rising from her seat, proposes to show M. Dumas some treasures collected in an adjoining apartment. The bait takes, the two remain absent for a few minutes, and Dumas, on returning, finds the company gone. He, too, takes his hat, and suggesting that it is high time to be off, proffers a friendly hand to his generous host. "No, no," answers Harel, "everybody's asleep now; come, follow me." And the unsuspecting Dumas following finds himself in an elegantly furnished bedroom; two candles are burning on a table covered with papers of all dimensions, and quills and pens of every sort. "Well," he interjects, "this is a capital room; one might very well sleep and work here." "I am glad you think so." "Why?" "Because it belongs to you—yes, and *you shall not go out of it till you have written 'Napoleon!'* So you ought to be satisfied, or you may get into a bad humor during your imprisonment." Dumas shivers—"Now, no foolery, Harel." "Just so, no foolery; you committed yourself by not doing the thing when I first asked you." "But I have not the least idea of a plan." "Never mind; you told me 'Christine' was re-made in a night." "But I want books—Bourrienne, Norvins, 'Victoires et Con-

quêtes'—" "Here is 'Victoires et Conquêtes' in this corner; there is Bourrienne in another, and here is Norvins on the table." "I must have the 'Mémorial de Sainte Hélène.'" "Here it is on the chimney-piece." In fact there is no escaping; and Dumas—as fairly vanquished as Sheridan, when he was locked in the green-room at Drury-lane till he finished the "Critic"—is obliged to confess himself a prisoner. "To-morrow, then, I will begin your 'Napoleon,' and in eight days you shall have it." The same evening, he tells us, or rather the same morning, he set to work. The plan was at once invented: history supplied a natural division. From Toulon to St. Helena! Harel had offered to expend 100,000 francs if necessary, and a broader margin could scarcely be left him. The next day he began to write, and by the time promised, the drama was finished. It consisted of twenty-four scenes, and extended to nine thousand lines; "it was thrice the size of an ordinary drama, five times that of 'Iphigenia,' six times that of 'Mérope.'" To arrange for its representation on the stage was a more difficult thing; there were eighty or ninety speakers. "*Je crois que j'eusse autant aimé mettre en scène la monde de la genèse que ce monde de Napoleon.*" But the difficulty was soon surmounted, and the drama, although unworthy of criticism as a work of art, was received with unbounded enthusiasm.

As a tragedian, Dumas would be judged by his drama of "Antony," which he still professes to prize as his masterpiece, and which, when "Napoleon" was written, had already been for some time composed. Received at the Théâtre Français, but for the intervention of the censorship it would have been immediately played. The altered condition of the political world now giving complete freedom to the theatre, "Antony" was again brought forward and put into rehearsal. But the principal actors were dissatisfied with their parts, and their objections mortified and discouraged him. At this juncture Victor Hugo came to him suggesting that, at best, they could be deemed usurpers only at the Théâtre Français—that on the other hand, the Porte St. Martin was not an Olympus; moreover, he added, he had made an engagement with Cornier the director, and "Marion Delorme" would be played there—in fine, had not Dumas better follow his example? Taking courage from Hugo's



advice, Dumas accordingly withdrew his drama from the Français, and transferred it bodily to the Porte St. Martin. Complete success resulted. From the sympathy of the actors, not yet accustomed to such patronage, the chief parts assumed new proportions, and a run of more than one hundred nights restored his self-love to its former equilibrium. As respects the play itself, we have no disposition to enter into the controversies provoked by its audacious violation of the laws of criticism and decorum. We cannot even attempt an analysis; but it is impossible to pass unnoticed the braggadocio tone with which M. Dumas claims the outlawed bantling as his own. "Not only is it my most original work, my most personal work—it is, also, one of those rare works which have an influence upon their age." As if the morality of a drama could be made to consist in its dénouement, the moral of "Antony" finds expression only in the last act and the last words of its hero—" *Elle me résistait : je l'ai assassinée.*" Certainly a most ambiguous moral. On one occasion the curtain fell before this sentence had been uttered; but a storm of hisses warned the manager of his mistake, and in the absence of her assassin, who had hurried from the stage, Madame Derval had to complete the horrid farce by varying the words as she lay wounded on her couch, "*Je lui résistais, il m'a assassinée.*" M. Dumas takes up the gauntlet against his accusers, and as a master of badinage, toys with the most serious charges. "What is there to complain of? Who would follow a vicious example, with the scaffold or the gaol to close his career? And as to your outcry against adultery, is it not simply this—that the abolition of the law of entail has made a crime in the nineteenth century of what in the seventeenth was but a pleasantry? You laugh at Molière—why blame me? You talk of the purity of the ancient drama—did not Sophocles select a still more delicate theme? And Aristophanes—have you read the following passages?" And in some such strain as this, with an affectation of seriousness that cannot mask the heartlessness of his words, he trifles with the public, his censors, and his own reputation, as if glory and infamy were twin sisters. Still more curious than this defence is the circumstantial avowal by which it is accompanied—summarized thus: "Antony is not a drama; 'Antony' is not a tragedy; 'Antony' is not a theatrical

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piece. 'Antony' is a scene of love, of jealousy, of anger, in five acts. 'Antony'—he was myself, without the assassination; Adèle (the heroine)—she was my mistress, without the flight."

A trip to the seaside, by the seclusion it conferred, next enabled Dumas to compose his "Charles VII. chez ses Grands Vassaux"—an imitation in its different parts of the "Cid," and certain other dramas that its author does not hesitate to name. Indeed, on the question of originality, Dumas displays his usual magnanimity, and frankly admits that he is largely indebted to the mighty dead—that, in fact, his works abound with direct imitations of particular passages—that, like Shakspeare, Molière, and many another illustrious genius, he has condescended to borrow an illustration or a hint, since the debt can be repaid with usury. But then, you must not question his theory of originality; you must allow, in your turn, that man does not *create*—that the temples of enchantment which genius rears do not spring up at the wave of its wand, but are hewn and piled by its inherent power out of common materials. Like the golden streams of summer climes, it sweeps its broad expanse majestically along, throwing to the shore the glittering *detritus* it collects in its course. Dumas serves up ideas as Cleopatra served up pearls. Thrown together and fused in the medium of his mind, they are presented as a costly and delicious dish. But structural and ornamental details apart, let us quote him here on the selection of a subject:

"My manner of proceeding with reference to history is strange. I begin by composing a story. I endeavor to make it romantic, tender, dramatic; and when I have determined the part that the affections and the imagination shall respectively play. I seek the framework in history. And history has invariably furnished me with this framework so precisely proportioned to my wants, and so well adapted to the subject, that the framework did not seem made for the picture, but the picture for the framework."

Elsewhere he lays it down as an axiom, in language too characteristic for transcription, that history may be violated at will if there be any specific object in view. So much for his pretensions to historical accuracy, or originality in treatment. To revert for a moment to chronological details, "Richard d'Arlington" and "Theresa," both written in conjunction with

others, completed the number of his works for 1831—a year which he describes in the retrospect as “disturbed by political émeutes, but as splendid for art. I had given to the world three pieces—a bad ‘Napoleon,’ a mediocre ‘Charles VII.,’ a good ‘Richard d’Arlington;’” and Victor Hugo had contributed his “Marion Delorme” and his “Notre Dame de Paris.” The minuteness of self-criticism thus peeping out, and that we have had occasion to remark before in these *Mémoires*, is so unique that we cannot forbear adding a specimen to these fragmentary notes—in which, rather than present an analysis, we have sought to group together such passages as shall most vividly suggest the *tout ensemble* of the man. Apropos of the last-named, “Theresa”—see how he can dissect his own offspring, and talk with the knife in his hand:

“Considered in itself, it is one of my worst works; written in conjunction with Anicet, it is one of my best. . . . Anicet had written out the plot of ‘Theresa.’ I began by putting his paper on one side, and begging him to tell me the piece. In a recital, there is something living which calls forth life. A written plan, on the contrary, is with me a corpse—something which has lived; it can be galvanized, not revived. Anicet’s plan embraced the greater part of the piece, such as it is now. I was sensible at once of two considerations, of which the second outweighed the first,—namely, that I should never make more than a medium piece of ‘Theresa,’ but that I might render a service to Brocage [the actor who contributed so greatly to the success of ‘Antony’]. . . . It is not that ‘Theresa’ is a work altogether without merit. If there are two false parts, there are also two excellent parts—Amelia and Delaunay. Amelia is a flower of the same forest as Miranda in the ‘Tempest,’ as the Thecla of ‘Wallenstein,’ as the Claire of ‘Count Egmont.’ She is young, chaste, and beautiful—at once natural and poetic. She passes with the orange bouquet in her hand and the bridal veil on her head, by the ignoble loves of Arthur and Theresa, without suspecting anything, without understanding anything. She is a statue of crystal; she does not see into others, and she lets them see into her. Delaunay is a beautiful character, a little too much resembling the Danville of the ‘Vieillard,’ and the Duresnel of the ‘Mère et la Fille.’ Yet—we must be just to everybody, even to ourselves—there are two scenes in his part not surpassed by anything in the drama. The first is that where he insults Arthur, when the secret of adultery is revealed to him; the second, that where, learning that his daughter is *enceinte*, and not wishing to render the mother a widow and the child an orphan, he apologizes to his son-in-law. The drama was begun and finished in three weeks or a month; only I made it

a condition with Anicet, as I have always done when I have worked with another, to write the piece alone.”

Let us, however, hasten from these regions of the theatre, where the heated atmosphere of passion stifles the breath of purity, and the forms of virtue and of truth are seen in the dim, uncertain outlines of a dizzy trance. We say nothing of “Catherine Howard”—of the “Tour de Nesle”—of “Edith of the Long Hairs,” that pitiful burlesque of Romeo and Juliet—of the “Mari de la Veuve,” the first comedy, nor of how it was written and played while the cholera daily smote down its victims by hundreds—of the innumerable smaller fry that followed—nor of those gigantic schemes that were developed at a later period, when, thanks to the Royal patronage, M. Dumas had a theatre of his own—how plays were written, the representation of which occupied several nights in succession, and at the expense of art, degraded the stage into the vehicle of his story-telling genius. We say nothing of all this, but we cannot take leave of our dramatic reformer, of this most loving son of the great Shakespeare, without remembering the repartee of the judge in a celebrated trial, who—M. Dumas answering when he was asked his profession, “Sir, I should say I was a dramatic author, if I was not in the country of Corneille”—replied, “*Oui, monsieur, il y a des degrés.*”

A new scene opens before us. The young provincial has become a notable citizen in the gayest capital of the world. It is suggested that he should give a ball to artistic Paris; what better consummation of the struggle and the victory than a grand reception to signalize his fame? The idea takes, it gets whispered abroad, is talked of far and wide, grows into the required proportions, and promises to become an accomplished fact. But a ball necessitates three or four hundred invitations, and how accommodate the guests in the modest apartments of a student-author? Happily, on the same floor, there is another suite of rooms unoccupied; so this difficulty is easily surmounted. But how decorate the naked walls? Eugene Delacroix, Louis and Clement Boulanger, and some eight or nine other professional friends of eminent skill, come next to assist him. Each chooses a subject from some living author, and in a few days the

rooms, so bare and uninviting, glow with the richest coloring of fancy, and for the nonce vie with the displays of Academies and Institutes. And what can we say of the ball itself? Time would fail us to tell of the artists, poetical, theatrical, musical, mechanical, of the men and the women, the philosophers and the fashionables, who arrived in throngs—nor can we describe how merrily the dance went on in the five apartments at the same time—nor how “three hundred bottles of Bordeaux cheered, three hundred bottles of Burgundy refreshed, and five hundred bottles of champagne cooled” the thirsty dancers. But as we glance down the long catalogue of names that, in itself, does infinite credit either to the diary or the memory of the generous host, we ought to chronicle one point at least as illustrative of the painstaking minuteness of these veracious *Mémoires*. The guests came attired in fancy costume, and the master of the ceremonies records in detail *what sixty-seven of the most illustrious of them wore!*

Pass we from the noisy ball room, down into the dark and quiet street; but as we tread musingly homeward we still linger in thought on Alexandre Dumas and his many friends. The subject stretches before us—a very wide and a very curious one. With what evident gusto does Dumas himself dwell on the names of his acquaintances, great and small—how his pages become a resplendent mirror, gleaming with the light of suns, and satellites, and stars, as though he were the natural focus of all created genius. As he commemorates the kindly deeds of those whose brush and pencil decorated his unfurnished walls, how unconsciously he swells into the historian of departed worth. Four hearts that once beat in unison with his are cold and still. “Sad and pleasing task,” he exclaims, “to speak of those we love! It is midnight, the hour of invocations. I am alone: no profane look glares in the shade to frighten your sepulchral modesty. Come, brothers, come. Relate to me in the language of the dead—with the gentle murmur of the stream caressing its banks, with the moaning of the forest leaves, or the soft sighing of the breeze weeping among the reeds—relate to me your life, your sorrows, your hopes, your triumphs; and let this world, ever indifferent when it is not ungrateful, know what you were, and more than all, what you

were worth.” The incantation finished, first comes the shade of Alfred Johannot—pale and sad, as when a living man. “Come, brother, come; in the language of the dead relate thy short and glorious life; I will translate it into the language of the living. Spirits of the night! hush the fluttering of your fairy wings, and let every one be still, even thou, nocturnal silence, the voiceless child of obscurity!” The dead responds, and tells the story in low, ghostly voice. “Is it so, brother; and have I translated thy words aright? But I see now only a white and vanishing vapor; I hear only a feeble sigh that dies away in the air, answering—*Oui*.” But lo! another shade, with quicker step. He bows his majestic form, and his breath touches his forehead like the kiss of a friend returning from long travel. Dumas interrogates him; a spark of light kindles in the hollow eyeballs of the phantom, and a smile passes over his pale lips. He speaks as if dead, yet not consciously dead—as if his last convulsion had been a sigh, and his last words a song. And the pen of the reverent listener transcribes at his bidding the joyous story of his earthly pilgrimage. Thus, “they come like shadows, so depart.” Happy the friends who are so gently handled; for Dumas’ praises, like the cloaks of Draco’s flatterers, are sufficient to smother an ordinary reputation. Who that has read them, can forget the eulogiums of the *Mousquetaire*? Or its proposals everywhere to raise the monumental tombstone over the grave of neglected genius? Or *à fortiori*, who can forget the suit of Honoré Balzac’s widow, who strove by law to compel this generous intruder to leave her husband’s ashes alone, but—monument making stands beyond the veto of the judge—had to grieve over a tomb erected by him more in honor of himself than the deceased?

Of Dumas the novelist, *in propria persona*, we have yet to speak. As early as 1832 the propriety of entirely devoting his energies to the theatre had become a question with him. Before “Henri III.” had made him famous, he had written, and printed at his own expense, a small volume of tales, six copies only of which were sold. One of these fell into the hands of M. Buloz, the editor of the “*Revue des Deux Mondes*,” who thought that, whatever their deficiencies, they displayed both power and promise. But let our chronicler be himself the spokesman,

since we have arrived at another turning point in his career :

"I have mentioned my profound ignorance of history, and my great desire to learn. I had heard much of the Dukes of Burgundy; and I read the History of the Dukes of Burgundy by Augustine Thierry. For the first time, a French historian left its picturesque coloring to the chronicle, and its simplicity to the legend, untouched. The work commenced by the romances of Walter Scott was completed in my mind. I did not yet feel strong enough to attempt anything wholly a romance. But a species of literature was then in vogue that held a middle place between the romance and the drama, having something of the interest of the one, much of the striking character of the other, and in which the dialogue alternated with the narrative. This sort of literature went by the name of 'Historic Scenes.' With my decided aptitude for the theatre, I set myself to work, mingling narration and dialogue, on some historic scenes, extracted from the History of the Dukes of Burgundy. They were borrowed from one of the most dramatic epochs of France, the reign of Charles VI. . . . Then they offered me, already a *metteur en scène*, the further advantage of a well-known theatre on which to place my personages—for the events took place in the environs of Paris, and in Paris itself. I began to compose my book without knowing precisely what would turn up. 'Isabeau de Bavière' appeared. As I finished my pages I carried them to Buloz. Buloz carried them to the printing office and printed them, and every fifteen days the subscribers read them. My two principal excellences were thenceforward conspicuous in these essays—those which in the future will give some value to my books, and dramatic works; dialogue, which is the substance of the drama; narration, which is the substance of the romance. These excellences—everybody knows with what careless frankness I speak of myself—I have in a superior degree. At this time I had not yet discovered in myself two other qualities, mutually dependent, but not less important—vivacity and humor."

The gaiety of the age was, however, the gaiety of Manfred and Mephistopheles: but the same elements floating in the popular mind that had contributed to his auspicious début as a dramatic author, operated as favorably for him as a novelist. These "Historic Scenes," he says, were "the first success" of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," and they decided him to continue his efforts. He determined to compose a succession of romances which should extend from the reign of Charles VII. to the present time.

"My first desire is always unbounded; my first aspiration is always for the impossible. Only, as I grow obstinate, half from pride, half from love of art, I arrive at the impossible. How? I will

try to tell you, but I do not exactly understand it myself—by working as nobody works, by retrenching in the details of life, by shortening the hours of sleep. This desire once formed in my mind, I was only eager to put it into execution. Having found a golden vein in the shaft that I had sunk in the beginning of the fifteenth century, I did not doubt, so great was my confidence in myself, that in each shaft I opened in succeeding centuries I should find a vein, if not of gold, at least of platina or silver."

So M. Dumas began to dig; and how he has worked his many mines now everybody knows. Why should we describe the success of the speculation?—how the product of his indefatigable labor found a ready market?—how gold, and platina, and silver, and not a little baser metal, and much, very much of positive refuse, all alike were offered for sale, and bought at a premium? Or why should we take stock of the precious merchandise, or chronicle when each successive vein was opened? The mere list of his published novels occupies pages in the catalogues of our circulating libraries. It is time we leave the successful merchant. He still clings to his desk; let him number his three hundred volumes, and write his "last" (?) vaudeville there in peace; we shall soon see if the ruling passion can be vanquished at last.

But what shall we say of the life-story thus vauntingly told? Shall we read it as an idle jest, as the serious record of insane sincerity, or accept it as the deliberate insult of a selfish misanthrope? We have viewed the capabilities, and tendencies, and tastes of the man from his own standpoint. Facts and sentiments of every kind—men, their actions and their principles—are grouped round *him*, as simple accessories to scenic effect; the world of things and thoughts is but his *alter ego*. Explain this egotism on what theory you will—call it but the out-spoken expression of what others think but dare not say—let it be self-love or selfishness, bravado, vanity, ambition—it is idolatry of the worst kind. That unconsciousness which is the humble attendant of high genius, and the surest promise of great deeds, is for ever banished. Like that moody, morbid sentimentalism which—brooding over the abysses of its own nature, visionary, isolated, aimless in its activity, picturing shadows as it sits in the darkness, counting the pulses of its being, and watching the process of its own digestion—in Bacon's



forceful language, becomes self-cannibalism; so this immolation of all outward things on the altar of self, ends by making it the soul's funeral pyre, and the rich palatial temple of its fame falls to ruins around it, as fell the palaces of Nimrod and Semiramis "a mount of ashes" upon the voluptuous Sardanapalus. Neither is this exposure of the inmost heart, this so-called "frankness" of the *Mémoires*, to be at all commended. There is a "holiness" in our nature, where God dwells alone with the human spirit; and to throw open that innermost court, or expose its secrets to the idle gaze of an inquisitive multitude, is both a profanation and a sin. Enough of this idolatry. A man worshipping his shadow, or bowing down to his reflected image, could scarce do worse.

A word upon the works of our voluminous author. Alexandre Dumas claims to be, and is preëminently, the improvisatore of the age. The most important resolutions of his life, he assures us, have been formed in ten minutes; and the best as well as the worst of his books have been written with corresponding rapidity. But given a mind of all the talents, with the one quality of reflection struck from the list, and it is evident that the improviser can have but a limited claim upon our admiration. Just in proportion as he is true to himself, however startling the immediate effects, will he fail in permanent results, unless gifted with an insight rare amongst the rarest men. The greatest intellect will have its retrospective hours, as the most luxuriant tropical clime its returning seasons for both flower and fruitage. Dumas' powers of invention, his unceasing energy—sometimes blooming into beauty, usually imparting freshness and vivacity—do not protect him. His style is loose and verbose—most conveniently expensive when the cost of a novel is calculated by the number of lines in it; his characters are undefined, his philosophy of life is shallow, his sentiment mere froth, and there is a lack of consistency, and an unsatisfactory sketchiness, about most of his pictures.

To judge him by the highest laws, however, is unfair, for he does not aspire to the highest ends. "Lamartine," he says, "is a dreamer, Hugo a thinker, I a popularizer. I give body to the dream of the one; I give perspicacity to the thought of the other; I serve the public up the two-fold dish—a dish which, from the hand of the first, would not, from its excessive

lightness, have been sufficiently nutritious; from the hand of the second, owing to its excessive heaviness, would have given the public a surfeit; but which, seasoned and presented by mine, agrees with the generality of stomachs, the weakest as well as the strongest."

M. Dumas is careful not to represent himself as a man accustomed to religious acts—God forbid that he should do this!—but as one over whom "a deep tinge of religiosity has been thrown from childhood." His creed, as sketched *en passant*, would form a sombre pendant to the foregoing account of his mission as a literary man; but it is too darkly colored, too daringly impious, to contemplate calmly. It is sufficient to say that he recognizes a religious sentiment apart from all external observances—a sentiment that, "like a mysterious and hidden timbrel, vibrates perpetually, but really resounds only when struck by some vivid sensation of joy or grief;" that on such occasions, his first impulse is towards the Deity; that then he seeks the consecrated church, to visit which, like others, to satisfy the caprices of religion, would be to profane it; that there he becomes absorbed in the one thought of God, and silent and prayerless prostrates "his humility at the feet of His greatness." "*Mais tout cela n'est pas très orthodoxe, tout cela sent beaucoup son chrétien et très peu son catholique; aussi craignait-on je ne donnasse point un exemple de piété très édifiant. Aux qui craignaient cela ne comprendraient point que mon apparente irréligion me venait de mon trop religiosité!*" After this confession we need add little respecting the morality of his writings; their spirit too well accords with his general professions. To say nothing of unblushing improprieties, how frequently is a vicious principle unconsciously elevated to a virtue, and a virtue made a weakness. Selfishness is disguised as devotedness, and holy love sinks into a sensuous passion; the earthly predominates over the spiritual, and the ideal in form or thought is supplanted by a gross materialism.

Not the least serious aspect of our subject is the popularity of such a writer. We have not in our remarks forgotten that Alexandre Dumas is a Frenchman, and as such supposed to be entitled to a latitude that would not be tolerated on this side the channel; but we do not believe that he is the legitimate representative of Parisian morals; and however that may be,

most certainly the burden of individual responsibility cannot be shaken off, for—let us judge him by his age and country—as one who would place himself in the foremost rank of their illustrious men, it behooves him to be the guide and not the slave of national caprice. In so far, moreover, as his efforts have been ostensibly directed to, or absorbed in, the mere acquisition of pecuniary gain, he has wronged himself and his fellow workmen.

Any one whose conduct persistently tends to foster the vulgar notion that pounds, shillings, and pence are the proper equivalent to intellectual labor, sins against the commonwealth of letters. In this respect Alexandre Dumas may be truly deemed a representative man; he is the king of penny-a-liners—a pitiful end to so ambitious a career, yet only another proof that vaulting ambition “o’erleaps itself, and falls on the other side.”

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From the Quarterly Review.

## THE LONDON ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.\*

To furnish every possible link in the grand procession of organized life, is the aim of the science of zoology. Its professors have explored the wilds of Africa, and have penetrated far into the interior of South America; have endured the last extremities of hunger and thirst to catch some curious humming-bird; have been consumed by fevers to the very socket of life, in order to pin an unknown beetle, or to procure some rare and gorgeous-colored fly. The passion for this science seems to have long dwelt in the English race: our love of field-sports, and keen relish of rural life, coupled with a habit of minute observation, have all had a tendency to foster an acquaintance with the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and scarcely a village but boasts of some follower of White or Waterton. This taste we carry with us to our vast colonial possessions, and to that chain of military posts whose morning guns echo round

the world. With such splendid opportunities for observing and collecting animals, we have succeeded in gathering together a menagerie which is by far the first in existence, and which includes typical forms of most living things—from the chimpanzee, in whose face and structure we trace the last step but one of the highest form of mammal, to the zoophyte, which shakes hands with the vegetable world.

Ancient Rome, it is true, in her degenerate days witnessed vaster collections of animals, and saw hippopotami, ostriches, and giraffes, together with the fiercer carnivora, turned by hundreds into the arena. But how different the spirit with which they were collected! With the debased and profligate Roman emperors the only object of these bloody shows was to gratify the brutal appetite of their people for slaughter; with us the intention is to display the varying wonders of creation.

Most of our readers in the full flush of summer have leaned over the balustrade of the carnivora terrace. From this elevated situation the whole plan of the south side of the grounds is exposed. To his right, fringing a still pool whose translucent waters mirror them as they stand, the spectator sees the collection of storks and cranes; more immediately in front of him softly tread the llamas and

\* *Zoological Sketches, made for the Zoological Society of London, from Animals in their Vivarium in the Regent's Park.* By Joseph Wolf. Edited, with Notes, by D. W. Mitchell, B.A., F.L.S., Secretary to the Society. London. 1856.

*A Popular Guide to the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London.* By D. W. Mitchell. London. 1855.

*The Aquarium: an Unveiling of the Wonders of the Deep Sea.* By Philip Henry Gosse, A.L.S. London. 1854.

alpacos—the beasts of burthen of the New World; farther again, we see the deer in their paddocks, and beyond the sedgy pools of the water-fowl, set in the midst of graceful shrubberies which close the Gardens in from the landscape of the Regent's Park. Passing over to the northern side of the terrace he sees the eagle aviary, tenanted by its royal and solitary-looking occupants; the otters swimming their merry round, and perchance the seal flapping beside his pool; while the monkeys, with incredible rapidity and constant chatter, swing and leap about their wire inclosure. Immediately beneath him the Polar bears pace to and fro, or, swaying their heads, walk backwards with a firmness which a lord chamberlain might study with advantage; and close at hand the long neck of the "ship of the desert" is seen sailing out from the gateway of the pretty clock-house. That the dread monarch of the forest and the other "great cats" are beneath his feet, he is made aware by angry growls and the quivering sound of shaken iron bars, as the keeper goes round with his daily beef-barrow. No one can help feeling a certain sense of strangeness at seeing these creatures of all climes scattered amid a flourishing garden—to witness beasts, ensanguined in tooth and claw, impatiently pacing to and fro between banks of scarlet geraniums or beds brilliant with the countless blooms of early dahlias—or, still more oddly, to witness birds of prey which love to career in the storm, surrounded by monthly roses. Had it been possible to have given each class of bird and animal its appropriate vegetation, it would doubtless have been preferable; but such an arrangement was manifestly impossible.

Descending from this general survey, the long row of dens which run below the terrace on either side are the first to attract the visitor's attention. Before this terrace was constructed in 1840 the larger carnivora were cooped up in what is now the reptile-house. The early dens of the establishment form a good example of the difficulty Englishmen experience in suiting themselves to altered circumstances. On the first formation of the Gardens the Society seems to have taken for its model some roving menagerie, as many of the houses of the beasts were nothing better than caravans dismounted from their wheels, and the managers encamped their collection in a fashion little more perma-

nent than Wombwell would have done upon a village green. It was speedily found that the health of the felidæ suffered materially from their close confinement, which did not even admit of the change of air experienced in the travelling caravan. In fact, the lions, tigers, leopards, and pumas did not live on an average more than twenty-four months. To remedy this state of things the terrace dens were constructed, and, rushing from one extreme to the other, tropical animals were left exposed to the full rigor of winter. The drifting rain fell upon their hair, and they were exposed in cold, wet weather to a temperature which even man, who ranges from the torrid zone to the arctic circle, could not resist unprotected. The consequences were manifested in the increase of inflammatory lung diseases, and it is now found necessary to protect the dens by matting and artificial heat from the extreme cold and damp of the winter months. In the summer the exposure suits them admirably, and it must be confessed that the tigers look only too fat and comfortable. One of the most interesting cages is that which contains a family party, consisting of the mastiff with the lion and his mate. They were brought up together from cubhood, and agree to a marvel; though the dog would prove little more than a mouthful for either of his noble-looking companions. Visitors express a vast deal of sympathy for him, and fancy that the lion is only saving him up, as the Giant did Jack, for a future feast. But their sympathy, we believe, is thrown away. "Lion" has always maintained the ascendancy he assumed when a pup, and any rough handling on the part of his huge playfellows is immediately resented by his flying at their noses. Although the dog is allowed to come out of the den every morning, he shows a great disinclination to leave his old friends. It is, however, thought advisable to separate them at feeding-time. Both the lion and lioness are of English birth, and it is singular that out of the great number that have been born in the Society's Garden full fifty per cent have come into the world with cleft palates, and have perished in consequence of not being able to suck. If the keepers were to fill their nostrils with tow we fancy they could accomplish this act, as well at least as children who are suffering from cold in the head. Although the male is not yet fully grown,

he is sufficiently developed to show the difference between the African variety to which he belongs and the East Indian specimen at the other end of the terrace. Our young Cape friend has a fine mane and a tail but slightly bushed at the top, which droops towards the ground. The full-grown animal from Goojerat is, on the contrary, maneless, and his tail takes a short curl upwards at the end. The caudal extremity of both is furnished with a rudimentary claw. This little appendage was supposed by the ancients to be instrumental in lashing the lion into fury, and Mr. Gordon Cumming informs us that the natives of South Africa believe it to be the residence of an evil spirit which never evacuates its post until death overtakes the beast and gives it notice to quit. The Goojerat or maneless lion is supposed to be the original of the heraldic beast we regard with such respect as a national emblem, but which foreigners maintain is nothing better than a leopard.

But why do we coop these noble animals in such nutshells of cages? What a miserable sight to see them pace backwards and forwards in their box-like dens! Why should they, of all the beasts of the forest, be condemned to such imprisonment? The bear has its pole, the deer its paddock, the otter his pool, where at least they have enough liberty to keep them in health; but we stall our lions and tigers as we would oxen, till they grow lethargic, fat, and puffy, like city aldermen. With half an acre of inclosed ground, strewn with sand, we might see the king of beasts pace freely, as in his Libyan fastness, and with twenty feet of artificial rock might witness the tiger's bound. Such an arrangement would, we are convinced, attract thousands to the Gardens, and restore to the larger carnivora that place among the beasts from which they have been so unfairly degraded. We commend this idea to Mr. Mitchell, the able Secretary to the Society, who has shown by his system of "starring" how alive he is to the fact that it is to the sixpenny and shilling visitors who flock to the gardens by tens of thousands on holidays that he must look to support the wise and liberal expenditure he has lately adopted.

On the other side of the terrace, in addition to the leopards and hyenas, is to be found a splendid collection of bears, from the sharp-muzzled sun bear (who robs a bees' hive in a hollow tree as artis-

tically as a London thief cuts a purse), to the enormous Russian Bruin, the largest perhaps ever exhibited. "Prince Menschikoff," as he is called by the keepers, grew into exceeding good condition in the gardens at Hull, where it appears he chiefly dieted upon his brethren, the cannibal having consumed no less than five bears; and they appear to have had the same effect upon him as cod-liver oil upon a human invalid. His neighbors, the white Polar bears, contrast with him strangely in physiognomy and form; their heads, sharp as polecats', seem fashioned like cutwaters to enable them to make their way in the sea, and if they would lift their huge paws we should see that they were clothed almost entirely with hair, to aid them in securing a firm footing on the ice. The largest of these beasts managed to get out of his inclosure before the top of it was barred in; but he was peaceably led back again. Indeed, even the wildest of the beasts, after a little confinement, seem so frightened at recovering their liberty that they easily allow themselves to be recaptured.

Last year the *Felidæ* alone consumed beef, mutton, and horse-flesh to the value of £1367 19s. 5d. This sum is entirely irrespective of the fish, snakes, frogs, and other "small deer" given to the birds and inferior carnivora. They all live here like gentlemen, emancipated from the drudgery of finding their daily food. They have their slaughter-houses close at hand in the Gardens, where sheep, oxen, and horses are weekly killed expressly for them. Some of them will only eat cooked meat. Soon after the establishment of the Gardens experiments were made as to the best manner of feeding them, which proved that, while they gained flesh and continued active upon one full meal a day, they lost weight and became drowsy on two half-meals. In the endeavor to follow nature still closer, they were dieted more sparingly, and even fasted at certain seasons. This treatment, however, resulted in a catastrophe—a female leopard and puma killing and eating their companions; a strong hint for fuller rations, which was not neglected.

Let us now cross over from the cages of the king of beasts to the aviary of the king of birds. The collection of eagles, vultures, and condors numbers upwards of twenty species, among which we recognized "the oldest inhabitant" of the Gar-



dens—the vulture, presented to the Society by Mr. Brooks, the surgeon, more than twenty-five years ago. Notwithstanding his age, he looks one of the finest birds in the collection. We question, however, if the last new comer of the same species will not “put his bill out,” arriving as it does from a distant shore to which thousands of anxious hearts are turned. We allude to the vulture lately sent from the Crimea. It was caught near the monastery of Saint George, and the proximity of his retreat to many a battle-field suggests reflections too painful to dwell upon. The prominent impression produced in glancing at this aviary is the perfect isolation which each bird maintains as he crowns the topmost pinnacle of the heap of rocks reared in the centre of his den, where he perches, motionless as a stone. There seems to be no recognition of fellow-prisoners—no interchange of either blows or courtesies between the iron netting. Each seems an enduring captive that will not be comforted or won over to the ways of men. Now and then unsheathing his piercing eye, we perceive the huge wings spread, and perchance, remembering the callow eaglets in some Alpine eyrie, the bird soars upwards for a moment, beats his pinions against the netting, and falls to earth again with the ignominious flop of a Christmas turkey. It is impossible to contemplate these birds without pity not unmixed with pain. Who can recognize, in the motionless bunch of feathers before us, Audubon's magnificent description of the Bald Eagle as he swoops upon his prey:

“The next moment the wild trumpet-like sound of a yet distant but approaching swan is heard. . . . Now is the moment to witness a display of the eagle's powers. He glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timorous quarry, which now, in agony and despair, seeks, by various manœuvres, to elude the grasp of his cruel talons. It mounts, doubles, and willingly would plunge into the stream were it not prevented by the eagle, which, long possessed of the knowledge that by such a stratagem the swan might escape him, forces it to remain in the air by attempting to strike it with its talons from beneath. The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. It has already become much weakened, and its strength fails at the sight of the courage and swiftness of its antagonist. Its last gasp is about to escape, when the ferocious eagle strikes with its talons the under side of his wing, and with unresisted power forces the bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore.”

This is the romance of the noble bird's mode of obtaining food—here, as he marches off with a dead rat in his claw, or a piece of raw beef, we behold its prose. But however unpoetical this treatment, it cannot be said to disagree with him, as fine plumage and good condition prove. Pausing on our way to the monkey-house, the merry otters are seen playing “follow-my-leader” round their rock-house, now plunging headlong in search of the flat-fish which shine at the bottom of the water—now bringing it to shore, and crushing flesh, vertebrae, and all.

The admirably arranged, but vilely ventilated monkey-house is always a great source of attraction. The mixture of fun and solemnity, the odd attitudes and tricks, and the human expression of their countenances, all tend to attract, and at the same time to repel. Mr. Rogers used to say, that visiting them was like going to see one's poor relations, and wondrous shabby old fellows some of them appear. We have only to look into their faces for a moment to see that they differ from each other as much as the faces of mankind. There is a large, long-haired, black-faced rascal, who looks as murderous as a Malay; a little way off we see another with great bushy whiskers and shaggy eyebrows (the mona), the very picture of a successful horse-dealer; a third, with his long nose and keen eye, has all the air of a crafty old lawyer. The contemplation of them brings involuntarily to the mind the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. The apes and baboons are indeed purely brutal, and only excite disgust; towards the latter the whole company of smaller monkeys express the utmost hatred—as may be seen when the keeper by way of fun takes one of them out of his cage and walks him down the room. The whole population rush to the front of their cages, and hoot, growl, and chatter at him, as only Eastern County shareholders can do when their chairman takes his seat. The vivacious little capuchin monkeys are evidently the favorites and bag most of the nuts; the brown capuchin appears to be particularly knowing, as he keeps a big pebble at hand, and, when he finds that his teeth are not equal to the task, he taps the nut with the stone with just sufficient force to break the shell without bruising the kernel. We have often seen this little fellow take a pinch of snuff, and assiduously rub his own and companion's skin

with it, with a full knowledge, no doubt, of the old recipe for killing fleas. He will also make use of an onion for a similar purpose. Among the other quadrumana in this house, we find the lemurs, which look more like long-legged weasels than monkeys, and the bright-faced little marmosets, who cluster inquiringly to the front of their cage, looking in their cap-shaped headdress of fur like so many gossips quizzing you over the window-blinds.

At the present moment there is no specimen of either the uran or chimpanzee in the Gardens, but there have been at least half-a-dozen located here within the last ten years, one of which, "Jenny," maintained her health for five years. The damp, cold air of the Gardens at last brought on consumption, and the public must remember the poor, wheezing, dying brute, with a plaster on her chest and blankets around her, the very picture of a moribund woman. The only specimen now in Europe is in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. This animal, one of the finest ever seen, is in excellent health, and promises to maintain it in the bright air of la belle France. An accomplished naturalist has kindly furnished us with the following particulars of this brute, which clearly indicate that he is a very Doctor Busby among his fellows:

"He passed through London on his way to Paris, having landed at Plymouth. There were then two female Chims resident in the Gardens in the Regent's Park, and the French Chim was allowed to lodge in their hotel for a couple of nights. On his appearance both of these young ladies uttered cries of recognition, which however evinced more fear than anything else. Chim was put into a separate compartment or room with a double grille, to prevent the probable injuries which discordant apes will inflict on each other. He had scarcely felt the floor under his feet when he began to pay attention to his countrywomen thus suddenly and unexpectedly found. Their fear and surprise gradually subsided, and they stood watching him attentively, when he broke out into a characteristic *pas seul*, which he kept up for a considerable time, uttering cries scarcely more hideous than seem the notes of a Chinese singer, and not far out of unison with his loudly-beating feet. The owner, who was present, said that he was imitating a dance of the negroes which the animal had often seen while resident in his house in Africa. The animal was upwards of a year and a half old, and had spent one year of his life in this gentleman's house. The Chim maidens gradually relaxed their reserve as the vivacity of the dance increased, until at last, when it was over, each stealthily put a hand through the grille and welcomed their friend and brother

to their home in a farland. As the weather was severe—it was early in December—it is possible that their talk was of their native palm groves, and their never-ending summer. Chim thenceforth made himself as agreeable as possible, and when the time for his departure came, the maidens exhibited the liveliest regret, short of tears, at losing him. At Paris he increased rapidly in stature and intelligence. The climate, diet (he drinks his pint of Bordeaux daily), and lively society of the French seem to be more congenial to Chim's physique than our melancholy London. He makes acquaintance not only with the staff but with the habitués of the Garden. The last time I saw him (May, 1854) he came out to taste the morning air in the large circular inclosure in front of the Palais des Singes, which was built for 'our poor relations' by M. Thiers. Here Chim began his day by a leisurely promenade, casting pleased and thankful glances towards the sun, the beautiful sun of early summer. He had three satellites, *coati-mundis*, either by chance or to amuse him, and while making all manner of eyes at a young lady who supplies the *Singerie* with pastry and cakes, one of the *coati-mundis* came up stealthily behind and dealt him a small but malicious bite. Chim looked round with astonishment at this audacious outrage on his person, put his hand haughtily upon the wound, but without losing his temper in the least. He walked deliberately to the other side of the circle, and fetched a cane which he had dropped there in his promenade. He returned with majestic wrath upon his brow, mingled, I thought, with contempt; and, taking *Coati* by the tail, commenced punishment with his cane, administering such blows as his victim could bear without permanent injury, and applied with equal justice to the ribs on either side, in a direction always parallel to the spine. When he thought enough had been done he disposed of *Coati* without moving a muscle of his countenance, by a left-handed jerk which threw the delinquent high in air, head over heels. He came down a sadder and a better *Coati*, and retired with shame and fear to an outer corner. Having executed this act of justice, Chim betook himself to a tree. A large baboon, who had in the mean time made his appearance in the circle, thought this was a good opportunity of doing a civil thing, and accordingly mounted the tree and sat down smilingly, as baboons smile, upon the next fork. Chim slowly turned his head at this attempt at familiarity, measured the distance, raised his hind foot, and, as composedly as he had caned the *coati*, kicked the big baboon off his perch into the arena below. This abasement seemed to do the baboon good, for he also retired like the *coati*, and took up his station on the other side. To what perfection of manners and development of thought the last year and a half may have brought him I can scarcely guess; but one day doubtless some one will say of him, as an Oriental prince once said to me, after long looking at the uran 'Peter,'—'Does he speak English yet?'"

The monkeys before they were trans-

ferred to this house suffered a great mortality, and indeed, on taking possession of their new apartment, the keepers used to remove the dead by the barrowful in the morning. This extreme mortality was produced by want of ventilation and a system of heating which burnt the air and induced inflammation of the lungs. Dr. Marshall Hall and Dr. Arnott, upon being consulted, directed the substitution of an open stove, when the deaths ceased.

As we pass towards the small building once used as the parrot house, but now dedicated to the smaller felidae, we go by the seal-pond, and see that strange beast which resembles a Danish carriage-dog with his legs amputated. He is an epicure as regards his regular meals, and turns up his nose at any fish less *recherché* than whiting, of which expensive delicacy he consumes ten pounds weight daily. Meanwhile, however, he is "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," and we see him, as the visitors circulate round his inclosure flop, flop, around the margin of his pond keeping a sharp look-out above the railings for stray favors. The house of the smaller carnivora is generally overlooked, but it is worthy of a visit, if only to see the beautiful clouded tigers, as they are misnamed, for they more resemble hunting leopards both in size and skin-markings. These elegant creatures are quite tame, and permit the utmost familiarities of their keeper; but their neighbor, the caracal or lynx, never seems tired of making the most ferocious rushes at the bars, accompanied by a vindictive and incessant spitting, which impresses us with the idea that it possesses the very quintessence of catlike nature. There is one little cage in this apartment which is deserving of especial inspection—that containing a specimen of the indigenous black rat, which according to Mr. Waterton was entirely eaten out of the country by the gray rats of Hanover, which came over in the same ship with Dutch William, and which are, according to that hearty naturalist, the very emblems of "Protestant rapacity." Those who have read his delightful essays know well with what perseverance the author hunts the gray rodent through every chapter of his book.

If we now retrace our steps along the border of the plantation, which forms a deep green background for countless dahlias, and moreover screens the garden from the biting east, we shall, by turning

to the right hand, come upon the Aquarium, the latest and most attractive sight in the Gardens. How cool and delicious! Around us we perceive slices of the deep sea-bed and the rapid river. Were we mermen we could not examine more at ease the rich pavement of the ocean set with strange and living flowers. In the midst of the green walls of water which surround us, mimic caves, waving with sea-weed and other marine plants, afford shelter and lurking holes for bright fish which stare and dart, or for shambling crustaceae which creep over the pebbly bottom. Against the dark verdure of these submerged rocks, the sea-anemone rears its orange base tipped with flower-like fans, or hangs its snake-like tentacles, writhing as the head-dress of Medusa. But we must look narrowly into each nook and under every stone, if we wish to realize the amount of animal life which here puts on such strange vegetable forms. Let us consider well for a few minutes one of the tanks running down the middle of the building. For months all the minute animal and vegetable life has been multiplying and decaying, and yet the water remains pure and bright. The explanation of this phenomenon affords one of the most beautiful examples of the manner in which nature on a grand scale holds the balance true between her powers. If we were to put these little bright-eyed fish alive into the crystal tank, in a week's time they would die, because they would have withdrawn all the oxygen it originally contained, and contaminated it with the poisonous carbonic acid gas exhaled from their lungs. To prevent this, the philosopher hangs these mimic caves with verdant sea-weed, and plants the bottom with graceful marine grasses. If the spectator looks narrowly at the latter, he finds them fringed with bright silver bells: these bells contain oxygen, which the plants have eliminated from their tissues under the action of light, having previously consumed the carbonic acid gas thrown out by the fishes and zoophytes. Thus plants and animals are indispensable to the preservation of each other's life. But even now we have not told the entire causes which produce the crystal clearness of the water. The vegetable element grows too fast, and, if left to itself, the sides of the tank would be covered with a confervoid growth, which would speedily obscure its inmates from our view. We want scaven-

gers to clear away the superfluous vegetation, and we find them in the periwinkles which we see attached by their foot-stalk to the glass. These little mollusca do their work well; Mr. Gosse, who has watched them feeding with a pocket glass, perceived that their saw-like tongues moved backwards and forwards with a crescentic motion, and thus, as the animal advances, he leaves a slight swarth-like mark upon the glass, as the mower does upon the field. But it is clear that there are not enough laborers in the tank we are inspecting to accomplish their task, as the lobster, who comes straggling over the stones in such an ungainly manner, is more like a moving salad than any living thing, so thickly are back, tail, feelers, and claws, infested with a dense vegetable growth. A few more black mowers are imperatively called for. The fish, the weed, and the mollusc, having secured to us a clear view of the inhabitants of the tank, let us inspect them one by one. Here we see the parasitic anemone. Like the old man of the sea, it fixes itself upon some poor Sinbad in the shape of a whelk, and rides about at its ease in search of food. Another interesting variety of this zoophyte is the plumose sea-anemone, a more stay-at-home animal, who generally fixes himself upon a flat rock or an oyster shell, and waits for the food to come to it, as your London housewife expects the butcher and baker to call in the morning.

The pure white body of the neighboring actinia renders it more observable. Its tentacles, displayed in plumes over the central mouth, which is marked with yellow, give it the exact appearance of a chrysanthemum, and should be much in favor with the mermaids to adorn their hair. A still more extraordinary creature is the *Tabella ventralabrum*. The tube of this strange animal is perfectly straight, and its large brown silk-like radiating fans, whilst in search of food, revolve just as the old-fashioned whirling ventilators did in our windows. The instant this fan is touched it is retracted into the tube, the ends just appearing outside, and giving it the appearance of a camel's hair brush.

We shall not attempt to describe the different species of zoophytes and annelids, amounting to hundreds—indeed, they are not all familiar to scientific men. We have little more to say of the crustacea that go scrambling about, yet it would

be impossible to overlook that peripatetic whelk-shell which climbs about the stones with such marvellous activity. On a narrower inspection we perceive that it moves by a foreign agency. Those sprawling legs protruding from its mouth discover the hermit crab, which is obliged to dress its soft body in the first defensible armor it can pick up. A deserted whelk or common spiral shell is his favorite resort, but, like many bipeds, he has a love of changing his house; and those who have narrowly watched his habits state that he will deliberately turn over the empty shells upon the beach, and, after examining them carefully with his claws, pop his body out of one habitation into another, in order to obtain the best possible fit. But there are still stranger facts connected with this intelligent little crustacean. We have before observed that the parasitic sea-anemone invariably fixes himself when possible upon this movable house, perfectly regardless of the many bumps and rubs which necessarily fall to its lot. Another warm friend, the cloak-anemone, clings still closer, for it perfectly envelops the lip of his shell with its living mantle. He has still a third intimate acquaintance, who sponges upon him for bed and board, in the shape of a beautiful worm, *Nereis bilineata*, which stows itself behind the crab in the attic of the whelk-shell, and, the moment its protector by his motions indicates that he has procured food, glides between the two left-foot jaws, and drags a portion of the morsel from his mouth, the crab appearing to evince no more animosity at the seizure than the Quaker who suddenly finds his spoons taken for church-rates. The interesting specimens we have dwelt upon are confined to the sea-water tanks, which line the Aquarium on the side opposite the door, and those which run down the centre of the apartment. Vis-à-vis are the fresh-water tanks, in which we may watch the habits of British fishes. There is a noble pike lying as still as a stone—a model sitter for the photographer who lately took his portrait. The barbel, bream, dace, and gudgeon are seen going about their daily duties as though they were at the bottom of the Thames, instead of sandwiched between two panes of glass, and inspected on either side by curious eyes. Those who go early in the morning will have a chance of seeing the lampreys hanging like leeches from the glass by their circular



mouths, and breathing by the seven holes which run beside their pectoral fins. The marine fish should also be studied—strange forms with vicious-looking jaws, the dog-fish for example, which is a young fry as yet, but which will grow a yard or two in length.

At the east end of the building the alligators' pool discovers here and there a floating reptile's head, the outline of which reminds us of the hippopotamus. In both cases the habit of resting in the water with the head and body almost entirely submerged necessitates a raised form of the nostril and eye-socket, in order to allow the animal to see and breathe. A similar formation of the face is observable in the wart hog (in another portion of the Gardens), which wallows up to its eyes in slush and mire. The alligators have the tank to themselves, with the exception of a couple of turtles, which are too hard nuts for even them to crack.

The Council has scarcely established the Aquarium two years, and already it is well stocked with specimens of British zoophytes and annelides, for the most part dredged from the neighborhood of Weymouth. If these are so beautiful, what must be the wonders of the deep sea in tropical climates? Who knows what strange things a bold adventurer might pick up, who, like Schiller's diver, would penetrate the horrid depths of the whirlpool, not for the jewelled cup of the monarch, but for the hidden living treasures nature has planted there? Doubtless, among the rusty anchors and weed-clung ribs of long-lost armadas, there nestle gigantic zoophytes and enormous star-fish, which would make the fortune of the Gardens in a single season. At all events we hope to see the Aquarium greatly extended, as it will afford the means of studying a department of natural history of which we have hitherto been almost wholly in the dark.

If we pursue our walk down the broad path which skirts the paddocks inclosing the deer and llamas, we cannot help being struck with the fact that the finest half of the Gardens—that which is open to the setting sun—is not yet built on, whilst the more exposed portion is inconveniently crowded. The reason is, that the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests will not allow any permanent buildings to be erected on these parts, for what cause we cannot tell. We trust the prohibition

will be withdrawn, and that we shall see constructed here an inclosed exercising-ground for the poor confined inhabitants of the terrace dens. At the northern extremity of the path we have been following we come upon the paddock and pool dedicated to cranes and storks. What spectre-birds have we got among? See yonder, on the very edge of the pool, the gaunt adjutant, his head muffled up in his shoulders, looking like some traveller attempting to keep his nose warm in the east wind. They say every man has his likeness among the lower animals, and we have seen plenty of adjutants waiting on a winter's night for the last omnibus. What an elegant gentleman seems the Stanley crane beside him! There is as much difference between the two as between a young guardsman in full dress at the Opera and the night cabman huddled up in the multitudinous capes of his great-coat. A third claimant for our admiration steps forward like a dancing-master, now bending low, now with the aid of his wings lifting himself on the light fantastic toe, now advancing, now poussetting, and all the time calling attention to his grotesque but not altogether inelegant attitudes by a peculiar cry. We defy the gravest spectator to watch the beautiful crowned crane at his antics without laughing. But we hear the lady beside us exclaiming, "Is it possible that the Maraboo feathers which so often gracefully sway in obeisance before the Queen, were ever portions of such ugly birds as these?" Unlikely as it may seem, it is verily from these dirty ill-flavored looking Maraboo storks that this fashionable plumage is procured. Close by, sitting upon a stone, we see the melancholy looking heron, and the audacious sparrows hop within a foot of his legs, so inanimate he seems. Ah! it is the vile deceit of the bird: in an instant he has stricken the intruder with his bill, and the next he has disappeared down his throat. That elegant gray crane is the "native companion" from Australia, so called from his love of consorting with man in that country. We all know what familiars cranes and storks are in Holland and in the East, where they build on the chimney-pots without the slightest fear, and we are glad to find that they possess the same confidence in the savages of the New World. They are handsome birds, but not so richly plumed as the European crane, with his black and white

feathers and full-clustered tail. Once these cranes were common here, when "England was merrie England"—that is, before windmills and steam-engines were set to work to rescue many counties from a state of marsh. With civilization they utterly disappeared from the land, and with civilization we once more find them amongst us—a sight to gaze at. Not long since the odd population of this paddock embraced a secretary-bird, whose velvet breeches, light stockings, and reserved air, gave him an official appearance worthy of Somerset House in the last century. Take care, little girl, how you feed them; a charge with fixed bayonets is scarcely more formidable than the rush of sharp long bills through the railings which immediately follows a display of provisions.

A few steps take us to the magnificent aviary, 170 feet in length, constructed in 1851, through the 19 divisions of which a pure stream of water is constantly flowing, and the space inclosed by iron netting is so spacious that the birds have room freely to use their wings. The first compartment contains two of the rarities of the Gardens—the satin-bower bird and the Tallagulla or brush-turkey. The former, a bird of a shining blue-black color, is the only remaining one of three brought to this country in 1849. Immediately upon their arriving in the Gardens they commenced the construction of one of their bowers or "runs," which, according to Mr. Mitchell, has been constantly added to and rearranged from that period to the present time. The bower is perhaps one of the most extraordinary things in bird architecture, as it is constructed not for the useful purpose of containing the young, but purely as a playing place—a decorated ball-room, in fact, wherein the young couple flirt and make love previous to entering upon connubial life. The bower is constructed, in the present instance, from the twigs of an old besom, in the shape of a horse-shoe, or perhaps we should convey a better idea of it by stating that the sticks are bent into a shape like the ribs of a man-of-war, the top being open, and the length varying from six to twelve inches. Against the sides, and at the entrance of the bower, the bird, in a state of nature, places bright feathers, snail-shells, bleached bones, any thing, in fact, containing color. When it is remembered that Australia is the very

paradise of parrots and gaudy-plumaged birds, it will be seen that the little artist cannot lack materials to satisfy his taste for ornament; nevertheless, we are told that he goes to a considerable distance for some of his decorations. When the structure is completed he sits in it to entice the female, fully aware, no doubt, that the fair are attracted by a handsome establishment. Be that as it may, the couple speedily commence running in and out of it, with as much sense, and probably with as much enjoyment, as light-heeled bipeds perform a gallop. At the present moment, however, the male bird, bereft of his companions, seems careless of his bower, which is in a most forlorn condition—a ball-room, in fact, a day after a fête. May a new companion speedily arrive, and induce him to put his house once more in order! The satin bower-bird, like the magpie, is well known by the natives to be a terrible thief; and they always search his abode for any object they may have lost. "I myself," says Mr. Gould, in his account of these birds, "found at the entrance of one of them a small neatly-worked stone tomahawk of an inch and a half in length, together with some slips of blue cotton rags, which the birds had doubtless picked up at a deserted encampment of the natives."

Scarcely a less interesting bird is the brush-turkey. In appearance it is very like the common black turkey, but is not quite so large; the extraordinary manner in which its eggs are hatched constitutes its singularity. It makes no nest, in the usual acceptation of the term, but scratches decayed vegetable matter into a pyramid with its feet. It then carefully dibbles in its eggs at regular intervals, with the small end downward, and covers them over with the warm fermenting gatherings. The pair in the Gardens, shortly after they were received from Australia, commenced making one of these hatching-mounds, which, by the time it was finished, contained upwards of four cart-loads of leaves and other vegetable matter. After the female had deposited sixteen eggs, each measuring not less than four inches in length—an enormous size, considering the bulk of the bird—the male began to keep watch over this natural Eccaleobion, and every now and then scratched away the rubbish to inspect them. After six weeks of burial, the eggs, in succession, and without any warning, gave up their chicks

—not feeble, but full-fledged and strong; an intelligent keeper told us that he had seen one fly up out of the ground at least five feet high. At night the chicks scraped holes for themselves, and, lying down therein, were covered over by the old birds, and thus remained until morning. The extraordinary strength of the newly-hatched bird is accounted for by the size of the shell, which contains sufficient nutriment to nourish it until it is lusty. Unfortunately all the young but one have perished through various accidents quite independently of temperature; and the next brood will probably be reared. As both the flesh and the eggs of these birds are delicious, Mr. Mitchell is anxious to naturalize them among us. In fact, one of the objects of the Gardens under the enlightened management of the Secretary is to make it what Bacon calls, in his "Atlantis," "A tryal place for beasts and fishes." For centuries a system of extermination has been adopted towards many indigenous animals; the wolf and buzzard have quite disappeared, and the eagle is fast being swept away even from the Highlands of Scotland—so rapidly indeed, that Mr. Gordon Cumming is anxious, we hear, for the formation of a society for the protection of its eggs. Noxious animals have been replaced by the acclimatization of many of the foreign fauna, which are either distinguished for their beauty or valuable for their flesh. This transfer, which adds so much to the richness of the country, can be vastly accelerated through the agency of these Gardens, which are a kind of "tryal ground" for beasts, as the fields of some of our rich agriculturists are for foreign roots and grasses, in which those likely to be of service can be discovered, and afterwards distributed throughout the land.

If we may quote the brush-turkeys as instances of birds capable of affording a new kind of delicate and easily-reared food, the splendid Impegan pheasants, close at hand, bred here from a pair belonging to her Majesty, and which bore, in the open air, the rigor of last winter, may be looked upon as "things of beauty," which may be produced among us to charm the eye. The elands again, on the north side of the Garden, which have bred so prolifically, and made flesh so rapidly, may with advantage be turned out into our parks, where their beautiful forms would prove as attractive to the eye as

their venison, of the finest quality, would to the taste.

But we can no longer tarry to speculate further on the riches of this aviary, which contains rare specimens of birds from all parts of the world. Passing along the path which takes us by the north entrance, we reach the pelicans' paddock, in which we see half a dozen of these ungainly creatures, white and gray, with pouches beneath their bills as capacious as the bag of a lady's work-table. The visitor may sometimes have an opportunity of witnessing an explanation of the popular myth that the old bird feeds its young from the blood of its own breast. This idea evidently arose from the fact that it can only empty the contents of its pouch into the mouths of its young by pressing it against its breast, in the act of doing which the feathers often became ensanguined from the blood of the mangled fish within it. The close observance of birds and beasts in zoological collections has tended to reduce many fabulous tales to sober reason. On the other side of the walk may be seen in immature plumage one of the red flamingoes from South America, which are said to simulate so closely a regiment of our soldiers, as they stand in rows fishing beside the banks of rivers; and here, too, are the delicate rose-color specimens of the Mediterranean, which are likewise exceedingly beautiful. Those accustomed to navigate the Red Sea frequently witness vast flights of these birds passing and repassing from Arabia to Egypt; and we are informed by a traveller that on one occasion, when he had a good opportunity of measuring the column, he convinced himself that it was upwards of a mile in length! What a splendid spectacle to see the pure eastern sky barred by this moving streak of brilliant color.

But we have not yet explored the north side of the grounds, where the huge pachydermatous animals are lodged. The difficulty caused by the carriage-drive running between the two gardens has been vanquished by means of the tunnel, the ascent from which on the opposite side, flanked as it is with graceful ferns, is one of the most charming portions of the grounds on a hot summer's day. If after passing through the subterranean passage we turn to the right, we come immediately upon the reptile-house. Unless the visitor selects his time, he will generally find little

to amuse him here. The great snakes have either retired from public life under their blankets, or lie coiled upon the branches of the trees in their dens. The reptiles are offered food once a week, but will not always feed even at this interval. One huge python fasted the almost incredible time of twenty-two months, having probably prepared himself for his abstinence by a splendid gorge. After a fast of seven days, however, the majority of the serpents regain their appetites. Three o'clock is the feeding time, and the reptiles which are on the look-out seem to know full well the errand of the man who enters with the basket, against the side of which they hear the fluttering wings of the feathered victims, and the short stamp of the doomed rabbits. The keeper opens the door at the back of the den of the voluminous serpents on our right—for of these there is no fear—takes off their blanket, and drops in upon the clattering pebbles a scampering rabbit, who hops from side to side, curious to inspect his new habitation; presently satisfied, he sits on his haunches, and leisurely begins to wash his face. Silently the rock-snake glides over the stones, uncurling his huge folds, which like a cable seem to move as though by some agency from without, looks for an instant upon his unconscious victim, and the next has seized him with his cruel jaws. His constricting folds are twisted as swiftly as a whip-lash round his shrieking prey, and for ten minutes the serpent lies still, maintaining his mortal knot until his prey is dead, when, seizing him by the ears, he draws him through his vice-like grip, crushing every bone, and elongating the body preparatory to devouring it. The boa and the rock-snake always swallow their prey head foremost. How is that fine neck and delicate head to make room for that bulky rabbit? thinks the inspector. Presently he sees the jaws gape, and slowly the reptile *draws himself over*, rather than swallows, his prey, as you draw a stocking upon your leg. The huge lump descends lower and lower beneath the speckled scales, which seem to stare with distension, and the monster coils himself up once more to digest his meal in quiet. Rabbits and pigeons form the food of the pythons in these Gardens. While the smaller birds are preyed upon in the reptile-house, their big brothers, the storks in the paddock, are reciprocating the law by eating snakes. As we pass to

the opposite side of the serpent-room, where the venomous kinds are kept, we perceive that a more cautious arrangement is made for feeding. The door opens at the top instead of at the sides of their dens, and with good reason, for no sooner does the keeper remove with a crooked iron rod the blanket from the cobra, than the reptile springs, with an inflated hood, into an S-like attitude, and darts literally at his enemy. It seems incapable of striking well any object above or below its level: watch, for instance, that guinea-pig; again and again he dashes at it, but misses his aim; now he hits it, but only to drive the poor frightened creature with a score of flying pebbles before him: when at last he succeeds in piercing the sides of his victim, tetanic spasms immediately commence, and it dies convulsed in a few seconds. It is said by those who have watched the venomous snakes, that the manner of dying exhibited by their stricken prey discloses the nature of the reptile that inflicted the poisoned wound. It is scarcely necessary to state that the popular idea that the tongue darts forth the venom is a fallacy. The poison is contained in glands which lie at the root of the fangs on either side, and, by the compression of the powerful muscles which make the head appear so broad and flat, it is forced into the fine tube which runs at the sides of the fang, and finds its exit near the point by a minute opening. The cobra at present in the collection, with its skin a glossy black and yellow, its eye black and angry, its motions agile and graceful, seems to be the very personification of India. As we watch it when ready to spring, we suddenly remember that only a film of glass stands between us and "pure death." But there is nothing to fear; the python in the adjoining room, which weighs a hundred and twenty pounds, being incensed on his first arrival at being removed from his box, darted with all his force at a spectator. Yet the pane of glass had strength enough to bring him up, and he fell back so bruised about the head and muzzle by the collision, that he could not feed well for several months. The cobra that we see is the same that destroyed its keeper. In a fit of drunkenness, the man, against express orders, took the reptile out, and, placing its head inside his waistcoat, allowed it to glide round his body. When it had emerged from



under his clothes from the other side, apparently in good humor, he squeezed its tail, when it struck him between his eyes; in twenty minutes his consciousness was gone, and in less than three hours he was dead. Before we leave this reptile-room, let us peep for a moment into the little apartment opening from the corner, where hanging from the wall we see all the cast-off dresses of the serpents. If the keeper will allow us to handle one of them for a moment, we shall see that it is indeed an entire suit of light brown color and of gauzy texture, which covered not only the body and head, but the very eyeballs of the wearer.

The Python-house on the other side of the Museum contains two enormous serpents. The adventures of one of them—the *Python reticulatus*—deserve to be written: when small enough to be placed in the pocket, he was, with a companion now no more, taken from Ceylon to Brazil by American sailors; they were then exhibited in most of the maritime towns of South America, and were publicly sold for a high price at Callao to the captain of a ship, who brought them to the Gardens, and demanded £800 for the pair; fully persuaded of their enormous value, he had paid £30 to insure them on the voyage, and it was not until he had long and painfully cogitated that he agreed to sell them for £40. We have before referred to the extraordinary length of time a python has been known to fast without injury. Their fancies as well as their fastings are rather eccentric. Every one has heard of the snake who swallowed his blanket, a meal which ultimately killed him. A python who had lived for years in a friendly manner with a brother nearly as large as himself, was found one morning solus. As the cage was secure, the keepers were puzzled to know how the serpent had escaped; at last it was observed that the remaining inmate had swollen remarkably during the night, when the horrid fact became plain enough; the fratricide had succeeded in swallowing the entire person of his brother: it was his last meal, however, for in some months he died. A friend informs us that he once saw in these Gardens a rat-snake of Ceylon devour a common coluber natrix. The rat-snake, however, had not taken the measure of his victim, as by no effort could he dispose of the last four inches of his tail, which stuck out rather jauntily

from the side of his mouth, with very much the look of a cigar. After a quarter of an hour, the tail began to exhibit a retrograde motion, and the swallowed snake was disgorged, nothing the worse from his living sepulchre, with the exception of the wound made by his partner when first he seized him. The ant-eater, who lately inhabited the room leading out of the Python apartment, has died of a want of ants.

As we issue again into the open air, we have before us the whole length of the avenue, arched with lime-trees, in summer a veritable isle of verdure. What a charming picture it used to be to see the docile elephant pacing towards us with ponderous and majestic steps, whilst in the scarlet howdha happy children swayed from side to side as she marched. She, who was our delight for so many years, died in July last of a storm of thunder and lightning. Such indeed was what may seem at first the singular verdict of the medical man, who made his *post-mortem*. The terror, however, inspired by the storm appears to have produced some nervous disease, under which she succumbed. There is a suspicion that the carcase, five thousand pounds and upwards in weight, which was disposed of to the nackers, ultimately found its way to the sausage-makers. Do not start, good reader; elephant's flesh is considered excellent eating by the tribes of South Africa, and the lion-slayer tells us that the feet are a true delicacy. He used to eat them as we do Stilton cheese, scooping out the interior and leaving the rind; he shows his audience some of these relics, which look like huge leather fire-buckets. And now we have only the young animal left that used to suck his huge mother, to the delight of the crowd of children, and to the disgust of the rhinoceros, who is the sworn enemy to all elephants. The little one is growing apace, however, and we hope soon to see him promoted to carry the deserted howdha. The rhinoceros, close at hand, is the successor of the fine old fellow purchased in 1836 for £1,050, the largest sum ever given by the Society for a single animal. The specimen now in the Gardens cost only £350 in 1850—so much do these commodities fluctuate in value. His predecessor, who departed this life full of years, was constantly forced upon his belly by a pugnacious elephant who pressed his tusks upon the

back of his neighbor when he came near the palings which separated their inclosures. This rough treatment appears to have led to his death, as Professor Owen found, on dissecting the massive brute, which weighed upwards of two tons, that the seventh rib had been fractured at the bend near the vertebral end, and had wounded the left lung.

Not far from the picturesque house built by Decimus Burton, in one of the cages fronting the office of the superintendent of the Gardens, is to be seen a beaver. The wonderful instinct of this little animal is certainly not inferior to that of the huge elephant. As yet he has not been placed in circumstances to enable the public to witness his building capacities, but it is the intention, we understand, of the Council to give him a stream of running water and the requisite materials to construct one of those extraordinary dams for which this animal is so famous. In Canada, where he used to flourish, the backwoodsmen often came upon hill-sides completely cleared of good-sized trees by colonies of these little creatures, who employed the felled timber to construct their dams—dams, not of a few feet in length, but sometimes of a hundred and fifty feet, built according to the best engineering formula for resisting the pressure of water, namely, in an angle with its apex pointed up the stream, and gradually narrowing from base to summit. In short, Mr. Brunel himself could not outdo your beaver in his engineering operations. Even in confinement this sagacious Rodent loves to display his skill, as we may learn from Mr. Broderip's account of his pet Binney:

"Its building instinct," says that accomplished naturalist, "showed itself immediately it was let out of its cage, and materials were placed in its way, and this before it had been a week in its new quarters. Its strength, even before it was half-grown, was great. It would drag along a large sweeping brush, or a warming-pan, grasping the handle with its teeth, so that the load came over its shoulder, and advancing in an oblique direction till it arrived at the part where it wished to place it. The long and large materials were always taken first; and two of the longest were generally laid crosswise, with one of the ends of each touching the wall, and their other ends projecting out into the room. The area caused by the cross-brushes and the wall he would fill up with hand-brushes, rush-baskets, books, boots, sticks, cloths, dried turf, or anything portable. As the work grew high, he supported

himself on his tail, which propped him up admirably; and he would often, after laying on one of his building materials, sit up over against it, appearing to consider his work, or, as the country people say, 'judge it.' This pause was sometimes followed by changing the position of the materials, and sometimes they were left in their place. After he had piled up his materials in one part of the room (for he generally chose the same place), he proceeded to wall up the space between the feet of a chest of drawers which stood at a little distance from it, high enough on its legs to make the bottom a roof for him, using for this purpose dried turf and sticks, which he laid very even, and filling up the interstices with bits of coal, hay, cloth, or anything he could pick up; the last place he seemed to appropriate for his dwelling, the former work seemed to be intended for a dam. When he had walled up the space between the feet of the chest of drawers, he proceeded to carry in sticks, cloths, hay, cotton, and to make a nest; and when he had done he would sit up under the drawers, and comb himself with the nails of his hind feet."

Well done, Binney! If the beaver in the Garden will only work out his natural instincts as perfectly, we may expect some amusement. Up to a late period the beaver had become rather a scarce animal, the exigencies of fashion having nearly exterminated him. When silk hats came in, however, the annual slaughter of hundreds of thousands of his race, for the sake of the fur, gradually slackened, and now he is beginning to increase in his native retreats—a singular instance this of the fashions of Paris and London affecting the very existence of a prolific race of animals in the New World! In the very next compartment is a hare, who for years played the tambourine in the streets of the metropolis, but his master, finding that his performances did not draw, exchanged him at these Gardens for a monkey; and now, whilst he eats his greens in peace, poor Jacko, in a red cloak and a feathered cap, has probably to earn his daily bread by mimicking humanity on the top of a barrel-organ. But the hippopotamus surges into his bath in the inclosure as we pause, and there is a rush of visitors to see the mighty brute performing his ablutions. He no longer gives audience to all the fair and fashionable folks of the town. Alas for the greatness of this world! the soldier-crab and the Esop prawn now draw better "houses." Whether or no this desertion has embittered his temper, we cannot say, but he has certainly lost his amiability, notwithstanding that he still retains the

humorous curl-up of the corners of his mouth, which Doyle used to hit off so inimitably. At times, indeed, he is perfectly furious, and his vast strength has necessitated the reconstruction of his house on a much stronger plan. Those only who have seen him rush with extended jaws at the massive oaken door of his apartment, returning again and again to the charge, and making the solid beams quiver as though they were only of inch deal, can understand the dangerous fits which now and then are exhibited by a creature, who was so gentle, when he made his *début*, that he could not go to sleep without having his Arab keeper's feet to lay his neck upon. This affection for his nurse has undergone a great change, for, on Hamet's countryman and coadjutor, Mohammed, making his second appearance with the young female hippopotamus, Obaysch very nearly killed him in the violence of his rage. He has a peculiar dislike to the sight of working men, especially if they are employed in doing any jobs about his apartment. The smith of the establishment happening to be passing the other day along the iron gallery which runs across one side of his bath, the infuriated animal leapt out of the water, at least eight feet high, and would speedily have pulled the whole construction down, had not the man run rapidly out of his sight. We trust his temper will improve when his young bride in the adjoining room is presented to him; but she is as yet but a baby behemoth, although growing fast. The enormously strong iron railings in front of his apartments are essential to guard against the rushes he sometimes makes at persons he does not like. Look at that huge mouth, opened playfully to receive nick-nacks! What is a bun or a biscuit to him? Down that huge throat goes one hundred pounds' weight of provender daily. Surely the dragon of Wantley had not such a gullet.

The giraffes in the adjoining apartment have been in the Gardens so long that they are no longer thought a rarity; but it should be remembered that the four procured in 1835 from Khordofan by the agent of the Society were, like the hippopotamus, the first ever exhibited in Europe since the days of ancient Rome. Of these only one female now remains; but very many have been bred in the Gardens, and have continued in excellent health. At

the present moment three of their progeny are housed in the apartment we are entering. The finest, a male, is a noble fellow, standing nearly 17 feet high. When he strides out into the inclosure, high up as the trees are protected by boarding, he yet manages to browse as in his African forests, and it is then that the visitor sees the full beauty of the beast, which is lost in the house. The giraffe, in spite of his mild and melancholy look, which reminds us forcibly of the camel, yet fights ferociously with his kind at certain seasons of the year. Two males once battled here so furiously that the horn of one of them was actually driven into the head of the other. Their method of fighting is very peculiar: stretching out their fore and hind legs, like a rocking-horse, they use their heads, as a blacksmith would a sledge-hammer, and swinging the vertebral column in a manner calculated, one would think, to break it, they bring the full force of the horns to bear upon their antagonist's skull. The blow is severe in the extreme, and every precaution is taken to prevent these conflicts.

As we pass along a narrow corridor in which the ostriches are confined, we reach at length the last inhabitant of the Garden, and the most curious creature, perhaps, which it contains. If the keeper is at hand, he will open the door of the box in which it lives, and drive out for us the bewildered-looking apteryx—the highest representative, according to Professor Owen, of the warm-blooded class of animals that lived in New Zealand previous to the advent of man. Strange and chaotic-looking as are most of the living things brought from Australia and the adjacent islands, this creature is certainly the oddest of the bird class, and is, we believe, the only one ever seen out of New Zealand. As it vainly runs into the corners and tries to hide itself from the light of day, we perceive that it is wingless and tailless; it looks, in short, like a hedge-hog mounted upon the dwarfed yet powerful legs of an ostrich, whilst its long bill, which seems as though it had been borrowed from a stork, is employed when the bird leans forward to support it, just as an old man uses a stick. This strange creature seems to hold among the feathered bipeds of Polynesia a parallel position to the New Holland mole (*Ornithorhynchus paradoxicus*)—which possesses the bill and webbed feet of a duck with the claws of a land

animal—among the quadrupeds. Mr. Gould remarks, that nature affords an appropriate vegetation to each class of animal life. Our universal mother seems to have matched her Flora to her Fauna in this portion of the globe; at least, the paradoxical creatures we have mentioned seem in happy accord with Australian vegetation, where the stones grow outside the cherries, and the pear-shaped fruits depend from the branch with their small ends downwards! The apteryx is entirely nocturnal in its habits, pursuing its prey in the ground by smell rather than by sight, to enable it to do which, the olfactory openings are placed near the point of the beak. Thus the bird scents the worm on which it feeds far below the surface of the ground. We must not regard the apteryx as an exceptional creature, but rather as the type of a large class of birds peculiar to the islands of New Zealand, which have been destroyed, like the dodo in the Mauritius, since the arrival of man. Professor Owen, long before the apteryx arrived in England, pronounced that a single bone found in some New Zealand watercourse had belonged to a wingless, tailless bird, that stood at least twelve feet high.\* This scientific conjecture has lately been transformed into a certainty by the discovery of a number of bones, which demonstrate that several species of Moas once roamed among the fern-clad islands which stud the bright Polynesian Ocean. These bones have been found mixed with those of the apteryx, which thus becomes linked to a race of mysterious creatures which, it is supposed, have long passed away, although a tale is told—an American one, it is true—of an Englishman having come across a *dinornis*, whilst out on its nocturnal rambles, and of his having fled from it with as much terror as though it had been a griffin of old.

Our walk through the Gardens has only enabled us to take a cursory glance at a few of the 1300 mammals, birds, and reptiles at present located there; but the duty of the zoologist is to dwell minutely on each. To such these Gardens have, for the last twenty-six years, been a very

fountain-head of information. During that time a grand procession of animal life, savage and wild, has streamed through them, and far the major part have gone to that "bourne from which no traveller returns." Let us rank them, and pass them before us:—

Quadrumana . . . . .	1069
Carnivora . . . . .	1509
Rodentia . . . . .	1025
Pachydermata . . . . .	204
Ruminantia . . . . .	1098
Marsupialia . . . . .	219
Reptilia . . . . .	1861
Aves . . . . .	7320

—making a total of 14,205. Out of this large number many curious animals have doubtless left no trace; but through the care of Mr. Mitchell, no rare specimen has died within these five years at least, without previously sitting for his portrait. The first part of the valuable collection of colored drawings, from the inimitable pencil of Mr. Wolf, accompanied by a description from the pen of Mr. Mitchell, the editor of the work, is just published, under the title of "Zoological Sketches, &c." and the others will speedily follow. The work, when completed, will be unique in the annals of zoology, both for the extreme beauty of the drawings, which may be said to daguerreotype the subjects in their most characteristic attitudes, and for the nature of the letter-press, which proves that the editor has written from the life.

This splendid collection has been got together by presents, purchase, breeding, and exchanges. Out of the 14,205 specimens, however, which have been in the possession of the Society, scarcely a tithe were bought. The Queen, especially, has been most generous in her presents, and the stream of barbaric offerings in the shape of lions, tigers, leopards, &c., which is continually flowing from tropical princes to the fair Chief of the nation, is poured into these Gardens. Her Majesty evidently pays no heed to the superstition once common among the people, that a dynasty was only safe as long as the lions flourished in the royal fortress. In fact, the Gardens are a convenience to our gracious Monarch as well as to her subjects; for wild animals are awkward things to have in one's back premises. Neither must we overlook the reproduction which has taken place in the Gardens; to such an extent, indeed, has the stock increased, that sales

\* The great merit of this inference may be judged from the circumstance that several eminent naturalists, out of an honest regard to the reputation of Professor Owen, endeavored to prevent the publication of the paper in which, with the sure sagacity of scientific genius, he confidently announced the fact.



to a large amount are annually made. The system of exchanges which exists between the various British and Continental Societies helps to supply the Garden with deficient specimens in place of duplicates. Very rare, and consequently expensive animals, are generally purchased. Thus, the first rhinoceros cost 1000*l*.; the four giraffes, 700*l*. and their carriage an additional 700*l*. The elephant and calf were bought in 1851 for 800*l*.; and the hippopotamus, although a gift, was not brought home and housed at less than 1000*l*.—a sum which he more than realized in the famous Exhibition season, when the receipts were 10,000*l*. above the previous year. The lion Albert was purchased for 140*l*.; a tiger in 1852 for 200*l*. The value of some of the smaller birds will appear, however, more startling: thus, the pair of black-necked swans were purchased for 80*l*. (they are now to be seen in the three-island pond); a pair of crowned pigeons and two maleos, 60*l*.; a pair of Victoria pigeons, 35*l*.; four mandarin ducks, 70*l*. Most of these rare birds (now in the great aviary) came from the Knowsley collection, at the sale of which, in 1851, purchases were made to the extent of 985*l*. It would be impossible from these prices, however, to judge of the present value of the animals. Take the rhinoceros, for example: the first specimen cost 1000*l*., the second, quite as fine a brute, only 350*l*. Lions range again from 40*l*. to 180*l*., and tigers from 40*l*. to 200*l*. The price is generally ruled by the state of the wild-beast market and by the intrinsic rarity of the creature. A first appearance in Europe of course is likely to draw, and is therefore at the top price; but it is wonderful how demand produces supply. Let any rare animal bring a crowd to the Gardens, and in a twelvemonth numbers of his brethren will be generally in the market. The ignorance displayed by some persons as to the value of well-known objects is something marvellous. We have already spoken of the sea-captain who demanded 600*l*. for a pair of pythons, and at last took 40*l*.! On another occasion an American offered the Society a grisly bear for 2000*l*., to be delivered in the United States; and more laughable still, a moribund walrus, which had been fed for nine weeks on salt pork and meal, was offered for the trifling sum of 700*l*.!

We could go on multiplying *ad nauseam* instances of this kind, but must conclude the catalogue of absurdities by stating

that there is a firm belief on the part of many persons that it is the Zoological Society which has proposed the large reward, which every one has heard of, for the tortoise-shell Tom. "The only one ever known" has been offered accordingly at the exceedingly low figure of 250*l*. On one occasion a communication was received from some person of consideration in Thuringia, requesting to be informed of the amount of the proffered prize which he was about to claim. This was shortly followed by a letter from another person evidently written in a fury, cautioning the Society against giving the prize to the previous writer, as he was not the breeder of the cat, but was only trying to buy it for less than its value, "in which he would never succeed so long as the true breeder lived." To prevent further applications on the behalf of growers of this unique animal, we may as well state that tortoise-shell Toms may be had in many quarters. There is one\* for sale at the present moment at Dudley for a very moderate price, if any of our maiden lady readers should wish to possess an animal which "everybody says" is so exceedingly rare.

We have said that the value of animals depends upon the state of the wild-beast market. "Wild-beast market!" exclaims the reader; "and where can that be?" Every one knows that London can furnish anything for money, and, if any lady or gentleman wants lions or tigers, there are dealers in Ratcliffe Highway and the adjacent parts who have them on the premises, and will sell them at five minutes' notice. They "talk as familiarly of lions as ladies do of puppy dogs;" and a gentleman, who purchased a bear of one of them, lately informed us that the salesman coolly proposed that he should take him home with him in a cab! We once had occasion to visit the establishment of one of these dealers, and were shown up a ladder into a cockloft, where, hearing a bumping, and perceiving a lifting motion in a trap door, we inquired the reason, which called forth the dry remark that it was only three lions at play in a box below. Although these men generally manage to secure their live stock in a satisfactory manner, yet accidents will occur in the best regulated lion-stores. A wild-beast merchant, for in-

\* The proprietor wished to show him, we are informed, at the Birmingham cattle-show, as extra stock, but was not permitted to do so by the rules, to his great chagrin.

stance, informed us that one night he was awakened by his wife, who drew his attention to a noise in the back-yard, where he had placed two lions on the previous evening. On putting his head out of the window—his room was on the ground-floor—there were the lions, loose, and, with their paws on the window sill, looking grimly in upon him. A good whip and a determined air consigned Leo to his cage again without further trouble. On another occasion this same man, hearing a noise in his back premises, found to his horror that an elephant, with his pick-lock trunk, had let out a hyæna and a nyghau from their cages, and was busy undoing the fastenings of a den full of lions! The same resolute spirit, however, soon restored order. Amateurs have not always the same courage or self-possession, and they immediately have recourse to the Garden folks to get them out of their difficulties, as a housekeeper would send to the station-house on finding a burglar secreted in his cellar. On one occasion a gentleman, who had offered a rattlesnake and its young to the Gardens at a high price, sent suddenly to the superintendent to implore immediate assistance, as the said snake, with half a score venomous offspring, had escaped from their box and scattered themselves in his nursery. The possessor, to avoid worse losses, was only too glad to be rid of his guests at any pecuniary sacrifice.

We cannot close our survey without touching upon the cost of the commissariat. The slaughtered beasts appropriated to the carnivora, we have before stated, cost in the year 1854 no less a sum than 1367*l.* 19*s.* 5*d.* If we go through the other items of food, we shall give some notion of the expense and the variety of the banquet to which the animals daily sat down during that year. Thus we see hay figures for 912*l.* 14*s.*; corn, seeds, &c., 700*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*; bread, buns, &c. (for the monkeys), 150*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*; eggs, 87*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.* (for the ant-eater principally); milk, 69*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.*; mangold-wurzel, carrots, and turnips, 22*l.* 6*s.*; dog-biscuit, 135*l.* 19*s.* 10*d.* (for the bears and wolves and dogs chiefly); fish (for the otters, seal, pelicans, &c.),

214*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*; green tares, 23*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*; rabbits and pigeons (for the snakes), 33*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.*; rice and oil-cake, 66*l.* 15*s.*; sundries, including fruit, vegetables, grasshoppers, snakes, mealworms, figs, sugar, &c. (for the birds principally), 157*l.* 1*s.* 11*d.*: making a total of 3942*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.*; a great increase on the food bill of 1853, and which is caused entirely by the advance of prices.

The pitch of excellence to which the Gardens have arrived has naturally resulted in drawing the increased attention of the public towards them. We have only to contrast, for instance, the number of people who entered in the year 1848—the first in which a more liberal system of management came into play—with those who passed in in 1854, to see that the establishment flourishes under the auspices of the new Secretary; for while in the former year only 142,456 persons passed through the turnstiles, the number had risen in the latter to 407,676. It is interesting to observe that, although an increase of full 100 per cent. took place upon the privileged and ordinary shilling visitors during that interval, yet that the reduction of the admittance-charge to sixpence on Mondays and holidays was the main cause of the gradual influx of visitors—the year 1848 showing only 60,566 admittances of these holiday folks and working-people to 196,278 in 1854. Here, then, we have an increase of 135,712 persons, many of whom were, no doubt, rescued, on those days at least, from the fascinations of the public-house. With all this flood of life, the greater portion of it undoubtedly belonging to the laboring classes, not the slightest injury has been done to the Gardens. A flower or two may have been picked, but not by that class of Englishmen who were once thought too brutal to be allowed access unwatched to any public exhibition. Every year that passes over our heads proves that such shows as these are splendid examples of the method of teaching introduced by Bell and Lancaster; that they furnish instruction of a nature which is never forgotten, and which refines at the same time that it delights.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## THE ACADEMIC CAREER OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

IN the autumn of 1787, Wilhelm and Alexander von Humboldt entered together the University of Frankfort-on-the-Oder.

The desire to have her sons as near her as possible, was no doubt the reason which induced the Baroness von Humboldt to select Frankfort in preference to other universities which seemed much more eligible, particularly Königsberg, where Kant was at that time reading his celebrated lectures. Halle and Göttingen also afforded very superior facilities.

The Frankfort University, which was subsequently removed to Breslau, was always extremely deficient in scientific institutions—it had no anatomical or natural museum, no observatory, no botanic gardens, no library of importance, scarcely one good publisher, and only one very bad printing establishment. Coupled with these deficiencies, Frankfort was notorious for preserving to the last superannuated forms, rude social habits, and narrow-minded pedantry. Amongst the professors there was not a single one who exercised the least influence upon any single science.

Wilhelm von Humboldt devoted himself particularly to the study of the law; Alexander to the various departments of political economy. The science of political economy, as such, was at that time scarcely in its infancy; indeed its poverty was so proverbial, that it used to be said of any one who did not learn any thing—he studies political economy.

Leopold Krug, who wrote the first "Observations on the Natural Wealth of the Prussian States," complains as late as 1805 of the then condition of the study of political economy. He says, they are instructed as to the cost of erecting a spirit or tar distillery, or a flour mill, they learn how many threads of yarn or silk are required for the warp or weft, how cheese is made, and iron smelted, and how caterpillars or cockchafers are destroyed, but they have not the remotest notion that

higher principles of state economics exist or have any thing to do with the subject."

Frankfort was, in fact, looked upon simply as furnishing the legal qualifications required for entering the service of the state, and imparting such accomplishments as were then required. Probably the Baroness only aimed at obtaining the necessary qualifications for her sons from the university; but to satisfy the love of knowledge of both the brothers, something more was required, and it is, therefore, no wonder that they felt disgusted, and left the university at Easter, 1788. Wilhelm went at once to Göttingen, but Alexander remained the succeeding summer and winter at Berlin in order, as he says, "to study technology, as applied to manufactures," and following the example of his more assiduous brother, he endeavored to make himself more thoroughly acquainted with the Greek language.

During this period Alexander contracted an intimate and very tender friendship for the young, but then already celebrated botanist, Willdenow, and showed an especial partiality for the study of the cryptogami, and the many families of grasses; his chief attention was, however, devoted to the study of pure and applied mathematics, in which he was instructed by Fischer, professor at the gymnasium—"zum grauen Kloster."

We are fortunate in being able to publish here perhaps the oldest document in which the natural talents of the youth, Alexander von Humboldt, were properly estimated, and the later importance of the man prognosticated, viz., when Alexander von Humboldt went to Göttingen, in 1788, he took with him a letter of recommendation from his before-named master, Fischer, to the then celebrated mathematician, Johann Friedrich Pfaff, whom he visited at the little Hanoverian town of Helm, which possessed at that time also a university. The contents of the letter are as follow:

"The bearer of this letter, Herr von Humboldt, is the younger of two brothers, in whose instruction in mathematics and the old languages I have for some years past taken a share. Perhaps you may remember my speaking to you in Berlin about this gentleman. The elder brother is already at Göttingen, and the younger now follows him there. He desires to make your acquaintance, and I hope that you also will not find his acquaintance disagreeable. Both brothers have the most admirable gifts of head and heart, and with it they have been excellently (not fashionably) brought up. This, the younger, is properly a political economist, and has already acquired very considerable knowledge in the various branches bearing on this subject. If he could have occupied himself entirely, or chiefly, with mathematics, I am convinced that I could have made him a very eminent mathematician, yet I hope that he will, with the mathematical knowledge which he really possesses, be able to maintain his position every where in all practical matters. I lose in him not only a pupil whose instruction affords me great delight, but also a friend whose society I shall regret."

A mathematical amateur exercise of Humboldt's at that time was to find out a peculiar system of logarithms, a labor which was subsequently accomplished by Gauss. Only in scattered letters have detached fragments of these calculations been preserved, because from some unknown motive he concealed these efforts entirely from his instructor, Fischer.

The University of Göttingen had then attained the culminating point of its celebrity. This reputation was mainly connected with the culture of classical philology and political economy, which last study was here first (connected with its chief element, publicity) made the bridge which led from the lessons of the past to the practice of the present; and this was the source of the high position which Göttingen occupied in relation to the development of the German mind.

The Göttingen philosophy did not lead to abstract speculations or political changes, but rather confined itself to ancient and modern historic studies and to practical experiments of natural science. Thus did Heyne convert philology, which was up to that time merely a study of languages, into a philosophy of antiquity applied to the practical affairs of life.

Schlæzer gave, in the same way, a new aspect and meaning to history, inasmuch as he brought into it politics, and placed inventions and discoveries, the progress of civilization, constitutionalism, and legislation, above the changes of thrones, dynasties, and warlike exploits or occurrences. His "Göttingen Journal," his "Correspondence," his "State Intelligencer," became not only the most important historical registers; but they became also a political tribunal, which even caused Maria Theresa frequently to ask herself, "But what will Schlæzer say to it?" In jurisprudence Göttingen stood also very high, but it was above all the high school of all mathematical, physical, and medical sciences, which had nothing in common with revolutionary theories or idle metaphysics, but only sought after that which might be rendered practically useful.

It is not to be expected that the English reader should be familiar with the names of all the great men who taught at Göttingen; a few, however, may be mentioned, as having European reputation: thus, Gauss, Kaestner, and Lichtenberg were distinguished for their acquirements in mathematics and natural history; Albrecht von Haller, in medicine; Wrisberg, in anatomy; Richter, as teacher in surgery; Gmelin, through his history of chemistry; Oslander, as accoucheur and collector of curiosities. The chief amongst all was, however, Blumenbach; he was the first who established for natural history its position as a science connected with the history of men and the world; his works are translated into almost all European languages; he established comparative anatomy as a branch of instruction, and long before Cuvier (in 1785) did he embody the same as personal instruction in a complete course of lectures. Alexander, as already stated, arrived at Göttingen one year after his brother Wilhelm; he found his brother on his arrival already on terms of intimacy and friendly intercourse with the most distinguished personages, and himself expected with the most kindly welcome. Thus did he soon become intimate with Heyne, and assisted him in a history of weaving by the ancients, which remained, however, unprinted. In Heyne's house, he also made the acquaintance of George Forster, Heyne's son-in-law.

Thus did his lucky star bring him early



together with the man who sympathized most with his wishes and inclinations, and who exercised the greatest influence upon his studies, his fancy, and upon the great plan of his whole life. In George Forster we see, in a measure, the prototype of Alexander von Humboldt.

George Forster, then thirty-six years of age, had already accompanied Cook on his second voyage round the world, and described the same most admirably; he had studied all branches of natural science, including physics and chemistry; he was an admirable draughtsman of plants and animals, possessed of great knowledge in philosophy, literature, and the fine arts, and devoted himself with all the powers of his mind, and the inclination of his heart, particularly to geography, history, and politics. He wrote Latin and understood Greek; he spoke and wrote, with extreme facility, French and English; his German writings are classic patterns; he read Dutch and Italian, and was no stranger to the Swedish, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, and Polish languages; and with all this, he was a witty, modest, and amiable companion.

Humboldt frequently refers to Forster in grateful acknowledgment and reverence; he calls him his "celebrated tutor and friend," and describes him as the author, who in the German literature has most powerfully and successfully given the direction to the descriptions of modern travellers in opposition to the dogmatic compositions of the Middle Ages. "Through him," he says in the "*Kosmos*" (II. p. 72), "commenced a new era in scientific travels, whose object is comparative information of nations and countries. Endowed with a fine æsthetic feeling, preserving within himself vivid pictures, with which Tahiti and other then happier islands of the South Sea had inspired his fancy, George Forster delineated with grace the changing stages of vegetation, the circumstances of climate, the description of food with reference to the civilization of the people, according to the variety of their original abodes and descent. Everything which can impart truth, individuality, and contemplativeness to the view of exotic nature, is to be found combined in his works, and this by no means exclusively in his exquisite description of Captain Cook's second voyage, but still more in his lesser writings: in them lies the germ of much greatness which a later

period brought to maturity." In the preface of his "*Geography of Plants*," Humboldt says, "Since my earliest youth I had collected the ideas for such a work (a natural picture, which should embrace all the appearances which the surface of our planet and the atmosphere present). The first draft of my '*Geography of Plants*' I laid before my friend George Forster, whose name I never utter without the utmost feeling of gratitude." This quotation is characteristic; it is not only a fine expression of grateful reminiscences, but it affords, above all, evidence how long and carefully Humboldt carried and nourished within him the ideas necessary to his works; and that he was already in those days occupied with ideas of the "*Kosmos*."

Not compelled to choose any profession, not attracted by honors of the higher ranks, not animated by any false ambition, Alexander von Humboldt had, in the independence of his position, sufficient time and means to live for his favorite studies, to satisfy his love of travel, to incite his mind still more through the contemplation of nature, and to prepare himself by observation for the most interesting inquiries and discoveries. Thus he commenced, as early as Easter, 1790, a journey to the Rhine, Holland, and England, accompanied by George Forster, and the astronomer Von Geuns. A portion of the results of this voyage Humboldt published under the title "*Mineralogische Beobachtungen*" (Mineralogical Observations on several Basalts on the Rhine). Brunswick, 1790. This is the literary first-fruit of the youth of twenty-one.

In the "*Scattered Remarks about the Basalts in the Ancient and Modern Authors*," which precede the "*Personal Observations*," it is demonstrated with a great display of philological erudition that there exists no reason in the classics for confounding the basalt of Pliny with Syenites and Basanites (*lapis lydius* and *lapis æthiopicus*). In the work itself, Humboldt exhibits rare powers of observation, of description, and an all-embracing literary knowledge. Forster says: "All my allusions to our supposed volcanoes on the Rhine, I find already confirmed in the two quartos of Dr. Rose, and in the condensed observations of our sagacious friend Alexander von Humboldt."

Humboldt, however, devoted his ingenuity particularly to maintain the er-

rors of the existing school, where the Neptunic theory about the origin of the basalts was generally accepted; and his labors exercised such permanent influence that they were referred to in proof of Neptunism long after he himself had declared in favor of the volcanic theory.

It must, however, be borne in mind that the origin of the basalts was a matter about which the disputes of the learned were more severe and lasting than about the origin of any other kind of mountainous formation; and that in spite of his original error, Humboldt was, after Leopold von Buch, the first who detected the errors of that school, and who demonstrated beyond a doubt the volcanic origin of this kind of rock. As an illustration of the low position then occupied by geognostic science, and especially of the ridiculous opinions relative to the basalt, we would quote from a controversial treatise by the learned Mecklenburg chamberlain and Professor Witte\* of Rostock. He maintains that the Pyramids are the remains of a volcanic eruption, "which had pressed upwards with a certain, solemn slowness." Their hieroglyphics he describes as crystal formations; the "*Möris-See*" for a broken-down crater of an extinguished volcano; the sarcophagus of Cheops in the great Pyramid, for lava pieces, which, before their total cooling, had, "like two biscuits" lying on each other, "assumed their coffin-like shape;" and not less romantic are the opinions of A. Giraud-Soulavie, who attempts to prove the psychological and social influences which the mineral formations of a country exercise upon the character of its inhabitants. "The inhabitants of basaltic districts," he says, "are difficult to be governed; they are restless and irreligious. The basalts appear as long unknown causes for the speedy extension of the Reformation." Against such opinions had Alexander von Humboldt to bring to bear all the vigor and talent of a scientific dispute. His stay at Göttingen, after his return from his journey with Forster, was not a prolonged one. Little is known of his life while there; and his intercourse with the great men of that place must be rather assumed than narrated in its details. That Blumenbach had attracted him and exercised a considerable influence over

him may be inferred from the fact that Humboldt at a later period communicated his experiments on the sensibility of the nerves and muscles, first in his letters to him, which were then published in "*Gren's Journal*." At the secular celebration of that university in 1837, Humboldt expressed grateful acknowledgments "that he had received the nobler part of his cultivation at this celebrated high school." Through Forster he became acquainted with Sömmering. A correspondence soon ensued between them, especially about psychological subjects, and the experiments about the irritated muscular and nervous fibres are "dedicated with grateful reverence and love to the great anatomist Sömmering."

Forster's practical mind no doubt suggested to Humboldt the advisability of discontinuing his present studies, and to visiting the Mercantile Academy at Hamburg, where he remained until the spring of 1791, and which was then, under Büsch and Ebeling, very much in repute. This deviation from the usual road of academic studies is so unusual and strange, that even in it we may recognize the genius and the early striving after universality in his acquirements, and see in it an indication how early Humboldt endeavored to bring mercantile affairs within the circle of his scientific investigations. About this time Forster writes to Jacobi: "Both the Humboldts are well; but each in a perfectly different way. The eldest is counsellor of legation (*legationsrath*) and at the same time assessor of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Berlin, where he is keeping his trial term. When his year is over, he desires to be appointed to Halberstadt, and will no doubt marry. The younger is with Büsch in Hamburg, studies the practical counting-house routine, '*morphondises*' amongst the distinguished minds of Hamburg; he has visited Christian Stolberg, and is full of his praise. He occasionally rambles for the purpose of gathering such mosses as bloom in the winter, and writes droll letters full of humor, good nature, and sentimentality." Of these letters we have not been able to find any traces. Humboldt preserves up to the present moment the most pleasant recollections of his Hamburg days, and particularly of the social circles which met at Sieveking's house.

This rich merchant belonged to the most distinguished men of his town; he

\* On the Origin of the Pyramids in Egypt and the Ruins of Persepolis, Leipzig: 1789.

filled some of the most important posts, and stood in intimate relation with the most celebrated men in the scientific and political world. His wife was the grandchild of the (in his time) celebrated Reimarus; her father was also a most eminent naturalist, and she was possessed of great amiability and superior accomplishments. Her house was the resort of the best society. Here Humboldt became acquainted with Claudius, Voss, and Voigt, which last proved most valuable, he being the possessor of the great gardens at Flodbeck, distinguished for possessing a great number of the rarest plants. About this time, Werner had elevated the little Saxon town of Freiberg to the most celebrated mining academy. Werner was then a very renowned mineralogist, and the founder of this science. Mineralogists, miners, &c., came from all parts of the world to Freiberg, and amongst the rest, Alexander von Humboldt entered the Freiberg Academy on the 4th of June, 1791. His reputation as an interesting young scholar had already preceded him, and his observations about the Rhenish basalts had insured for him with Werner the most friendly reception. On the very next day he commenced his mining studies by ascending the "*Kurprinz*," in company with Freyesleben, and the surrounding objects attracted them so much, that both commenced an excursion the very next week amongst the Bohemian mountains, the results of which are contained in the "*Bergmännische Journal*" (Mining Journal), under the guidance of Werner and Charpentier. Humboldt now commenced to study with true inspiration the scientific and practical departments of mining. The "*Flora Subterranea Freibergensis*" shows the extent of the excursions which Humboldt and Freyesleben made more than sixty years ago, under the direction of Werner, in that wide subterranean labyrinth, animated by the enthusiasm which mining never fails to infuse into young and happy temperaments.

Even while thus occupied, he originated new branches of study. As chemistry at Freiberg had no professorship, he exerted himself in friendly union with Franz Bader to study the works of Lavoisier and Berthollet. In wandering through the immense subterranean avenues, he not only devoted his best attention to the study of fossils, but he conceived at the

same time the happy idea of illuminating the vegetation of the nether world on which no daylight shines with the light of his own investigation: his experiments and observations about the green color of subterranean vegetables which grew in his "little subterranean garden," where no single ray of light could penetrate, may be found amongst his other treatises on botany, mineralogy, physics, chemistry, and salines, in the periodicals of Delametherie, Gren, Crell, Usteri, Köhler, and Hofmann.

In his congratulatory letter on the celebration of Werner's hundredth birth-day (25th September, 1830), Humboldt expresses the grateful acknowledgment, that he owed an important part of his education and of the direction of his efforts to the comprehensive, systematizing mind of Werner. He also says, that the glorification of his name and performances (the latter of which had in modern times been much misjudged) was most dear to him; that he exclusively devoted several years to practical mining; that he feels proud to have occupied the position of mining captain in the Franconian mountains; that his most pleasant youthful reminiscences are connected with the debt he owes to that admirable institution, the Freiberg Mining Academy, which had exercised, especially in Werner's time, such important influence upon the rest of Europe, as also upon Spanish and Portuguese America; and last, what he owes to the encouraging friendliness of Saxon mining officials, and to the instructive association of his fellow-pupil and fellow-laborer Carl Freyesleben.

His school-fellows were the celebrated Leopold von Buch, the Norwegian Es-march, Mitchell the Englishman, the Mexican Elhyal, and the Brazilian Andrada.

A poem dedicated to him on leaving the academy, on 26th February, 1792, by his fellow-pupils, was signed Böhme, Börner, von Buch, Count von Einsedel, Freyesleben, Hofmann, Monsky, von Schlottheim, von Seckendorf, Z. M. Sieghardt, Soymanow, Vollmar, and the two von Ziemens—how many since distinguished names! To them, also, belongs the Russian counsellor of state, Fischer von Waldheim, who honored the departing friend in a special Latin farewell.

A most touching recollection of those days was expressed by Humboldt in a letter written on the 8th of February, 1847,

to the last-named friend on his doctor's jubilee: "Receive from me, who have had the good fortune, with our already departed Freyesleben, to have been the first to acknowledge your fine talents and the grace of your character—receive my most hearty and fervent felicitations. Do you remember the garden behind the church at Freiberg?—our stay at Dresden with Reinhard von Haften?—Paris, where you instructed Caroline von Humboldt?—the high regard which my brother and Cuvier entertained for you?—*remembrances of the world of shades*, but to me dear and affecting."

At Freiberg, Humboldt closed, if the expression is applicable to such a man, his real educational period; and thus we

close the chapter with a description of him as he then appeared, given by Freyesleben: "The prominent features of his amiable character are a quiet, exhaustless good humor—a benevolent, charitable, polite, disinterested, obliging, good nature; warm sympathies for friendship and a love of nature; he is open, simple, and unassuming in his whole bearing; he possesses an ever lively and entertaining communicativeness, has a happy, humorous, and occasionally even playful disposition." These characteristics assisted him in after times to tame and attract the savages amongst whom he lived for years, and aroused in the civilized world, wherever he made his appearance, admiration and sympathy.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

It is now some six or eight months ago since, in this journal, there was published an account of Sir George Grey's very interesting book on the mythology of Polynesia. About the same time with Sir George Grey's book, there was another publication on the same subject, entitled "Superstitions and Traditions of New Zealand," by Mr. Shortland. And we now have from Mr. Taylor, who was for many years a missionary in New Zealand, a volume which he entitles "TE IKA A MAUI; or, New Zealand and its Inhabitants," in which he gives a very full account of whatever the island presents of peculiar interest. His account is not confined to the social circumstances of the people among whom he was placed, but embraces an account of the geology and natural history of the country. These latter are subjects which demand a separate consideration, on which we do not now propose to enter; nor shall we, with our author, at this moment discuss the peculiar position of the natives as respects Christianity. What Christianity

has done in uprooting and utterly destroying an old system of idolatry, is the subject which we wish at present to force upon our readers' minds. What it is doing among the New Zealanders, in common with the natives of all other lands where it is faithfully preached, and the ultimate triumph which it is destined to attain over everything that interrupts its progress, is no part of our present theme. What is due to true religion, in gradually clearing the earth of ancestral superstitions, is too apt to be forgotten; and of these superstitions themselves we are apt to form an inaccurate and most unjustly favorable account, from our knowledge of them for the most part being derived, in any way that it blends with our habits of thinking, from descriptions in the classical poets. Enough of horror—enough of cruelty and obscenity—is in these descriptions to shock every thoughtful man's feelings; enough, perhaps, to exhibit the evil that was at the root of all that they called religion; but how utterly imperfect any knowledge de-



rived from this source must be, is, perhaps, in no way more distinctly exhibited than by the poets themselves. Pindar, in a remarkable passage, tells us the popular legend which connected the story of the house of Tantalus with the gods, but adds, that he cannot credit it. "It is," he says, "inconsistent with all just notions of the Divine nature;" and he then proceeds to make such alterations in the mode of telling the legend as will remove the objection. Of the utter abominations of the heathenism of Greece and Rome, did our knowledge depend only on what we learn from the poets—evil, essentially evil, as it is, even seen through that medium—we should know comparatively nothing. Through the writings of the poets and the philosophers there are always traces of high, and true, and honorable feeling, which seem, in contrast with the popular religion, in its early stages, polluted with blood, at all times with lasciviousness. Literature was more pure than Art, and the character of ancient idolatry, and the way in which it affected the imaginations of the people subjected to it, may be better learned from the remains of vertu found in the disinterred cities of Italy, than from anything in the written works of the period.

Whatever, however, may be thought on this subject, there is no one who will not rejoice, that while it was yet possible, our English residents in New Zealand have labored to preserve a record of the superstitions of the country, and that we have, chiefly through Sir George Grey's exertions, secured to us, not alone in translation but in the original language, much of the traditional history of the MAORI. If these had not been thus placed upon permanent record now, even all memory of them must have soon altogether perished. The old religion is passing away; none but old people, whose number Death every year diminishes, remember the poems which Sir George Grey has had transcribed from their recitations. The prayers or spells often contain words, the meaning of which is unknown to any but the priests, and by them probably disregarded—the effect of a charm consisting not in the signification, but in the mere sound of what is uttered. Of the younger generations, it is probable that scarcely an individual thinks of the traditions of his country, as all the thoughts of both natives and settlers are directed, not to the

development of old systems of belief, but a civilization founded on the total exclusion of the elements out of which the former state of society through the island depended. The structure of society which had prevailed is wholly broken up. We speak not alone of the religion of the people; but, as the ownership or possession of land depended on laws of inheritance, supported by genealogical tables, and preserved in old poems, it is plain that when these records, not written but trusted alone to memory, ceased to be useful in questions of property, that they would be gradually disregarded, and could not but wholly pass away.

In Mr. Taylor's book\* we have as good an account as perhaps it is possible to obtain, of the religion of the people. Of one Supreme Being it would appear that they have no belief or, perhaps, conception. When the idea was suggested, it was met with a burst of ridicule. "Is there," said the chieftain, to whom it was stated that there is one God, the Creator of all things, "Is there one maker of all things among you Europeans? Is not one a carpenter, another a blacksmith, another a ship-builder, another a house-builder? Even so has it been in the beginning with the gods. Tano made trees—Ru made mountains—Tangaroa made fishes." The thought, as expressed by them, is generation rather than creation. Tano is the father of trees—Ru the father of mountains, and so forth. The gods whom they worship are, in the same mode of thinking, the spirits of their own ancestors. The gods are thought of, not as creators, but as created, and in reading the accounts of their system, if it can be so called, we feel in pretty much the same state of mind as when we have been looking over Taylor's translations of "Plotinus," thinking it probable that there may be some meaning in the original, but striving in vain to guess what his translator can be at. They begin, we are told, with *nothing*, which produced *something*, that brought forth *something more*, and generated a power of increasing. *Spirit*, subtler than *Matter*, arose before it. *Thought* is subtler than *Spirit*, and the commencement dates with the birth of *Thought*. The epoch of thought is thus described:

\* "To Ika a Maui." By the Rev. Richard Taylor, A.M., F.G.S. London, 1855.

"From the conception the increase;  
From the increase the thought;  
From the thought the remembrance;  
From the remembrance the consciousness;  
From the consciousness the desire."

The second epoch is that of night:

"The word became fruitful,  
It dwelt with the feeble glimmering;  
It brought forth night,  
The great night, the long night,  
The lowest night, the loftiest night,  
The thick night, to be felt,  
The night to be touched,  
The night not to be seen—  
The night of death."

Successive periods follow. In the third light is created. The sun and the moon, "the chief eyes of heaven," are the birth of this epoch. In the fourth period, "the sky above dwelt with Hawaika and produced land." Hawaika is the island from which the Maori people trace the origin of their race; and Hawaika is represented by them in this fourth period as the parent of other islands. In the fifth period were produced the gods. In the sixth, men were produced. There were two orders of gods—the more ancient the children of the Night, the younger the offspring of the Day. Of the younger gods, Heaven and Earth, Rangi and Papa, were the parents. Heaven was a solid body spread out upon the earth—a flat surface. This is the meaning of the word Papa. There were ten or eleven heavens; between the lowest and the earth is placed a solid transparent substance, like ice or crystal, and on the side of this nearest the earth, the sun and moon were supposed to glide. Above this crystal pavement is the reservoir of the rains, and above the reservoir of the rain is the habitation of the winds. Their gods were of many shapes: lizards and sharks seem to have predominated, but some were of the human form. Of Tawaki there are a thousand stories; but we are, at the moment, only concerned with one. His anger, when provoked, was the anger of a god; and the crystal pavement of which we have spoken was often endangered by his violence. On one occasion he danced upon it with such vehemence as to crack it, and so let the water through and thus deluged the earth. Entire consistency cannot be expected in any account of their theogony; and it is not impossible that

the accounts we have of it, being taken down by Europeans from the lips of natives, may be in some respects affected by European habits of thought. Some of the poems relied on as of ancient authority, may not improbably be a rapid fabrication of the reciter, and suggested by the questions asked of him by the inquirer, who may easily yield assent to such imposition. Our investigators of Indian antiquities have been pretty often tricked, and there are cases of the kind in the evidence produced by the Highland Society, on the subject of Celtic poetry. Every now and then, some passage falling in with modern sentiment, would gleam out from the midst of a poem consisting chiefly of names of persons and places. This would obtain some praise from the person to whom the whole was recited, as a translation of verses preserved by memory alone, and then the modest reciter would acknowledge that this was an interpolation of his own. In deducing inferences from the resemblance which the Maori traditions have, either to the Hebrew scriptural accounts of the creation, or to Hesiod's theogony, we must remember the possibility that something may have in this way crept in, and that we may be wrong in thinking we are dealing with the unmixed legends of the original New Zealand tribes. The traditions preserved by Mr. Taylor were collected long before those of Sir George Grey; and, while there is nothing inconsistent in the two works, each contains a vast deal of which there is little or no trace in the other. We have in both the circumstance of the heaven, or lower sky, lying like a solid pavement upon the earth, and the mode by which they were detached. While the earth was thus oppressed, there was no room for anything to grow upon its surface but a few insignificant shrubs. "The earth's skin was the tutu—her covering was the bramble—her covering was the nettle." The first fruit of earth—the offspring of earth and heaven—was the Kumara, or sweet potato; then came the fern-root. The first being endowed with more than vegetable life, was Tane—whether god or man, or what he was, does not clearly appear. From him proceeded trees and birds. The second birth was Tiki, and from him Man proceeded. The first woman was not born, but formed from the earth by the heat of the sun and the echo; the creator of woman is personified, and bears the euphonious name of

Arohi rohi. The first woman herself bore a name, which, being interpreted, means Twilight. The third son of Heaven and Earth was the author of evil; their fourth was Tahu, the author of all good; the fifth is the father of the winds; the sixth is Tangaroa, the father of all fish and the god of the ocean. The father of fish in New Zealand is regarded as "the revealer of secrets." It would seem that the silence of the people of the deep does not interfere with the power of in some way communicating what they learn. Tangaroa is an eavesdropper. He listens unperceived to what men are saying, and he is sure to make mischief of it.

The same legends prevail through all the Polynesian islands. It is not surprising that, in thinking over any system of false theology, an observer educated in Christian feelings from so early a period of life, that what is true in morals is recognized by him as if it were a part of his proper nature, and falsehood regarded as something altogether alien, should regard the gods of the heathen as actual demons, so much of malignity to man seems embodied in the conception which a savage forms of the Divine nature. In Sir George Grey's "Polynesian Mythology" we have translations of native poems so literal as to present very often even the precise idioms of the original language. "For the first time"—we quote Sir George's own words—"for the first time, I believe, an European reader will find it in his power to place himself in the position of one who listens to a heathen and savage high priest explaining to him, in his own words, and in his own energetic manner, the traditions in which he earnestly believes, and unfolding the religious opinions upon which the faith and the hopes of his race rest." Mr. Taylor narrates many of the same stories, verifying his accounts of the traditions of the Maori by frequent references to their poems, but for the most part telling them in his own words, and anxious to point out resemblances between the customs of the people among whom he had been for a great many years a missionary, and those which his familiarity with the Scriptures forced upon his constant notice. Each book is, in its way, very valuable, and each illustrative of the other. While we mention these books, and Mr. Shortland's "Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders," as the most lately published

books, from which much information is to be derived on a subject greatly more important than the details of wars, or even the first efforts of colonization—as without a perfect knowledge of their previous manners and modes of thinking, little can be done for the real civilization of a people—we wish to call our readers' attention to a little book, published some eighteen or twenty years ago, by Professor Craik, which brings together all then known of this people, and suggests some considerations on the subject of colonization, which have been adopted and made the foundation of a good deal of speculation by writers of high authority. Civilization, among a people circumstanced as the New Zealanders, "could," he says, "only be introduced by their being brought into communication with other nations already civilized;" and, in a lecture by the Archbishop of Dublin to the Young Men's Christian Association, an argument is founded upon there being no example of the contrary in the history of mankind.

The traditions which, among the Greeks, ascribed to Prometheus, "a supposed superhuman being," the introduction of the use of fire, and those which represented Triptolemus, Cadmus, and other strangers from distant countries, as introducing agriculture and letters; the Peruvian tradition of a white man, whom they believed to be the offspring of the sun, and which perhaps was meant to express, in figurative language, that this first instructor was of a different family of mankind, and came from the east, are referred to by the Archbishop in support of this view, and he adds:

"But there is no need to inquire, even if we could do so with any hope of success, what mixture there may be of truth and fable in any of these traditions. For our present purpose it is enough to have pointed out that they all agree in one thing, in representing civilization as having been introduced (whenever it *has* been introduced) not from *within*, but from *without*."

"We have, therefore, in this case, all the proof that a negative admits of. In all the few instances in which there is any record or tradition of a savage people becoming civilized, we have a corresponding record or tradition of their having been aided by instructors; and in all the (very numerous) cases we know of in which savages have been left to themselves, they appear never to have advanced one step. The experiment, as it may be called, has been going on in various regions for many ages; and it appears to have never once succeeded."

The first of the legends which we find in the Polynesian Mythology, is one called "The Children of Heaven and Earth." On the flat surface of the earth is outspread the heaven. Their children, who would seem to have been identical in nature and daring with the Titans of Hesiod, but whom Polynesian legend represents as more successful in their enterprise than the beings of Grecian fable, found themselves straitened for room; above the lower surface of heaven they could not force a way; and if the caverns of earth gave them a place of refuge, it was, in the language of MacPherson, "dark and unlovely." To remove the inconvenience was their first object. The author of evil suggested slaying them. This was resisted by the others. "Let us tear them apart," was the language of the father of forests; "let the sky become as a stranger to us. Let the earth remain to close us as our nursing mother." Five brothers agreed to this. There was one—the Adversary—who opposed.

The god and father of the cultivated food of man rises up that he may rend them asunder. He fails. The father of fish and reptiles has no better success. The father of such food for man as springs up spontaneously, sinks in the effort. The god and father of savage men tries, and his strength is found wanting. At last arrived Tane-Mahuta, the god and father of forests. He, by violent efforts, at last succeeds. Light is now introduced, and the fair world, which it seems had lain concealed, becomes visible. Tauheremateu, the father of winds, resents the separation. He sends one of his children to the east, one to the south, one to the west, and one to the north. The earth is strewn with the boughs and branches of the trees of Tane-Mahuta, the father of forests. After destroying the forests, this fierce demon, who would seem to be the very prince of the powers of the air, directed his rage against the ocean. The god of ocean flies through his seas. In every mythology man seeks to represent to himself his deities as with human attributes, and so we have ocean wedded, and with his children about him. In their contest with the father of tempests, the children of ocean learn that their fate is hereafter to be cooked and fried. This seems to have been a prophecy of man, and what he would do.

The legend is told somewhat differently in Sir George Grey's book and Mr. Tay-

lor's. When the heaven and the earth are divided it is necessary to keep them asunder; and in Mr. Taylor's legend we have the father of forests—himself in shape a gigantic tree, with his roots planted in heaven, and his head resting in earth, a sort of inverted Atlas—placed at his full length between them—a picturesque object. How long Tane-Mahuta remained in this rather uneasy posture we know not—perhaps for ages—for time never presents a difficulty to the builders of worlds.

"Nine centuries bounce they from cavern to rock,"

and it is but as a moment. He separated heaven and earth, or rather kept them apart at first; but, after a time, we find their continued separation otherwise provided for. Lofty trees rise up from the earth, and are the pillars which support the heaven.

The father of the winds, after dashing the ocean into spray, and tearing up the trees of the forest, next attacked the gods of cultivated and uncultivated food respectively; but here he fortunately failed. Man, *fierce man*, as the native word is interpreted, now appears on the scene. He conquers all his brothers and eats them. This at first looks like cannibalism, but is not quite so bad, as the brothers with long names turn out to be, when interpreted, sweet-potatoes, fern-roots, birds, &c.; and the legend only expresses that all such things became the food of man—of man in that stage in which he is designated as *fierce man*.

Of *Tiki*, the father or creator of man, little is told. He is described as having made man in his own image. He took red clay, kneaded it with his own blood, formed the eyes and limbs, and then gave the image breath. The word *Tiki* is said, in some of the Polynesian languages, to mean an image. A new-born child is described as a gift of Tiki from the unseen world. The crown of a chieftain's head, the most sacred part of his person, is called by the name of Tiki. In one account, we find woman described as made of one of the man's ribs; and "their general term for bone is *hevee*, or as Professor Lee gives it, *iwi*, a sound bearing a singular resemblance to the Hebrew name of our first mother."\*

\* Craik, "New Zealanders," p. 325. Professor Craik quotes "Nicholas's Voyage," vol. 1, p. 69, and "Lee's New Zealand Grammar," p. 140.



The great hero of the New Zealand mythology is Maui. Of him a hundred stories are told. He can scarcely be called a god. If a god, he most resembles the Hermes of the Greek poets—if man, ascending to the rank of god, Hercules is not unlike the conception. He is known not alone in New Zealand, but in several of the islands. He is one of six brothers, but destined to be the greatest of all. His brothers are called “the forgetful,” or “the absent.” The youngest is known by many names, each name expressing some one of his attributes. He is, however, most often called by the endearing name given to the infant child of a chieftain—Potiki, or the gift of Tiki from the unseen world. Legends, many of them as playful as those in Homer’s Hymn to Hermes, are told of him and his early wiles, in which there is often quite as much of malice as of fun. A good many of them are told in Sir George Grey’s book, and are exceedingly amusing; a good many more are given by Mr. Taylor. Maui is a great fisherman, and he actually fishes up the northern island of New Zealand from the depths of the sea. The shape of the land proves the truth of the story. The hills and valleys, and all the irregularities of the surface of the land, arose from the fact, that his brothers crimped the fish with their tuatini—the tuatini is the ancient Maori knife, an instrument bordered with a row of shark’s teeth. The shape and appearance of the land vouches for the truth of the story. The salt-water eye of the fish is Wanganui-a-tera (Port Nicholson); the fresh-water eye is Wairarapa; the upper jaw is Rongo-Rongo (the north head of Port Nicholson); the lower jaw is Te Rimurapa (south head of ditto). The head of this land-fish of Maui lies at Turakirae (a mountain on the coast near Wairarapa); the tail is the spirits’ flying place (Cape Maria Van Diemen); the belly is Taupo and Tongariro.

Maui waxes ambitious. He lays snares for the sun and moon, but the sun’s rays bite his traps in two. This is hot work, and he calls for water. He calls to the birds—some refuse to obey, some fail in the effort to get it. One he throws into the fire—hence its yellow color through all after ages; another he streaks with white near the beak; he pulls the legs of a third, to enable it to move freely in the water. Maui is said also, on another oc-

casional, to have tattooed the lips of the native dog—hence its black muzzle.

Maui seeks immortality. He thinks to conquer death. The sun and moon, he sees, do not perish, because they bathe in the living fountain. He will do the same. He will descend into the Hades—into the unseen land—there the living stream is. The success of his adventure depended on his entering the unseen world and returning before the Goddess of Death, whom he found sleeping, should awake. All the birds of the air were his companions, and he charged them to be silent. All were silent with expectation. Then the Piwaka-waka began to laugh. “Hell’s jaws closed,” and this was the end of Maui. “Had not the Piwaka-waka laughed, Maui would have drunk of the living stream, and man would never have died.”

We are disposed rather to refer to a review of Sir George Grey’s *Polynesian Mythology*, by a fellow-laborer of ours, which appeared in the last July number of this journal, than ourselves relate the stories of the other mythological heroes of the Maori legends. Mr. Taylor’s accounts and Sir George’s differ, but not essentially. To a person interested in the subject, it would be desirable to read both.

The gods of the Maori seem, for the most part, to have been deified men. The chief thought connected with spiritual matters is, that their ancestors are divinities—most often jealous and malignant. They are thought of as enemies to be propitiated. The spirits of children who have died soon after birth, are regarded with peculiar fear. They are supposed to wish to lessen to others the enjoyment of life, of which they have been defrauded; and they are also thought of as having passed away from earth too soon to have formed such attachments to their families as would make the spirits of grown persons kindly disposed. If a future state is presented to the mind of a New Zealander, it would seem to be only as if life was lengthened out indefinitely, the unseen world being the scene of the same kind of enjoyments and troubles as occupy men on earth. The gods were more often heard than seen. A low, whistling sound was recognized as the voice of a spirit or a god—the whirlwind and the thunder were also divine. To the eye, a deity was manifested in the

rainbow—the stars were heroes who had passed from earth.

"The following account was given by a Chief, who was in a war expedition against the Ngatiawa, at Otaki. They were endeavoring to storm the powerful pa Kakutu, at Rangituru. At noon, when encamped opposite the beleaguered place, Puta, the Priest of Taupo, who was in their party, stood and prayed to Rongo-mai, the great god of his tribe, that he would manifest himself in their favor, and give the pa into their hands. Immediately a great noise was heard in the heavens, and they saw Rongo-mai rushing through the air, his form, which is that of a whale, was of fire, with a great head; he flew straight into the pa, which he entered with his head downwards, knocking up the dust, which arose in a cloud with a crash like thunder. The Priest said, in two days the place would be taken, which accordingly came to pass. My informant, a very sensible Christian Chief, believed it was actually the god who appeared, bid him draw his form, which he did; it was evidently a meteor, and a very bright one, to have been thus apparent at noon. It is remarkable that it should have been seen at the very moment the Priest was praying for his god to appear, and further, that it should have fallen into the very pa they were attacking. It was natural that it should have been regarded as a favorable omen by one, and as the contrary by the others; but had the besieged not been intimidated, and fought courageously and conquered, then it would doubtless have been considered as a favorable omen for them. It is according to the result that these sights are estimated, and as many are seen without anything remarkable occurring, so nothing is thought of them, but only of the few which are attended with a particular result, as in this instance. A similar case occurred to me during a journey into the interior of the Island. I was preaching from the words, 'Behold I saw Satan like lightning fall from heaven.' I had no sooner concluded, than the chapel, a dark building of raupo, with the only door and a small aperture to admit the light, was suddenly illuminated; we all rushed out and saw a splendid meteor, like a drawn sword. My congregation, with almost one voice, exclaimed, 'There is Satan falling from heaven.' My son once saw a brilliant meteor in the middle of the day; he immediately ran into the house to tell us, but we were only just in time to see its receding rays. Some few years ago, four or five meteoric stones were seen at Wanganni, during the day, rushing with great noise and brightness through the air; they flew in a crescent form, and appeared to fall so near, that some Europeans who were there went in search of them. Meteors are very frequently seen in New Zealand."—Pp. 42, 43.

The strange institution of Tapu, or Taboo, is discussed in a very valuable essay by Mr. Taylor. He says, it may perhaps be most correctly defined as a "religious observance established for political

purposes." The definition will do less to make the matter understood than the explanations given. In Dieffenbach's Glossary, he interprets the word "tapu" by the English words, "sacred, invisible, forbidden;" and in discussing the subject, he says that "in its sacred and rigorous character it has the double meaning in New Zealand of religious worship and civil law." Religion and law are never separate in early periods of society; and among people circumstanced as the Maori were, where nothing that could be called a central power existed—where, in truth, there was nothing to represent, or even suggest the organization of a State, religion was necessarily the sole bond of union. The simplest cases of the Tapu are nothing more than the assertion of property in any object not before appropriated. The severities of religion, or the dread of punishment from the unseen world, would protect a house, which its owner had left for a season—secure his canoe from being plundered, or form an invisible fence round his kumara field. In the same way the tree which an individual claims as his for any purpose is secured. A married woman or a girl betrothed is "tapu." Places are "tapu" for certain reasons—rivers, with reference to times of fishing—cultivated lands till planting or reaping was completed, and the like. Breaking the tapu in this world is punished by the Atuas, or spirits of the dead, who punish the crime by the infliction of disease. Such are some of the simplest cases, but they would be far from giving an adequate representation of a custom that extends to every relation and incident of life, and that connects itself with the whole system of society.

The "tapu" consisted in making persons, places, or things "sacred," or separated. A person under the "tapu" could not be touched by any one, or even raise his hand to his head. He was fed by another. In drinking, water was poured from a calabash into his mouth. When poured upon his hands, in washing, he could not touch the vessel from which it was poured.

A person became "tapu" by touching a dead body, or by suffering from serious disease.

The clothes that had been worn by an aviki or chief, were "tapu." If worn by another, the belief was that the act would be punished by death. The tinder-box of

a chief was lost or mislaid. Some persons were rash enough to light their pipes at it, but are said to have died of actual fright when they found who had been the owner, and what a powerful "tapu" they had violated. The sanctity of the owner in some way rendered whatever had been used by him sacred. It partook of his nature—became, as it were, a part of him. How much more would this be the case, for in this superstition considerations of more and less arose, if the *blood* of the chieftain touched any object. A party of natives visited one of the great chiefs in a new canoe. While at his place, he went out with them in the canoe, a short distance. While getting to the boat he hurt his foot, and blood flowed from the wound. The owner of the boat, knowing that this "tapued" the boat to the chief, dragged it on shore and left it for him opposite his house. Mr. Taylor had an escape of losing his house from a similar accident. A native gentleman struck his head against a beam and cut it. The custom of the country would in former times have given the house to him. The inconvenience of applying native customs to strangers resident in the country appears, however, to have been felt, and, long before this incident, it is probable that this precise consequence would have been unlikely to follow in such a case. The punishment incurred by a violation of the "tapu" was supposed to be inflicted by "atuas," who were the spirits of ancestors, who were often very capricious in their resentments, and who were quite as likely, if not more so, to visit the crime on their relative who suffered the wrong, as on those whom mere human laws would regard as the offender. The sacred place where a chieftain ate his food could not be allowed to be polluted by the clothes of a slave, "for the clothes having become sacred the instant they entered the precincts of the 'tapued' place, would ever after be useless in the ordinary business of his life, since they would be liable to be brought frequently in contact with food intended for the use of the family." "Hence," adds Mr. Shortland, from whom we have quoted the last sentence, "we cease to wonder that a chief should have been moved in anger, even to kill a slave who, through carelessness, caused him to offend the dreaded spirits by such an act as that of leaving any article of his dress within the limits of the family cookhouse,

although, while ignorant of the peculiarity of the New Zealander's superstitious belief, we must have regarded his doing so as wanton barbarity."\*

As the support of the people depended, before New Zealand had become a colony, on the cultivation of the kumara and taro, all employed in such work were made "tapu," and could undertake no other work till this was completed. The grounds themselves were in the same way interdicted to all not so occupied. The karakias, or solemn spells, by which persons and places were thus devoted, remind us of the strange ritual language of the Zenda Vesta; and through this whole subject it is impossible not to think of the old eastern solemnities, in which law and religion were united. The great ruling power, however, was the human imagination. Disregard the spell, and its power was at an end, so far as the Atuas were concerned. Other sanctions, no doubt, there were, not of law, but of that in which all law has its support, opinion. And an offender against the feelings of a people, while public opinion had undergone no change, was not unlikely to meet his fate from those who were more quick to anger than dead ancestors, however deep their interest in the fortunes of their race. But even before Christianity had gained an ascendant over the natives, public opinion was changing upon this subject. The rank of the person imposing the "tapu" was looked to; and the powerful man disregarded the "tapu" of an inferior. "In the early days of the mission it was a great annoyance." The missionaries at last determined to disregard it, and the natives then said the "tapu" did not apply to Europeans, as being of a different religion. This was soon extended to their converts, and the "tapu" may be described as ceasing to exist.

There were some persons and places always sacred, as arikis and tohungas, and their houses, in which—such was the force of the tapu—even the owners could not eat, but took their meals in the open air; women could not eat with the men. The sacred character of the man was such, that thus communicated it was feared it would be death. If a covetous chief took a fancy to anything belonging to an inferior, he called it by his own name, said it

\* Shortland's Southern Districts of New Zealand, 294.

was a part of himself—his backbone was the favorite phrase—and it became his. The head was the most sacred part of the person, that which the chieftain could not himself even touch. "D—your eyes," from an English sailor, is not to any one a very polite phrase, but we can form no conception of how it wounds Maori feeling. "I'll plug your ears with tobacco," roused one of their old chiefs into actual madness. To hear any one talk of placing food in his ear, a part of his head, without avenging the insult, would be to a chief to incur the anger of the spirits of the dead, and the consequent punishment. To a "missionary" native it would be of less moment, from his belief that the God preached by the Pakepa had power over the malignant spirits of the dead, and would protect him. In the disputes with the English Government, the natives tapued the woods and the sea-coast, and great inconvenience arose from the wish to respect their superstitions. In many cases a small sum of money, or a trifling present, was enough to have all difficulties from the tapu removed, as its duration depended on the will of the person imposing it:

"It is evident therefore that the tapu arises from the will of the chief; that by it he laid a ban upon whatever he felt disposed. It was a great power, which could at all times be exercised for his own advantage, and the maintenance of his power; frequently making some trifling circumstance the reason of putting a whole community to great inconvenience, rendering a road to the pa, perhaps the most direct and frequented, or a grove, or a fountain, or anything else, tapu, by his arbitrary will. Without the tapu, he was only 'he tangata noa,' or common man, and this is what long deterred many high chiefs from embracing Christianity, lest they should lose this main support of their power.

"Few but ariki, or great tohungas, claimed the power of the tapu; inferior ones, indeed, occasionally used it, but the observance of it was chiefly confined to his own retainers, and was often violated with impunity, or by giving a small utu or payment. But he who presumed to violate the tapu of an ariki, did it at the risk of his life and property.

"The tapu in many instances was beneficial, considering the state of society, the absence of law, and the fierce character of the people; it formed no bad substitute for a dictatorial form of government, and made the nearest approach to an organized state of society, or rather it may be regarded as the last remaining trace of a more civilized policy, possessed by their remote ancestors. In it we discern somewhat of the ancient dignity and power of the high chief or ariki, and a remnant of the sovereign authority they once

possessed, with the remarkable union of the kingly and sacerdotal character in their persons. It rendered them a distinct race; more nearly allied to gods than men; their persons, garments, houses, and everything belonging to them, being so sacred, that to touch or meddle with them was alone sufficient to occasion death.

"Their gods being no more than deceased chiefs, they were regarded as living ones, and thus were not to be killed by inferior men, but only by those who had more powerful atuas in them. The victorious chief who had slain numbers, and had swallowed their eyes, and drank their blood, was supposed to have added the spirits of his victims to his own; and thus increased the power of his spirit. To keep up this idea, and hinder the lower orders from trying whether it were possible to kill such corporeal and living gods, was the grand work of the tapu; and it did succeed in doing so; during by-gone ages it has had a wide-spread sway, and exercised a fearful power over benighted races of men, until the stone cut without hands smote this mighty image of cruelty on its feet, caused it to fall, and like the chaff of the summer's threshing floor, the wind of God's word has swept it away!"—Taylor's "Te Ika a Maui; or, New Zealand and its Inhabitants," pp. 63, 64.

Slavery existed through Polynesia; and while their superstitions, which we have mentioned, continued, it was almost impossible it should ever have been done away. On this subject we transcribe a sentence from Mr. Shortland:

"In relation to the subject under consideration, it may be here stated that the 'atua' of one tribe are not believed to meddle with the members of another tribe; and that, when a person was taken prisoner, his connection with his own tribe was severed, and its 'atua' ceased to care for him. Hence, as a captive had no dread of offending the 'atua' of his own or of his adopted tribe by cooking or by carrying food on his back, every sort of work having to do with cooking was performed by this class of persons, aided by those females of the tribe who were not supposed to be regarded with peculiar interest by the 'atua,' and were therefore unworthy to be ranked among the sacred.

"Slavery was, in New Zealand, a necessary consequence of the superstitious belief of its inhabitants. The captive was, however, in some respects more free than his master; he entered into conversation with him fearlessly, he fed well, was not expected to overwork himself, and seldom cared to return to his own tribe—which circumstance in itself is a satisfactory proof of his being generally well treated; and if eventually he obtained a wife from the females of his adopted tribe, his children inherited their mother's position, and became objects of care to the spirits of her ancestors. Any one, therefore, would be led into error, were he to form an idea of the condition of this class of persons from a knowledge of what slavery has



been generally, or is now, in other countries."—Shortland's "Southern Districts of New Zealand," pp. 296, 297.

Without some knowledge of their legendary history, and of their peculiar customs, it is impossible to understand any narrative from the natives; worse than this, the narrative will mislead, as metaphorical language will be mistaken for literal. Mr. Shortland, who, in 1843, was acting in New Zealand in the double capacity of protector of native interests and interpreter to Land Commissioners sent out by the British Government, gives us a curious instance of his being nearly misled in an important case by not knowing, or not at the moment remembering, the import of figurative language. The whole story is so illustrative of native character, or rather, perhaps, of the vicious shrewdness of individual natives wishing to use English laws and English power to carry out their object, that we may as well relate it in a few words.

An old chief, Pokeni, lived near Mr. Shortland's residence. He was always accompanied by a child, the great-grandson of a brother of his wife. Pokeni called on Mr. Shortland, to tell him, that not long before the arrival of Mr. Shortland's party the child's father had been murdered by a chief whom he named. Karetai was willing to meet the accusation, and the case was heard in the presence of all concerned, except Taiaroa, who, it will appear, was an important actor in the case. Kohi, the deceased man, was joint owner of a boat with Karetai, Matahara, and others. Kohi fell ill, and thought himself at the point of death. He feared that his son, the boy whom Pokeni adopted, would by his death be deprived of the chance of getting any benefit from the boat, and he determined to burn it. His wife, Piro, endeavored in vain to dissuade him, and even placed the child on the dry brushwood, which he had got heaped into the boat that it might be more easily set on fire. All in vain. Kohi was too ill to walk, but he had himself carried to the beach, where he lay looking at the boat burning.

Karetai came next morning, but did no more than scold. Matahara and the rest appeared on the following day. Matahara was the most furious. He kicked him, "and struck the ground repeatedly, naming different parts of Kohi's body at each

blow." He then set his house on fire, stripped him of all his clothes but his shirt, and left him on the beach. Under his shirt he contrived to conceal a "raka-pounamu," a weapon made of the stone, pounamu, which belonged jointly to him and Taiaroa. He gave this to his wife, bid her conceal it from Taiaroa, and keep it for their child. Taiaroa is told that it has been lost when the house was burnt, and believes, or affects to believe, this account of it. The dying man is removed to Taiaroa's house. On the day after his arrival it is suggested to him, by Taiaroa and his wife, that if his death occurs soon, they will be able to refer it to the violence offered him by Matahara, and that it is better for him, with this view, to allow himself to be strangled. He consents. A slave watches at the door during this scene of the tragedy. He takes the rope, ties a slip-knot, and adjusts the cord round his neck. "Piro," his wife, "sat at his feet, while Taiaroa pulls the rope tight, till he was dead."

Taiaroa now ties crape round his hat, calls on a Wesleyan missionary, and tells in minute detail how Matahara has murdered Kohi, by jumping on his breast and back. The missionary writes to the police magistrate, and Matahara is apprehended, charged with the murder, and Karetai as being an accomplice. Piro, in the meanwhile, goes to live with a European, and confides the "rauka-pounamu" to his care. Some of the natives saw it, and inquiries about it led Piro to reveal the whole story.

Mr. Shortland tells that the witnesses, when telling of Matahara's striking the ground, cursing at the same time the different parts of Kohi's body, used language which led him to believe at first that Kohi, and not the ground, received each blow. A chief will sometimes complain of being shot at, when he is only shot at in effigy. This is not an unfrequent form of insult.

The despicable shrewdness by which these people sought to carry out their own objects through the instrumentality of our laws, is not unlike what might happen in parts of Queen Victoria's dominions nearer home. We remember a case where a man's ears were cropped off with the assistance of his sisters, and the crime charged on persons in his neighborhood—the object being, as far as it could be ascertained, to appear as a witness in a

case of brutal outrage—to obtain in this way his support for a while—and finally to be enabled to emigrate at the expense of the Government. We transcribe from Mr. Shortland an account of the price of the boat, which would seem almost to describe a purchase made in Galway. The very names look not unlike some rustic spelling of such names as Carthy, Mat. O'Hara, &c.:

"The following statement of the amount of property contributed by each of the natives, ten in number, who had a share in the boat, was made during the investigation of the case:

		Baskets. Potatoes.	Pigs.
Karetai, Te Matahara,	} contributed	300	21
and two others ..			
Kohi .. .. .	"	100	6
Pohata .. .. .	"	200	5
Tabeke .. .. .	"	100	5
Three others .. ..	"		4
		700	41

If we suppose the potatoes worth sixpence per basket of 35 lbs., and the pigs twelve shillings each, which is a moderate estimate, the sum paid was at least £42, a very handsome price for a second-hand boat."—P. 19.

The "tapu" was imposed by uttering a karakia, or charm. It was removed by a counter-spell. The Maori, before the introduction of Christianity, never did anything without uttering a karakia. They had charms for success in hunting, fishing, and war. They never went a journey without committing themselves to the care of friendly Atuas, or seeking to overpower the hostility of enemies among their ancestors in Hades. When they planted the kumara, they had incantations. The natives will not, without great reluctance, repeat their karakias. The heathen natives regard the spells as sacred; hence their reluctance. Those who have embraced Christianity regard them as invocations to evil spirits, and on this account shrink from the utterance. In the heathen times, an infant was baptized when eight days old, and at this baptism received his name. The baptism was sometimes performed by immersion in a running stream, at times by sprinkling. The following is one of the karakias used on the occasion:

"Sprinkle this boy—  
Let him flame with anger;  
The hail will fall;  
Dedicate him to the god of war;  
Ward, ward off the spears, let them pass off.

Be nimble to jump about;  
Shield off the blow, shield off the spear;  
Let the brave man jump about—  
Dedicate him to the god of war."

After the baptism comes this charm:

"Clear the land for food, and be strong to work:  
You be angry and industrious;  
You be courageous;  
You must work—  
You must work before the dew is off the ground."

There followed, after some interval of time, a rite, which Mr. Taylor says resembled confirmation. It would appear that this second rite was a formal dedication of the child to Tu, the god of war. The following incantation was then uttered by the priest, while he and his attendants stood naked in the water, which they splashed and sprinkled about:

"This is the spirit; the spirit is present—  
The spirit of this tapu.  
The boy will be angry; the boy will flame;  
The boy will be brave; the boy will possess thought.  
Name ye the boy,  
That he may be angry, that he may flame—  
To make the hail fall.  
Dedicate him to fight for Tu;  
Ward off the blow, that he may fight for Tu.  
The man of war jumps, and wards off the blows."

When war was declared, the warriors of a tribe were placed under a tapu; after the war had ceased, the tapu was removed. In both cases ritual verse was used. We pass over what Mr. Taylor says of their witchcraft. It does not essentially differ from that of every other people in the same stage of barbarism. He has a striking chapter on the ceremonies and customs relating to the dead. When a chief dies, the event is communicated to a district by howling, by firing of guns, by all manner of noise that can be made. Of silent grief there is no thought. The body, until interment, is placed in a sitting posture, dressed out in mats, and adorned with feathers; the mere, or war-club, the gun and the spear, rest beside the deceased. The body is dressed in the best garments; and such part of the property of the deceased as he has last used is burned with him. The earlier customs of the island were, that one or more of the chief's wives would

strangle themselves, to wait upon him in the other world. Slaves, too, were killed, that he might not be without attendants. Milder usages have since prevailed; but a widow will sometimes insist on spreading her mat over a husband's grave, and sleeping there. Sometimes the widow will console herself by cutting off her husband's head, having it dried, and then sleeping with it by her side. There were funeral feasts and disinterments—the last probably for the purpose of having the tapu removed, and the ornaments and implements which had been buried with him rendered again available for use, which, without the removal of the tapu, they could not have been.

They have as many heavens as the Hindoos—as many compartments in Hades as Quevedo himself. The lowest are the worst. There the spirits fed upon nothing but flies, and this food is not sufficient to sustain spiritual life, so that those who had their lodgings on the ground-floor faded into shadow, and from that into blank nothing-at-all. Something better off were those spirits who fed upon the spirits of kumaros and taroes. The keeper of the place will sometimes drive back a dying man, and not suffer him to cross over the plank which leads from the end of the earth to the unseen world. A curious superstition, identical with one that we find in the Greek mythology, makes them believe that if one does not eat of the fruit of the Reinga he may return again to the earth. A story, such as we find everywhere, of a person while in a trance visiting the world of the dead, was told Mr. Taylor. An old woman said she visited the other world—was offered food, which she declined—was permitted by the authorities there to return to earth, but was interrupted by spirits, whom she propitiated by throwing to them a kumara given her by a relative whom she met in the course of her journey.

The entrance to the other world is supposed to be at the Reinga, literally the leaping-place, which is situated to the east of Cape Maria Van Diemen. "Reinga," says Mr. Dieffenbach, "is the extremity of a cliff of conglomerate rock, which cannot be approached from the sea-side, and which lines the coast for about six miles." It is the limit of the known world to the New Zealanders. Sands everywhere encroach upon this part of the island. Hills

once covered by the kauri pine are now stripped of the trees which at one time were a protection against the sands, and nothing is seen growing there but a few stunted trees, with the manuka and the fern. It is probable that a forest, such as in the old classical mythology, and in Dante's, led to the world of the unseen, was, at the time the Reinga was thought of as the entrance to Hades, in the imagination of the fablers of the Maori; but we know not whether the desolation of its present aspect does not better fall in with the thought of a separation from earth and its enjoyments. At death, man's spirit, according to Maori belief, leaves the body, and, like a meteor, shoots down to the Reinga. An ancient pohutucana tree is there, upon the branches of which the spirit then makes its way. The place is looked upon with fear, and even Christian natives refused to accompany Dieffenbach thither. Of late the spell is in some degree broken, as a missionary is said to have cut off one of the branches by which the spirit was supposed to descend. A fanciful thought is blended with this superstition. The spirit of a person who resided in the interior brought with it a leaf of the palm-tree to tell of its home—that of a person from the coast brought with it a kind of grass which grows by the sea-side. We are reminded of that beautiful passage in Moore's *Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*, where a number of young girls are described as gathering chaplets:

"— Sweet, though mournful 'tis to see '  
How each prefers a garland from that tree '  
Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,  
And the dear fields and friendships far away."

Before the spirit of an ariki or chieftain descends into the Reinga, he first ascends to the visible heaven, where his left eye becomes a star. From the Reinga the spirits of the dead can communicate through the Tohunga, who hears them, and can interpret their language. They speak in the whistling of the wind, and often in dreams. When they speak in dreams, it is to the priest or the ariki, who then communicates what is thus commanded or counselled.

The natives are great believers in dreams. In dreams the soul is supposed by them to visit the Reinga and converse with the deceased. Dreams go by con-

traries. To see a friend in your dream dying is a sure sign of his being in good health. If he appear well, it is a sign of his death. To dream of seeing the dead is of evil omen. Several cases of dreams are stated by Mr. Taylor, with their interpretation. The belief is so firm in these dreams, and in the received interpretation of them, that recovery from serious illness would seem often to occur from the effect of the imagination. One case is told where a dying native dreamed of a missionary's wife meeting him and shaking him by the hand. He was so cheered by the dream that recovery commenced, and when he was able to go about, the first thing he did was to visit the lady whose appearance in the dream was of such good omen.

We are told that there is no such thing among the Maori as a marriage ceremony. They had their *karakias* and incantation for everything else. Here there were none.

§["The ancient and most general way of obtaining a wife was for the gentleman to summon his friends, and make a regular *taua*, or fight, to carry off the lady by force, and oftentimes with great violence. Even when a girl was bestowed in marriage by her parents, frequently some distant relatives would feel aggrieved, and fancy they had a greater right to her, as a wife of one of their tribe; or, if the girl had eloped with some one on whom she had placed her affections, then her father or brothers would refuse their consent, and in either case would carry a *taua* against the husband and his friends, to regain possession of the girl, either by persuasion or force. If confined in a house, they would pull it down, and if they gained access, then a fearful contest would ensue. The unfortunate female thus placed between two contending parties, would soon be divested of every rag of clothing, and thus would be seized by her head, hair, or limbs, and as those who contended for her became tired with the struggle, fresh combatants would supply their places from the rear, climbing over the shoulders of their friends, and so edge themselves into the mass immediately round the woman, whose cries and shrieks would be unheeded by her savage friends; in this way, the poor creature was often nearly torn to pieces. These savage contests sometimes ended in the strongest party bearing off in triumph the naked person of the bride; in some cases, after a long season of suffering, she recovered, to be given to a person for whom she had no affection; in others, to die within a few hours or days from the injuries she had received. But it was not uncommon for the weaker party, when they found they could not prevail, for one of them to put an end to the contest by suddenly plunging his spear into the woman's bosom, to hinder her from becoming the property of another.

"Even in the case when all was agreeable, it was still customary for the bridegroom to go with a party, and appear to take her away by force, her friends yielding her up after a feigned struggle. A few days afterwards the parents of the lady, with all her relatives, came to the bridegroom for his pretended abduction; after much speaking and apparent anger, the bridegroom generally made a handsome present of fine mats, &c., giving the party an abundant feast."—Pp. 163, 164.

Mr. Taylor has brought together, in his valuable book, all that he has learned of the country during a life passed there. We must, in our account of his work, confine ourselves to a few topics. There is a good deal on the subject of emigration well worth attention. We can give but a sentence:

"There is a party strongly opposed to cheap land, from the fear that it will make all proprietors, and destroy the laboring class. This is especially the fear of the gentleman settler, and the successful speculator: the one fears the want of labor, the other the depreciation of his property.

"There can be no doubt that, whether the price of land be high or low, all will be landholders, and labor will be high; it is neither possible nor desirable to hinder this. The industrious will get on, and possess land. Even in New Zealand, large land proprietors have been compelled to pay their butcher's and baker's bills with land. Mr. Peel, the founder of the Swan River settlement, found little benefit from his monster grant, many as his acres were; they were soon paid away for labor, and his servants became the chief men. In fact, all those fanciful theories of transplanting society, in all its artificial relations and integrity, to a remote wilderness, is about as feasible as the removing of an aged oak, with all its roots and branches, from its native forest to the antipodes. The colony must pass through its varied stages before such can be expected. The gentleman who leaves England, with his servants, male and female, must not be surprised if, before many years have gone by, he should sit at the same table with them, and hear his former footman, now the influential member or superintendent of his province, request the pleasure of taking wine with his lady; and he being obliged to ask his lady's waiting maid, now converted into the wealthy Mrs. So-and-so, to take wine with him. It is surprising to see what a difference a few years make in the relative positions of colonists: how many of the lowly are exalted, and some of the high brought down. Mind, in some respects, has more play in the colony, and more probability of getting forward, whatever external difficulties it may have to contend with. In fact, the colonist is the man stripped of the garb of artificial society. Man is there equal to his fellow-man; it is mind that draws the true line of distinction; and there is a freedom and charm in such a state, which more than compensates for the loss of fancied dig-



nity; and few who have lived many years in a colony, will find the artificial state of society at home so congenial to their feelings as the freedom from it in the colony.

"There is one great want felt in all these infant settlements, and that is of roads and bridges, and other public works. Labor being high, and the colonial resources small, there is little chance of these necessary works being completed without aid. Few colonies can boast of so many public works, and such good roads, bridges, hospitals, &c., as New South Wales, and in this respect there is a marked difference between that country and Victoria, where all these are wanting. The former is indebted for them to the convict; who supplies an amount of labor which could not otherwise have been procured. When the home Government proposed to continue sending its convicts, there was a general outcry, lest such an influx of crime should have swamped the morality and virtue of their society, which would not perhaps have been very difficult to be done, and therefore their fears were just. Neither was the plan proposed by Government one likely to answer. It might have made the convict hypocritically good for a short time, in order to obtain power to be bad hereafter; but it would not have effected any radical change for the better. Yet it is evident that, under a modified system, the convict might be sent with great advantage to the colony, and with little fear of moral danger.

"If some were sent out for long periods, and those in detachments, suited to the wants of the different provinces, under proper surveillance, there could be then no more reason to fear their presence, than there is of them whilst in their hulks or jails. If each colonial town had its convict gang, how many public works might be made, which otherwise cannot be hoped for. This is actually what is now being done by the Colonial Government with their own prisoners; they are thus employed, and it is very proper they should be, as the most likely way to reform them. At any rate, the view here taken may perhaps be worth further thought and consideration."—Pp. 266-268.

There is a chapter on the subject of the native chiefs, and the mode in which they should be treated. It seems plain that their power to oppose the Government is increased by their being held at arm's-length. Mr. Taylor suggests confiding to them the duties of magistrates; members of local boards; and military officers. In principle, there can be little doubt he is right; but there must be a good deal of difficulty in carrying out the practical arrangements of such a course. A considerable portion of the work is occupied with the geology, botany, and natural history of the country. There is a discussion on the position of the Church in the colony into which we shall not enter. The tenure of land among the natives, a very im-

portant question, is discussed, but we cannot say that a person seeking accurate information about it will find it here. On this subject much more is to be learned from Mr. Shortland. "Land," Mr. Taylor tells us, "is held in three ways by the natives—either by the tribe, by some family of it, or by a single individual." This is easily intelligible, but when he comes to deduce any inferences from it as to rights of purchasers, or of devolution of title, he seems to have forgotten what he has said. We assume, that, on such a subject, none but a lawyer would be able to speak with such strict accuracy as not to have his language likely to mislead; and with such an interest in not exhibiting a true state of facts as one or other of the parties must have in any investigation of title, there would be a good chance of even a person educated in lawyer-craft going wrong. Individuals, no doubt, had their distinguishable lands, marked with one boundary designation or another; but the question remains, were their rights absolute? did they close at the death of the possessor, or were they inherited? If inherited, whether by all their children or by one—by brothers, and in what proportions? Suppose such questions answered, did such rights in any way depend on the chief? Had the chief of a district any, and what, power over its inhabitants? Could he by any act of "tapu," or otherwise, deprive a man of his land? Could he by any act sell or transfer it? The class of inquiries which the law of tanistry rendered necessary among the Celtic tribes, did they never arise here? Was the chief's own power hereditary, or elective, through all the islands? Many of such questions arose and had to be determined in the courts of law—claims at which Mr. Shortland assisted. He mentions, with amazement, the accuracy with which the natives were enabled to exhibit all the links of their descent for some fifteen or sixteen generations. He was enabled to test this accuracy by comparing the statements of persons tracing to the same ancestor through distinct lines of descent. The circumstance that where the line passes through a female, her husband's name is always given, preented an undesigned connexion between statements derived from independent sources. The narratives were, for the most part, given in the same form of words as if repeated from old poems—as no doubt

was the case in the earlier links of such pedigree. An old chief, when questioned as to the ground of his belief in the traditions of his tribe, replied that he had learned them from his grandfather, and taught them to his grandchild—so that he could speak as to the transmission for five generations. Why then distrust their earlier transmission in the same way? They have persons educated in a knowledge of their laws, which, as we have

said, are with them not regarded as separated or separable from religion. These persons preserve the old traditions, and in case of any dispute, are referred to. "They are their books of reference and their lawyers."

We have exceeded our space. Some topics connected with the language and with the poetry of this remarkable people, we hope at a future time to bring before our readers.

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*From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

## T H E C O U R T B A L L .

THE splendid city of St. Petersburg wore an air of unusual gaiety and excitement on the morning of the 6th December, 18—. In the immediate neighborhood of the Winter Palace, this excitement and bustle of preparation was manifest. Servants clad in the imperial livery were to be seen running to and fro in all directions; some assisting to lift into their places the most fragrant exotics, destined to decorate the sumptuous halls; others laden with some of the choicest flowers, looking gayer and more beautiful because of the contrast they presented to the dead winter-season out of doors; whilst to a third set of careful hands was intrusted the transport of the large light bandboxes containing the ball-dresses of her Majesty's maids of honor.

All these signs of preparation for the coming festivity belonged especially to that day; for had not the Empress Alexandra issued her invitations, commanding those so honored as to receive them to attend her annual ball, given in celebration of his Majesty the Emperor Nicholas's name-day?

Already, at daybreak, some honest prayers for his health and happiness had been offered up, and some warm, heartfelt good wishes for his prosperity breathed from the twelve prisoners for political

offences pardoned and liberated, in honor of that occasion, from the fortress; but, indeed, though doubtless their emotions might surpass in enthusiasm and intensity those of the mass of the people, still there was pretty generally spread in those days a very warm and loyal-hearted feeling of personal attachment to the Czar, which, of course, signalized itself on this his saint's day.

At noon, Nicholas reviewed his noble regiment of the Chevalier Guards in the Champ de Mars, taking occasion to commend, with a few well-chosen words, his most efficient officers; on whom, also, he bestowed more tangible marks of his favor, by presenting them with medals of gold, bearing his likeness. From thence he drove to the ice-mountains, where the young cadets were amusing themselves after partaking of a splendid collation, provided for them by their imperial master. Ay, and right royal and noble did he look as he leaped from his sledge on arriving on the ground; and right glad and welcome rose the cheer from two hundred young voices, clear and shrill in the frosty air, greeting his presence among them.

Thus passed the hours of the fête-day. At ten o'clock at night, the windows of the Winter Palace presented one blaze of

light; and the string of carriages drawn up to deposit the guests at the great doors, betokened that the crowning festivities of the day were about to begin. By eleven o'clock, the Emperor and Empress had entered the ball-room, and walked through the first *Polonaise*, when two very elegantly dressed ladies passed through the crowds of decorated uniforms that obstructed their progress, and made their way up to the far end of the magnificent saloons, to the dais occupied by the Empress. As they will play rather an important part in this little narrative, I will describe their position in life and their personal appearance.

Although of Polish extraction, the elder of the two sisters—for such was their relationship—possessed the style of beauty most admired in Russia. She might have been about twenty-five years of age, and was fair, fresh-complexioned, and of middling stature; well formed, but with that full figure which gives promise in after-life of embonpoint. Dressed with extreme taste, and blazing with jewels, she attracted many eyes as she floated through the room. Six or seven years earlier, she had married the Prince Gagarine, a noble well known to stand high in favor at court, but supposed to be so exclusively occupied with his military duties as to have but small sympathy with the wife so many years younger than himself. They had no children, and the interest and amusements of the Princess Gagarine centred in the world of gaiety, where she filled a prominent place, and of which she was esteemed a most distinguished ornament.

On the evening in question, her look and whole manner denoted some especial cause of pride and pleasure, and it arose from the very legitimate circumstance that it was the first occasion of her sister's appearance in the highest society of the capital; and I call this pride and pleasure legitimate, for she filled in some degree the place of a mother to the young girl who accompanied her.

It may seem strange that this evening should have been the first introduction of that sister to the court, but it was the consequence of a train of circumstances somewhat unusual. Owing to the feeble health of their mother, she had been brought up in great retirement; and it was only on the death of this lady, some time before, that the duty of finishing her education, and presenting her to the

world, had devolved on the Princess. For this reason, a mixed feeling of curiosity and admiration pervaded the courtly crowd, who turned to gaze on the fair young companion the Princess led so triumphantly to the foot of the throne.

Natalie Polensky was barely seventeen, and presented a great but charming contrast to her elder sister. Tall, slight, with masses of the darkest hair, glossy and beautiful, folded simply round her head in thick braids, with a more lofty, refined, spiritual style of beauty in her features, and a more sweet and earnest expression in her dark eyes, well might she excite the envy of some, and gratify the admiration of others of the gazers who turned so inquiringly towards her; and above all, well might she justify the conscious air of undisguised pleasure with which the Princess presented her to her imperial mistress. As to Natalie, her manner, shy and yet dignified, expressed in graceful contrast the gratification so young a girl must have felt in so splendid a scene, and somewhat of bewilderment at the crowd and confusion around her.

As they retired from making their obeisance to their imperial host, the kind eyes of the Empress followed them with some interest; and she smiled slightly to see how many aspirants pressed forward to solicit the hand of Natalie for the dance about to begin. But ere she could make a selection, the Grand Duke Alexander, the present Emperor of All the Russias, passed through the crowd, and led her out from the midst of the many competitors for the first waltz. Nor were Natalie's triumphs destined to end here; the Emperor himself congratulated the Princess on her sister's rare attractions; and the Empress hinted that, on the first occasion, she would decorate her with the *chiffre*, and appoint her maid of honor.

Never had a ball seemed so delightful, and never did the Princess return to her home more gratified than she did on that memorable night; and, indeed, it was but the commencement of a series of conquests; and this might account for the fair Natalie refusing many brilliant and unexceptionable offers of marriage. Possibly, young as she was, she shrunk from surrendering her liberty so soon—possibly she nursed some girlish dream of greater love and more faithful devotion than these courtly suitors seemed likely to bestow upon her. Her sister left her undisturbed,

and made no remonstrances on account of those many rejections; perhaps she did not wish so soon to relinquish the pleasure of her society, or the share of popularity that Natalie's success reflected upon herself. In the mean time, as had been expected, the younger sister was created maid of honor to her Majesty; and the first separation between them occurred when she went with the court to spend the summer season quietly at Peterhof, in the happy domestic circle of her imperial mistress.

There, the attraction the Empress had felt towards her from the very first ripened into warm interest; for during the many hours of quiet life, rendered imperative by her feeble health, Natalie's beautiful voice and great musical talents contributed much to cheer and soothe her; and in the humbler occupation of reading aloud, the maid of honor spent many hours of most pleasurable retirement with the family of one she learned to love as a friend, while she revered and honored her as a mistress.

So passed the brief bright summer-days at Peterhof. In the mean time, people began to wonder why the heir-apparent of the throne did not marry. His father more than once spoke to him seriously on the duty that lay before him, and questioned him respecting his feelings towards the various German princesses whose families alone could be honored by his choice. The Grand Duke answered lightly enough, that there was plenty of time before him; and with a significant shrug of the shoulders, that made even his father's face relax into a smile, dismissed the topic.

By and by, the Empress also addressed her son on the same subject, telling him openly how anxious she felt about it. He answered her as he had done his father; but it is not so easy to deceive a mother's eye; she well knew this assumed indifference veiled some deeper feeling in her son's heart. She determined to watch him narrowly. Judge, then, of the mingled consternation and pain with which she became convinced her favorite Natalie was the object of his affections, and when she could not but believe that the feeling was warmly reciprocated.

The Princess Gagarine was immediately commanded to a private interview; wherein, to her extreme surprise, the Empress, with heightened color and nervous trembling of the voice, accosted her by de-

manding abruptly what she knew about her sister's audacious attachment. The Princess, of course, denied all knowledge, all suspicion of the fact imputed, and endeavored to reassure the Empress by declaring that she must be mistaken; but when she was dismissed, and could question Natalie in private, she found that such was by no means the case. In vain did she argue with her that it was impossible the Grand Duke should really love her; in vain represent to her that he only assumed the appearance of affection to amuse himself at her expense; and urged upon her, by every consideration of pride, of self-respect, and womanly feeling, to rouse herself from so dangerous, so fatal a delusion. To all this, Natalie only made reply by confessing the most entire faith in her lover's protestations. After a prolonged and painful discussion, the Princess sought her husband's advice upon the matter. He took it up most seriously, and threw himself upon his sister-in-law's compassion, imploring her, for all their sakes, to combat and control her unfortunate passion; adding, "If once it reach the ears of his Majesty, we are all ruined."

Next day the Princess besought an interview with her Majesty, which was immediately granted; and throwing herself at the Empress's feet, she implored her to pardon what she called her guilty negligence in not having foreseen such a possibility, and warned her sister against yielding to it, declaring her own and her husband's perfect innocence in other respects. "Command us, madame, and how gladly and implicitly shall you be obeyed! I will watch over my unfortunate sister night and day: never shall they meet again; never shall any messages or correspondence pass between them; only, I entreat your Majesty, keep what has transpired a secret from the Emperor, or we are all lost."

The Empress, mollified by her candor and submission, promised to think over it, and see her again. Three days from that time, the two sisters were on their way to Italy, as the rumor ran, to cultivate to the utmost the great musical talent of the younger lady, which had so recommended her to her imperial mistress's favor. In itself, this would have excited no surprise; but the downcast looks, ill health, and evident depression of spirits under which the Grand Duke labored, gave rise to many whispered hints, that took form and shape gradually—and which did not escape the



eagle observation of the Czar; therefore it was with more authority of manner than in his first discussion with his son, that he commanded him to prepare for a tour into Germany, for the express purpose of selecting his future consort.

Three years passed away, and the short and brilliant reign of Natalie Polensky had been almost forgotten in the triumphs of later and more fortunate beauties; the Grand Duke Alexander had recovered his usual health and spirits, and even the likelihood of his approaching nuptials with the Princess Mary of Darmstadt began to be currently reported. In the mean time, Natalie had gradually faded away like a flower transplanted to some uncongenial soil, and with the heat of the noonday sun pouring down unsheltered upon its head. She had altered day by day, wasting and fretting away to a pale, delicate, spiritless girl. Her medical men pronounced her illness to be a decline; there seemed not so much of actual disease, as utter prostration of strength, and an overwhelming lassitude and languor, from which nothing could arouse her; and they suggested that as a last resource, revisiting her native land might be beneficial, as indeed it seemed to offer the only hope of recovery.

Then, for the first time, the Princess Gagarine ventured to forward a petition to the Emperor, stating her sister's case, and soliciting most humbly permission to return to Russia. On the first presentation of the request, it was refused most peremptorily; but the Empress hearing how pale, and feeble, and altered her old favorite had become, interfered with such success, that not only were they recalled to the capital, but on the first anniversary, after their return, of the day of St. Nicholas, their names again appeared among those honored by an invitation to the court ball.

On that evening, let us enter the boudoir of the Princess an hour or two before the time appointed for their attendance. It was the first time Natalie had ventured to appear in public; and on this occasion she lay back on her sofa, propped up with pillows, so weak and exhausted, that the most uninterested spectator would have dreaded for her the excitement and fatigue of such an exertion. But it is needless to say that neither of them for a moment hesitated to obey the flattering command which summoned them once more within

the orbit of the court. I have said Natalie lay resting quietly on her sofa; the Princess sat opposite to her, buried in thought, anxious and nervous about the fate of the evening. She did not speak to her, not daring to ask even how she felt, and far less venturing to make the slightest allusion to past events. Indeed, by tacit consent, the one topic had never once been touched upon since they left Russia.

There was a strange contrast between the crimson velvet cushions and the white transparent face, pale and pure, with every feature sharpened and refined by her wasting and undefined illness. The large dark eyes looked larger than ever, now that they seemed to usurp more than their due proportion of the face, and the thick masses of dark hair fell loose and disarranged round her shoulders. Never had her sister seen her look so touchingly beautiful.

Her dress for the evening, of white lace, lay on a chair near her, and with it the wreath of lilies of the valley, one of the commonest of the Russian wild-flowers, which she had selected to wear. She lay back abstracted, turning round and round her thin finger a simple little enamelled ring she had worn night and day for the last three years—a ring she most jealously refused to take off, and which she confessed had words engraved inside it which none but herself and the giver knew of; but who that giver was, or what the motto, the Princess never could ascertain. So they stayed to the last moment, Natalie murmuring to herself the *refrain* of a little German song, an especial favorite of the Empress's—an adieu, full of unshed tears. At last, the Princess Gagarine entering, with some remark on the lateness of the hour, broke the spell of sorrowful recollections, and they rose to prepare for the court ball.

But under what different auspices did they again enter that splendid saloon! With what slow and faltering steps did they advance to pay their respects to their imperial hosts! The eyes of the Empress turned sadly away as Natalie withdrew from the presence; but while she had stood before her, her lips had uttered only cold and common-place regrets for her illness. Beside her had stood the Emperor and the Grand Duke; and every shade of color faded away while she felt what scrutinizing eyes were noting, with

merciless exactness, every point of difference in her appearance since she stood there last.

The ordeal was soon over; and, pale, careworn, and neglected, she sat as an uninterested spectator, gazing on a scene in which she once would have taken a distinguished part. But as the evening wore on, she seemed to rally, and the warmth and excitement brought a glow brighter than health to her cheek. She had constantly refused to dance; and it was not until quite late in the evening that she consented to stand up and take part in a quadrille. Her partner was one of her old admirers, who still loved her with the same warmth he had expressed years before.

I have said she had already met face to face the heir-apparent of the throne. Then, not the sharpest observation could have detected, beyond her extreme pallor, any sign of emotion or embarrassment. The Grand Duke had behaved with the most princely courtesy, and she, on her side, with reserve and respect. But who shall describe her confusion when Alexander took his place opposite her in the dance? It was too late to retreat—all eyes were fixed upon them—and above all predominant, she knew the Emperor's gaze was concentrated on them alone.

In the figure where their hands met for a moment, to the astonishment of everybody, the Grand Duke retained Natalie's hand so long in his grasp, that she lost all self-possession; the room seemed to swim round her, the music to become an indistinct murmur; the coldness of death crept over her limbs, and she was on the point of falling, when the Emperor stepped forward, and, without saying a word, drew her arm within his, and carried rather than led her out of the room; and while some hastened to order round her carriage, to facilitate her departure, he wrapped her in her furred mantle, and, after seeing her safe in her sister's care, returned to the ball-room without changing a muscle of his face.

What a world of emotion and struggle there may be in the heart at the very time when we seem most placidly occupied with simply external things! The quadrille was not over when the Emperor returned to the room; but those who knew what grave interests were concerned in this little scene, that took not half the time to enact it has taken to describe, were not

deceived by the expression of his marble face.

Early next morning, to the surprise of the whole household at Natalie's home, the Emperor was announced, desiring to speak with her alone. With a beating heart she descended to the interview, and awaited the first word. Conceive, then, her feelings when he addressed her as follows:

"Natalie Polensky, you know I have always taken the greatest possible interest in your welfare—tell me, now, what are your prospects for the future?"

"Sire," she replied, "I can answer you without a moment's hesitation, since to-morrow I leave St. Petersburg for Varénège, where I enter the convent, never to leave it again"—she stopped, exhausted, leaning for support against the edge of a table.

"Sit down, Natalie, and listen to me," resumed her interrogator in a kindlier tone. "This must not be—I have in store for you pleasanter prospects. You danced last night with Count Maurenosoff; if I mistake not, he still loves you, and is anxious to renew his proposals for your hand. If such be the case, I shall give you away myself, and your wedding shall be celebrated at the Winter Palace."

Natalie knew too well what this meant, the kind calm tone, and the unmistakable expression of those steadfast, determined eyes; yet she felt at the moment she could dare anything rather than consent to a union which, under other circumstances, might have gratified many a womanly weakness. In her desperation, however, she took courage, and sank at the feet of the Czar:

"Sire," she murmured, "hear me but once more, and you will relent. I love and was beloved by one to whom I swore more than once never to be another's. Let me—oh! let me only remain faithful to that oath—I ask no more!" The stern, impenetrable Nicholas seemed touched by her appeal, but, taking her by the hand, he said:

"My child, listen to a father. The oath you tell me of was a childish one. I doubt not *he* also bound himself by the like. Remember, Natalie—remember he is heir to my throne, and therefore must not, and cannot follow his own wishes and impulses. I sacrifice mine a hundred times a day for my country's welfare. All rests with you, and I cannot doubt

what your decision will be. While you hold to your word, think you he will consent to break his? So, for the sake of your sovereign, of your country, of him you profess so to love, I demand of you this sacrifice, bitter as it is!"

The poor girl hid her face in her hands, and almost inaudibly said: "Sire, I am your Majesty's slave."

It was true what he had said—it was no high-sounding speech of merely worldly policy; for those who knew Nicholas best do believe him, however mistaken, to have been a conscientious man, who actually did daily and hourly sacrifice his private feelings to what he believed his duty. He had done so even in the present instance. By one word of imperative command, he could have attained his object; but the Autocrat had stooped to argument and solicitation with the young girl, who bent like a reed before him.

At the betrothal, which took place immediately, and during the whole time of the splendid preparations for the wedding, Natalie lived and moved as in a dream—nothing gave her pleasure, nothing pain. On the evening appointed for the religious ceremony, when all the guests were assembled, and the bridesmaids, thirty-six in number, and mustering among them the highest rank and beauty of the young nobility of Russia, were assembled in the magnificently lighted and decorated church—when the bridegroom Maurenosoff stood, looking, in spite of all the repulses he had received at Natalie's hands,

proud, contented, and almost happy—all eyes were turned towards the church-doors, when presently the bells began noisily to announce the approach of the bride, and in another instant, leaning on the Emperor's arm, she appeared.

Never shall I forget that scene—never lose from my memory the impression of that marble face and utterly unresisting manner. If she had been in her coffin, she would have looked less deathlike there, than when she stood shrouded in lace and glittering with jewels staring at vacancy, hearing nothing, understanding nothing, answering as if the words and their meaning were alike indifferent. After the ceremony was concluded, she received the congratulations of her friends, and even the kiss of the Empress, as if so many condolences had been offered her. But nature broke down under the forced composure of the moment, and she entered her new home, borne across the threshold in a state of insensibility. I need add nothing more. The Emperor had judged rightly; and the marriage of the Grand Duke with the present Empress took place very shortly afterwards.

Within a year after marriage, I saw the Countess Maurenosoff in her coffin: she had died giving birth to twin-daughters.

The incidents of this little narrative are well known in St. Petersburg, and will be recognized by many who will appreciate the reasons that have made me alter the names of all but the principal actors.

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From the *Athenæum*.

### WAS GEORGE IV. MARRIED TO MRS. FITZHERBERT?\*

THE story runs that Queen Caroline of Brunswick, on being asked if she had ever violated her marriage vow, replied, very vehemently, "No;" but added, after some hesitation, "Well, if I ever did, it was with Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband." The volume before us is written to show not

only who that husband was, but also that Mrs. Fitzherbert was really and truly his wife.

The lady thus named was born exactly a century ago. She was the daughter of a Hampshire gentleman, Walter Smythe, Esq., and was yet a child when, on seeing Louis the Fifteenth dining in public at Versailles, she laughed aloud at the King's awkwardness in pulling a chicken to pieces.

\* *Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert*. By the Hon. Charles Langdale. London.

At the age of nineteen, in the very spring-time of a beauty which she retained almost to her latest years, Mary Smythe married Mr. Weld, of Lulworth Castle. Mr. Weld died in a few months. Three years later the young widow contracted a second marriage with a Staffordshire gentleman, Mr. Fitzherbert. But her wedded life was subject to sudden breaks. Mr. Fitzherbert died, in consequence of bathing when in an overheated state from his exertions in the Gordon riots. At twenty-five, the lady was again a widow, with an independent property of £2,000 a-year, a charming disposition, and considerable personal attractions. She kept her widowhood at Richmond, and might have been the heroine of that once popular ballad (which Prince Florizel himself might have written):

"I would crowns resign to call her mine,  
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill."

The "Lass of Richmond Hill" nearly had a crown brought to her feet. George, the fat and fair young Prince, already wearied with his poor Perdita, saw the brilliant young beauty. His heart was, as he said, seriously affected; the fair widow divided his affection with the bottle, and he became an assiduous wooer, whom Mrs. Fitzherbert as assiduously endeavored to avoid. The coyness of the nymph only the more inflamed the swain. But the lady was obdurate, and remained deaf to all entreaty, till "Keit, the surgeon, Lord Onslow, Lord Southampton, and Mr. Edward Bouverie, arrived at her house in the utmost consternation, informing her that the life of the Prince was in imminent danger—that he had stabbed himself, and that only *her* immediate presence could save him." There probably never was a man so ridiculous when playing the part of a lover as the Prince of Wales. To have himself bled, in order that he might look pale and interesting in the eyes of the Cynthia of the minute, was with him no unusual trick. On this occasion, however, it was positively declared that he had stabbed himself, and the four male emissaries of Love besought the young widow to hasten and heal the wound. After some decent resistance, she proceeded to Carlton House. She went thither under the very proper guardianship of the Duchess of Devonshire. When she reached the Palace, "she found the Prince pale and covered with blood. The sight," we are

told, "so overpowered her faculties that she was deprived almost of all consciousness. The Prince told her that nothing could induce him to live unless she promised to become his wife, and permitted him to put a ring round her finger. It is believed that the Duchess of Devonshire supplied the ring that was to be the solemn pledge of love, and so, for the moment, ended a ceremony which will remind the reader of "*Les Noces de Gamache*."

Some of Mrs. Fitzherbert's friends, to whom the character and the manners of Prince Florizel were well known, seem to have had small faith in the sanguinary legend. Lord Stourton asked her "whether she did not believe that some trick had been practised, and that it was not really the blood of His Royal Highness?" The lady, however, had faith in both the lover and the legend. She believed all she was told, and all she saw; and, moreover, to maintain her faith, "she had frequently seen the scar." She added, with amazing simplicity for a young lady who had buried two husbands, as a piece of corroborative evidence, "that some brandy-and-water was near his bedside when she was called to him on the day he wounded himself."

However satisfied the Prince may have been with his trick, the lady speedily grew frightened, and repented. A narrative was drawn up of what had passed, the persons present signed it as witnesses, the young widow entered her protest against the whole proceeding, declared that she had not been a free agent, and forthwith fled beyond sea, to Aix-la-Chapelle, and subsequently to Holland. The wounded Prince "went down into the country, to Lord Southampton's, for change of air."

The romance, of course, did not end here—the plot only thickened. In Holland the fugitive lady became intimate with the Princess of Orange, "who at that very time was the object of negotiation with the Royal Family of England, for the heir-apparent." The Princess, all unconscious that "her most dangerous rival" was her very dear friend, questioned her closely touching the princely lover in whom she contemplated her future husband. What Mrs. Fitzherbert reported upon the matter we are not told; but she informed her friends that "she was often placed in circumstances of considerable embarrassment; but her object being," as



we are directed to observe, "to break through her own engagements, she was not the hypocrite she might have appeared afterwards, as she would have been very happy to have furthered this alliance."

She remained a year on the Continent, endeavoring, in her own phrase, to "fight off" the perilous honors that continued to be offered to, nay, pressed upon, her. She traversed France and Switzerland, whither couriers, bearing ardent dispatches, followed her with such speed, and in such numbers, that the suspicious French Government at last caught three of them, and very unceremoniously clapped them into prison. But what can not lovers, and especially princely lovers, effect? The strongest proof we can name of the depth and strength of the attachment of the English heir-apparent, is the fact that he once wrote a love-letter of seven-and-thirty pages, in which long letter he asserted that George the Third would connive at the union. We have a less satisfactory incident in the circumstance that the notorious Egalité, Duke of Orleans, was the love agent for the Prince. Between principal and agent the lady softened. She was "fearful of the desperation" of her royal lover; and she finally consented to return to England and become his wife. Immediately after her arrival she was married to the Prince, we are told, "according to the rites of the Catholic Church in this country"—a statement which does not very clearly agree with what is stated in a subsequent sentence. "Her uncle, Harry Errington, and her brother, Jack Smythe, being witnesses to the contract, along with the Protestant clergyman who officiated at the ceremony. *No Roman Catholic priest officiated.* A certificate of this marriage is extant, in the handwriting of the Prince, and with his signature and that of Mary Fitzherbert. The witnesses' names were added; but, at the earnest request of the parties in a time of danger, they were afterwards cut out by Mrs. Fitzherbert herself with her own scissors, to save them from the peril of the law."

Our readers know how the public and parliamentary attention was directed to this illegal marriage; how Fox directly addressed himself to the Prince; how the latter boldly denied the fact of the marriage; and how his "dear Charles" was made the mouthpiece of his denial, in the face of the House of Commons. Mrs.

Fitzherbert was indignant, but her indignation was softened by "repeated assurances" given by her mendacious husband that Fox had never been authorized to make the declaration. The "wife and no wife" seems to have been sorely perplexed, but her "friends" informed her that "she was bound to accept the word of her husband." "The public supported her by their conduct on this occasion; for at no period of her life were their visits so numerous at her house as on the day which followed Mr. Fox's memorable speech; and, to use her own expression, the knocker was never still during the whole day."

To Sheridan, who had informed her that Parliament would probably take up the matter, she observed "that they knew she was like a dog with a log round its neck, and they must protect her." Fox she never forgave; and when he was in power, "and made some overtures to her in order to recover her good-will, she refused, though the attainment of the rank of Duchess was to be the fruit of their reconciliation. On naming this circumstance to me," says Lord Stourton, "she observed that she did not wish to be another Duchess of Kendal."

"The effort made by the Prince to persuade Mrs. Fitzherbert that he was not a party to Mr. Fox's denial of the marriage between them, is curiously illustrated by the following anecdote, which I have on the authority of Mr. Bodenham, the brother-in-law of Lord Stourton, who received this account from Lord Stourton: Mrs. Fitzherbert was on a visit with the Hon. Mrs. Butler, her friend and relative, and at whose house the Prince frequently met Mrs. Fitzherbert. The Prince called the morning after the denial of the marriage in the House of Commons by Mr. Fox. He went up to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and taking hold of both her hands and caressing her, said, 'Only conceive, Maria, what Fox did yesterday. He went down to the House and denied that you and I were man and wife! Did you ever hear of such a thing?' Mrs. Fitzherbert made no reply, but changed countenance and turned pale."

Mr. Langdale is perhaps rather too zealous a champion in behalf of Mrs. Fitzherbert. His object in publishing a Memoir, of which Lord Stourton is really the author, is to prove that the lady in question was the most virtuous of women; one who "avoided the attempts made upon her honor by a prince, who had, indeed, but little experience of the power exercised by religion over the conduct of a Catholic lady." Mr. Langdale maintains that the

Memoirs "prove that her principles had taught her to resist all the fascinations of the most accomplished gentleman, united, in her devoted admirer, to the highest princely rank." Lord Holland, in *his* Memoirs, had stated that the lady was very easy upon the whole matter, and considered the marriage ceremony as a subject of very secondary consideration. Mr. Langdale is indignant at this statement, and he proves that it is ill founded. On the other hand, Mrs. Fitzherbert and all the parties concerned must have been aware that the ceremony no more constituted a *legal* marriage than if it had never been performed at all. Society generally, perhaps, looked upon it in another light. Even Queen Charlotte herself is said (by Mr. Weld of Lulworth Castle) to have remarked when the Prince expressed, or exhibited, his marked aversion to a union with the Princess of Brunswick, that he himself best knew whether there was, or was not, any serious obstacle to such a marriage. "It is for you, George, to see whether you can marry the Princess or not." On this delicate part of the subject Mr. Langdale makes some remarks, which will probably surprise most readers:

"Mrs. Fitzherbert was a Catholic, and educated in the principles of the Catholic religion, whose doctrines could admit no distinction between a prince and a peasant, condemning alike the criminal indulgences of either, and maintaining in both the indissoluble sacredness of the marriage contract. But what does this additional proof of no Catholic priest, and therefore no marriage, amount to? Why, to just as much as the whole story of the asseverations of Lord Holland's 'man of strict veracity.' In this case, as in every other, every circumstance proves the exact reverse of his statements, and of Lord Holland's deductions therefrom. The presence of a Catholic priest would not, in any way, have added to the validity of the marriage in the eyes of the Catholic Church; and, therefore, it is fair to conclude, would not have added to them in those of Mrs. Fitzherbert, a well-educated Catholic, especially likely to be well-informed on the mode of conducting the marriage ceremony so as to fulfil the forms and conditions required by her own Church, returning as she was from the Catholic continent with the special intention of fulfilling those conditions, the absence of which had driven her abroad. \* \* What the Prince of Wales might have thought of the marriage I am not called upon to say or prove; but without adopting either the supposition of Lord Holland or his friend, that it was 'at *his* repeated and earnest solicitation the ceremony was resorted to,' I can imagine no interpretation but one, by an upright and honorable mind, of a solemn pledge, whether according to

the form of law or not, to take a woman for his wife. Certainly this ceremony having been gone through before a clergyman of the Established Church might naturally have been supposed by Mrs. Fitzherbert to add to its authenticity, if not its legality, in the eyes of those, whether the Prince himself, her family, or the country, who professed the same religion. To himself, as witness to the marriage, and as such signing the certificate, it was equally obligatory, as if performed in the presence of a Catholic priest."

To *herself*, no doubt. Her contemporaries were universally inclined to look upon the union as a real compact. The lovers of romance, especially, gave both parties credit for honest attachment. Yet Mr. Langdale alludes to "attempts made upon her honor by the Prince." This may or may not be romantic; but the question is, was a marriage really celebrated? If the sanction of the Church of England, in the person of one of its ministers, be required, we have it in the declaration of Horne Tooke, who, "treating the statute of 12 George III. with not unusual contempt," spoke of Mrs. Fitzherbert as "both legally, really, worthily, and happily for this country, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales." So thought the famous "bathing woman" at Brighton, Mrs. Gunn, who never saw Mrs. Fitzherbert without hailing her as "Mrs. Prince." Even Dr. Doran, who, as Mr. Langdale seems to think, has equally offended with Lord Holland, by describing the Prince of Wales as standing between Mrs. Crouch and Mrs. Fitzherbert, like Macheath between Lucy and Polly, probably had no idea of conveying the imputation which Mr. Langdale discovers in the statement. *Polly*, it will be remembered, was not the loose lady that *Lucy* was. The illustration, after all, was possibly drawn only to represent the faithlessness of the Prince, not to cast an aspersion on either the lady or the actress.

The pecuniary difficulties of the Prince produced the first coolness between the married pair; but the "*ira amantium*" seem to have had the ordinary result. "We must look to the present and the future, and not think of the past," was the comment of the reconciled lover to his wife.

"Her first separation from the Prince was preceded by no quarrel or even coolness, and came upon her quite unexpectedly. She received when sitting down to dinner at the table of William the Fourth, then Duke of Clarence, the first inti-

mation of the loss of her ascendancy over the affections of the Prince; having only the preceding day received a note from His Royal Highness, written in his usual strain of friendship, and speaking of their appointed engagement to dine at the house of the Duke of Clarence. The Prince's letter was written from Brighton, where he had met Lady Jersey. *From that time she never saw the Prince*, and this interruption of their intimacy was followed by his marriage with Queen Caroline; brought about, as Mrs. Fitzherbert conceived, under the twofold influence of the pressure of his debts on the mind of the Prince, and a wish on the part of Lady Jersey to enlarge the royal establishment, in which she was to have an important situation."

The words in italics in the above extract are surely erroneous, as will appear from a portion of the extract below, referring to the period just previous to the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Caroline, and also to a subsequent period:

"One of her great friends and advisers, Lady Claremont, supported her on this trying occasion, and counselled her to rise above her own feelings, and to open her house to the town of London. She adopted the advice, much as it cost her to do so; and all the fashionable world, including all the royal dukes, attended her parties. Upon this, as upon all other occasions, she was principally supported by the Duke of York, with whom, through life, she was always united in the most friendly and confidential relations. Indeed, she frequently assured me, that there was not one of the Royal Family who had not acted with kindness to her. She particularly instanced the Queen; and, as for George the Third, from the time she set foot in England till he ceased to reign, had he been her own father he could not have acted towards her with greater tenderness and affection. She had made it her constant rule to have no secrets of which the Royal Family were not informed by frequent messages, of which the Duke of York was generally the organ of communication, and to that rule she attributed at all periods much of her own contentment and ease in extricating herself from embarrassments which would otherwise have been insurmountable. When she had thought that her connexion with the Prince was broken off for ever by his second union, she was soon placed by him in difficulties from the same earnest and almost desperate pursuit as she had been exposed to during the first interval of his attachment. Numbers of the Royal Family, both male and female, urged a reconciliation, even upon a principle of duty. However, as she was, by his marriage with Queen Caroline, placed in a situation of much difficulty, involving her own conscience, and making it doubtful whether public scandal might not interfere with her own engagements, she determined to resort to the highest authorities of her own church upon a case of such extraordinary in-

tricity. The Rev. Mr. Nassau, one of the chaplains of Warwick Street Chapel, was, therefore, selected to go to Rome and lay the case before that tribunal, upon the express understanding that, if the answer should be favorable, she would again join the Prince; if otherwise, she was determined to abandon the country. In the mean time, whilst the negotiation was pending, she obtained a promise from his Royal Highness that he would not follow her into her retreat in Wales, where she went to a small bathing-place. The reply from Rome, in a brief which in a moment of panic she destroyed, fearful of the consequences during Mr. Percival's administration, was favorable to the wishes of the Prince; and, faithful to her own determination to act as much as possible in the face of the public, she resisted all importunities to meet him clandestinely. The day on which she joined him again at her own house was the same on which she gave a public breakfast to the whole town of London, and to which he was invited. She told me she hardly knew how she could summon resolution to pass that severe ordeal, but she thanked God she had the courage to do so. The next eight years were, she said, the happiest of her connexion with the Prince. She used to say that they were extremely poor, but as merry as crickets; and, as a proof of their poverty, she told me that once, on their returning to Brighton from London, they mustered their common means, and could not raise £5 between them. Upon this, or some such occasion, she related to me that an old and faithful servant endeavored to force them to accept £60, which he said he had accumulated in the service of the best of masters and mistresses. She added, however, that even this period, the happiest of their lives, was much embittered by the numerous political difficulties which frequently surrounded the Prince, and she particularly alluded to what has been termed 'the delicate investigation,' in which Queen Caroline and His Royal Highness had been concerned."

The final cause of separation, strangely enough, arose out of the exercise of a good principle. Mrs. Fitzherbert had under her care the daughter of an old and absent friend, Lady Horatia Seymour. Of this child the Prince was as fond as Mrs. Fitzherbert herself—and when a relative of the little ward endeavored to withdraw her from the guardianship of the last-named lady, the Prince earnestly appealed to Lord Hertford, as head of the family to which Miss Seymour belonged, to interfere in Mrs. Fitzherbert's favor. While thus engaged, His Royal Highness became intimately acquainted with the Marchioness of Hertford, and from that time the influence of Mrs. Fitzherbert declined. The health of the latter lady was seriously affected by the severe trials to which her rival exposed her:

"Attentions were required from her towards Lady Hertford herself, even when most aware of her superior influence over the Prince, and these attentions were extorted by the menace of taking away her child. To diminish her apparent influence in public as well as private was now the object. When at Brighton, the Prince, who had passed part of his mornings with Mrs. Fitzherbert on friendly terms at her own house, did not even notice her in the slightest manner at the Pavilion on the same evenings, and she afterwards understood that such attentions would have been reported to her rival. She was frequently on the point of that separation which afterwards took place, but was prevented by the influence of the Royal Family from carrying her resolution into effect. \* \* \*

A dinner, however, given to Louis XVIII., brought matters at last to a conclusion; and satisfied of a systematic intention to degrade her before the public, she then at last attained the reluctant assent of some of the members of the Royal Family to her determination of finally closing her connexion with the Prince, to whom, in furtherance of this decision, she never afterwards opened the doors of her house. Upon all former occasions, to avoid etiquette in circumstances of such delicacy as regarded her own situation with reference to the Prince, it had been customary to sit at table without regard to rank. Upon the present occasion this plan was to be altered, and Mrs. Fitzherbert was informed through her friends at Court, that at the Royal table the individuals invited were to sit according to their rank. When assured of this novel arrangement, she asked the Prince, who had invited her with the rest of his company, where she was to sit. He said, 'You know, Madame, you have no place.' 'None, sir,' she replied, 'but such as you choose to give me.' Upon this she informed the Royal Family that she would not go. The Duke of York and others endeavored to alter the preconcerted arrangement, but the Prince was inflexible; and aware of the peculiar circumstances of her case, and the distressing nature of her general situation, they no longer hesitated to agree with her, that no advantage was to be obtained by further postponement of her own anxious desire to close her connexion with the Prince, and to retire once more into private life. She told me she often looked back with wonder that she had not sunk under the trials of those two years. Having come to this resolution, she was obliged, on the very evening, or on that which followed the Royal dinner, to attend an assembly at Devonshire House, which was the last evening she saw the Prince previously to their final separation. The Duchess of Devonshire, taking her by the arm, said to her, 'You must come and see the Duke in his own room, as he is suffering from a fit of the gout, but he will be glad to see an old friend.' In passing through the rooms, she saw the Prince and Lady Hertford in a  *tête-à-tête*  conversation, and nearly fainted under all the impressions which then rushed upon her mind, but, taking a glass of water, she recovered and passed on. Thus terminated this fatal, ill-starred connexion,

so unfortunate, probably, for both the parties concerned."

After the death of Queen Caroline, the King announced to Mrs. Fitzherbert his intention to marry again—an announcement to which she simply replied with a "Very well, Sir." The Duke of York, who was always the warm friend of Mrs. Fitzherbert, in alluding to the possible political consequences of her union with the Prince, remarked: "Thank God, he could never wish to raise any claim in contravention of the rights of his brother." In conjunction with Queen Charlotte, the Duke obtained for her £6,000 a year, "in a mortgage deed, which they procured for her, on the Palace at Brighton." King George and his consort treated her with marked respect, and her influence was so great over the former that when he was not on speaking terms with the Prince, she obtained from him a promise to treat his son with kindness; and the Prince "returned from Court in the highest spirits, unaware of the person to whom he was indebted!" The Prince himself showed in what degree he esteemed her judgment by sending for her to Brighton, after their separation, to consult her upon the expediency of breaking with his old political friends. She gave him excellent advice—to act honestly; he, of course, did exactly the reverse. At the time too when, despite his affection for children, he treated his own daughter with extraordinary harshness, the Princess Charlotte flung herself on the neck of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and implored her to beseech her father to treat her with more kindness. The lady weepingly performed the mission assigned her, and told the Prince what evil results might follow if he did not bestow on his daughter the marks of affection which she so well deserved. "That is *your* opinion, madam," was his only reply.

Some regard for the deceived lady, however, evidently clung by Prince Florizel long after he had become King, and when no particle of romance remained. On his death-bed, Maria Fitzherbert addressed to him some touching lines, as from a wife offering her service to a sick husband, which he did not peruse without emotion; and he is said to have attached great value to a portrait of her, taken when she had first attracted his variable fancy. With this portrait round his neck



he is believed to have been entombed. Such was the belief, the probably pleasant belief, of Mrs. Fitzherbert herself, and it is in some degree confirmed by Dr. Carr, Bishop of Worcester, who, on being questioned on the subject by Mr. Bodenham, replied, "Yes, it is very true what you have heard. I remained by the body of the King when they wrapped it round in the cere-cloth; but before that was done, I saw a portrait suspended round his neck—it was attached to a little silver chain."

William the Fourth readily granted an interview, for which Mrs. Fitzherbert applied after the death of her late husband, the King. At this interview, His Majesty perused all the documents submitted to him by the lady. He "was moved to tears by the perusal, and expressed his surprise at so much forbearance, with such documents in her possession, and under the pressure of such long and severe trials." The King offered to make her some amends, by creating her a Duchess, but "she replied that she did not wish for any rank; that she had borne through life the name of Mrs. Fitzherbert, that she had never disgraced it, and did not wish to change it." The King, thereupon, authorized her to assume the royal livery, and to wear widow's weeds for his predecessor. On another occasion, he invited her to the Pavilion, where he "handed her out of her carriage, and introduced her to his family, one after another, as one of themselves."

"Mrs. Fitzherbert told me that the first day, when, in compliance with the commands of the King, she went to the Pavilion, and was presented by him to the Queen and the Royal Family, she was herself much surprised at the great composure with which she was able to sustain a trial of fortitude which appeared so alarming at a distance; but she believed the excitement had sustained her. It was not so the next dinner at which she was present in the same family circle; and the many reflections which then oppressed her mind very nearly overpowered her. Afterwards she frequently attended the King's small Sunday parties at Brighton, and then, as upon all other occasions, she was received with uniform kindness and consideration."

She was treated with similar distinction by the French royal family. In one of her letters, dated "Paris, Dec. 7, 1833," there is the following passage:

"I have taken a very quiet apartment and live

very retired, seeing occasionally some friends. The Duke of Orleans came to see me the moment I arrived, with a thousand kind messages from the King and Queen, desiring me to go to them, which I accordingly have done. Nothing could exceed the kindness of their reception of me: they are both old acquaintances of mine. I have declined all their *fêtes*, and they have given me a general invitation to go there every evening whenever I like it, in a quiet family way, which suits me very much. I really think I never saw a more amiable family; so happy and so united. The King seems worn to death with business all day and all night; but he assured me that things were going on much better, though there were a great many wicked people trying to make mischief. I told him that I was afraid he had sent many of them to make a disturbance in our country. He is very much attached to England, and hopes we shall always be friends."

It is a matter of regret that Mrs. Fitzherbert destroyed her correspondence with the Duke of York. After the Duke's death, Sir Herbert Taylor gave up to her her own letters. She expressed her delight at recovering them, as "she had been almost afraid that they would have got those papers from him." "Not all the kings on the earth should have obtained them," was the reply of Sir Herbert. The extent of the correspondence may be judged of by the fact, that Mrs. Fitzherbert "was for two years employed in the perusal and burning of these letters." So much the worse, as far as the holocaust is concerned, for she says, after avowing that had she been mercenary, "she might have obtained any price she had chosen to ask for the correspondence," she adds that "she could have given the best private and public history of all the transactions of the country, from the close of the American War down to the death of the Duke of York, either from her communications with the Duke, or her own connexions with the opposite party, through the Prince and his friends."

The burning of the correspondence between Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Duke of York was not the only act of cremation over which the lovers of private history have to mourn. On the death of George the Fourth, the following paper was drawn up and signed by the respective parties named therein:

"It is agreed by Mrs. Fitzherbert on the one part, and the executors of the late King on the other, that each will destroy all papers and documents (with the exception of those hereafter mentioned) in the possession of either, signed or writ-

ten by Mrs. Fitzherbert, or by her directions, or signed or written by the late King, when Prince of Wales, or King of Great Britain, &c., or by his command. The two parties agree, that in case any papers signed or written by either of the parties above mentioned, or by the authority of either, shall ever hereafter be found among the papers of the other, they shall be given up as the property of the writer or signer thereof, or of the person who authorized the writing or signature thereof. Such papers and documents as Mrs. Fitzherbert shall wish to keep, shall be sealed up in a cover under the seals of the Duke of Wellington and Sir William Knighton, and of the Earl of Albemarle and Lord Stourton, and be lodged in the bank of Messrs. Coutts, at the disposition of the Earl of Albemarle and of Lord Stourton. The seals not to be broken without the knowledge of the Duke of Wellington and Sir William Knighton. It is understood that no copy of any paper or document is to be taken or kept on either side. Here follows a list of the papers and documents retained by Mrs. Fitzherbert: '1. The mortgage on the Palace at Brighton.—2. The certificate of the marriage, dated Dec. 21st, 1785.—3. Letter from the late King, relating to the marriage, signed [George the Fourth].—4. Will written by the late King [George the Fourth].—5. Memorandum written by Mrs. Fitzherbert, attached to a letter written by the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony.'

The scene of the burning must have been one of some interest. It is thus described by Lord Albemarle in a letter to Lord Stourton:

"I am happy in being able to inform you that the business is now completely arranged, and, I believe I may add, to the satisfaction of all parties. Yesterday, the Duke of Wellington, Mrs. Fitzherbert and myself were busily engaged in burning all the letters, on either side, with the exception of those which Mrs. Fitzherbert chose to keep. It would be unjust to the Duke of Wellington if I did not say that his conduct was gentlemanly and friendly to Mrs. Fitzherbert in every respect, and I know that she is perfectly satisfied. After our great work of burning was over, I went to Messrs. Coutts's and delivered into Mr. Dickie's hands (by Mrs. Fitzherbert's desire) the parcel containing the documents and letters reserved, signed and sealed by the Duke of Wellington and myself. Whenever your Lordship returns to London you will have the goodness to add your name and seal. It is satisfactory to me to add that amongst the papers brought and destroyed by the Duke of Wellington, were the letters which Mrs. Fitzherbert had missed, and which she supposed to have been obtained by Sir William Knighton, and kept by him. I believe the letters were of no consequence, but I clearly saw that this circumstance was an additional relief to Mrs. Fitzherbert's mind. I am sure that we both cordially agree in the hope, and I trust I may add in the confidence, that her anxiety on this

most delicate subject may now be set at rest. She expresses most feelingly her gratitude to your Lordship for your useful and zealous assistance."

Mr. Langdale has in vain applied to the guardians of these documents, asking for their publication, in order to help him to prove his case, as defender of Mrs. Fitzherbert's character. He has been altogether unsuccessful. In February, 1855, the Hon. Edward Keppel conveyed to him, by letter, the opinion of the executors of the late Mrs. Fitzherbert—Sir G. Seymour and Mr. Forster. They are strongly against the production of these papers. "The revival of the subject," adds Mr. Keppel, "would, if it attracted interest, only pander to the bad feelings or curiosity of the great world, without doing good where it is sincerely intended." The document at Coutts's which would probably prove of real interest is the letter signed by George the Fourth, and described as relating to the marriage. Mr. Langdale, however, cites a letter addressed by Lord Stourton to Lord Albemarle, in which reference is made to another document, undoubtedly of some importance, and also to a subject of some delicacy, seeing that there has not been wanting a personage who described himself as the issue of the union between Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Prince of Wales. That lady, it may be observed, "assigned her reasons to me [Lord Stourton] for not placing them [the papers] under the custody of the Damers of the Jerninghams."

"I do not feel satisfied that we have done every thing required, till I am cognizant of the nature of the document signed 5 in our Memorandum, said to contain a memorandum written by Mrs. Fitzherbert attached to a letter written by the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony. Of all the documentary papers, I consider this probably the *most* important; particularly if I am correct in the notion that this memorandum contains Mrs. Fitzherbert's testimony that no issue arose from this marriage. At all events, the clergyman's letter in, in itself (particularly as the certificate is a mutilated instrument), a valuable record in favor of our friend's reputation. I had myself, previously to this arrangement, taken the liberty to counsel Mrs. Fitzherbert to leave some evidence in her own handwriting as to the circumstances of no issue arising from this connexion, and had advised its being noted with her own signature at the back of the certificate. To this she smilingly objected, on the score of delicacy, and I only state it at present in justification of my expectation that the memorandum I

have alluded to is to this effect. Be it as it may, I cannot rest satisfied that I have entirely fulfilled my duty towards my relative and friend, while I remain in entire ignorance of the exact purport of this clergyman's letter and the attached memorandum."

In one of the replies made by the Duke of Wellington to the repeated applications of his co-trustee, the Duke, after alluding to the burning of papers and letters relating to the late King George the Fourth and Mrs. Fitzherbert, thus writes :

"Mrs. Fitzherbert expressed a strong desire to retain undestroyed particular papers in which she felt a strong interest. I considered it my duty to consent to these papers remaining undestroyed, if means could be devised of keeping them as secret and confidential papers as they had been up to that moment. Mrs. Fitzherbert expressed an anxiety at least equal to that which I felt, that those papers, although preserved, should not be made public. It was agreed, therefore, that they should be deposited in a packet, and be sealed up under the seals of the Earl of Albemarle, your Lordship and myself, and lodged at Messrs. Coutts's, the bankers. Circumstances have, in some degree, changed since the death of Mrs. Fitzherbert; but it is still very desirable to avoid drawing public attention to, and re-awakening the subject by public discussion of the narrations to which the papers relate, which are deposited in the packet sealed up, to which I have above referred. And I am convinced that neither I nor any of the survivors of the royal family, of those who lived in the days in which these transactions occurred, could view with more pain any publication or discussion of them than would the late Mrs. Fitzherbert when alive. Under these circumstances, having acted conscientiously and upon honor throughout the affairs detailed in this letter, I cannot but consider it my duty to protest, and I do protest most solemnly against the measure proposed by your Lordship, that of breaking the seals affixed to the packet of papers belonging to the late Mrs. Fitzherbert, deposited at Messrs. Coutts, the bankers, under the several seals of the Earl of Albemarle, your Lordship and myself."

The last years of this lady, who is destined to hold a place both in romance and history, were passed almost entirely at

Brighton. There she died, in March, 1837, and over her remains a monument has been erected by Mrs. Lionel Dawson Damer, the Miss Seymour who so innocently caused Mrs. Fitzherbert to make way for a very different personage—the Marchioness of Hertford. The monument is simply raised to the memory of "Maria Fitzherbert," by "one to whom she was more than a parent." The only allusion to her equivocal greatness is made under a symbol. "The hand of the figure had (*sic*) the singular addition of three rings on the fingers, thus bearing the evidence of the affectionate lady who erected it to the triple marriage of her departed friend."

It will probably be seen by the above analysis and extracts that Mr. Langdale has made an acceptable contribution to the History of England. He has been impelled thereto by a desire to rescue the name and memory of Mrs. Fitzherbert from reproach. Such championship was hardly necessary; for no living man thinks of casting reproach upon either. Lord Holland's idle words could not do it, and the writer whom Mr. Langdale quotes, we are very certain, from the words quoted, could not intend it. Mr. Langdale still asks, or rather hopes, for the publication of the documents locked up at Coutts's bank. These business papers may throw some, but, perhaps, not much more light on this chapter of romantic history than Mr. Langdale has given by printing the narrative of his kinsman, Lord Stourton, and adding thereto what he knew personally. His volume will neither raise nor depress Mrs. Fitzherbert in the judgment and estimation of the public. On George the Fourth it will only heap an additional measure of contempt, and it will gratify the Church of England by showing how that Church was recognized by the Pope, when the Pontiff acknowledged the validity of its marriage ceremony, performed (without license, for anything we are told to the contrary) by an English clergyman, in Mrs. Fitzherbert's own drawing-room.

From Chambers's Journal.

## THE YOUNG FRENCH HEIR.

At the present moment, when all France, or may we not rather say, all Europe, is awaiting with interest that event which will probably give an heir to the empire of France, the mind instinctively reverts to the past, and looks back, through the vista of nearly half a century, to that moment when the reverberation of cannon, together with the silent voice of telegraphic dispatches, and the hasty messages of imperial couriers, announced to all Europe that a son was born to Napoleon the Great. Never, perhaps, was Napoleon more worthy of this cogomon than at that moment when, on hearing that Maria Louisa's life was in peril, he silenced the voice of selfish ambition within his breast, and in answer to the inquiry of her physician, uttered these memorable words: "Save the mother—it is her right." The sacrifice which he so promptly consented to make was not demanded of him. A son was given into his arms; and at that moment of satisfied ambition, the voice of the father spoke still more forcibly within his heart than that of the sovereign, for it is said that he was seen to shed tears of joy over the helpless babe which lay within his arms.

The King of Rome was born on the morning of March 20, 1811. He was so feeble at the time of his birth, that it was deemed advisable that he should receive the rite of baptism without delay. On the evening of that day was he, therefore, borne to the chapel of the Tuileries, whither he was accompanied by his father and the whole imperial family. Upon a white velvet carpet, embroidered with golden bees, stood a granite pedestal, sustaining a richly chased vase of silver gilt. This was destined to be the baptismal font. The Emperor placed himself at his *prie-dieu*, which stood beneath a dais in the centre of the chapel. When he approached the font to present his son to be baptized, there was a moment of deep silence. The conqueror seemed to be sub-

dued into the father. Who can guess what deep emotions, what shadowy anticipations filled the heart of Napoleon the Great at that solemn moment! All within the chapel was perfectly still, while the acclamations of the multitude without bespoke the tumult of popular joy at the birth of an heir to the throne. A moment it was of vivid contrast, and so living in its historic importance, that its memory is as fresh as ever among men, while the actors of that scene are one and all passed away from the busy stage of this world's drama:

"Their parts enacted, and the curtain fallen!"

On his return to his own apartments, Napoleon's countenance beamed with pleasure, and he was heard to hum some favorite operatic air, as he often did, when in particular good-humor: although the falsity of his musical tones made these performances by no means agreeable to the hearer. On meeting some of his courtiers, he said to them playfully: "Well, gentlemen, we have, I think, got a fine handsome boy. He made us wait a little, to be sure; but here he is at last!"

It was many months later when the royal infant was presented with great ceremony at the church of Notre Dame, and received the names of Napoleon-Francis-Charles-Joseph. These were the names of his godfathers. They may still be found in his baptismal register, and found also engraved upon the tomb which closed above his uncrowned head at the early age of twenty-one years.

Napoleon idolized his son. His mode of playing with him was occasionally rather too rough for so young a child; and then, if the infant shed tears, his father would say to him: "What, sire! you are crying? O fie, fie! A king should never cry." The little fellow was usually brought to see his father at breakfast-time; and then the Emperor would dip his finger into a glass of claret, and make him suck it; or occa-



sionally he would dip his finger into some sauce, and put it on his son's cheeks or on the tip of his little nose. This delighted the child greatly; and once he marked his desire very emphatically that the same should be done to "Maman Quiou," as he called his governess, Madame de Montesquieu. The Emperor had shown his usual discernment in the selection of this lady as his son's *gouvernante*. Noble by nature as by birth, she united firmness of principle and dignity of manners with all the gentle tenderness of a loving woman's heart. Her management of her pupil was admirable. He was good-tempered and affectionate, but often also wilful and passionate. One day, when he had given way to a violent fit of passion, Madame de Montesquieu ordered all the window-shutters in his apartment to be closed. It was at noon, and the child was astonished at the sudden and unexpected darkness. He asked his governess what was the reason of it. "In order that no one should hear you cry, sire. Frenchmen never would have you for their king if they knew that you were naughty."

"But they could not hear me, could they?"

"I fear they must, sire; you were crying so loud just now."

"Ah, Maman Quiou," said the little king, throwing himself into her arms, while he sobbed aloud, "I will not do so any more. Forgive me this time, and I will be good." The kindly *gouvernante* needed not to be urged to pardon her pupil, for she never even spoke a severe word to him but with the view to make him more worthy of the noble heritage which then seemed to await him.

The young Prince's delight was to make his way to the *grands appartements*, where he always expected to find his father; and, in his impatience to reach them, he would often run on before Madame de Montesquieu. One day, on his arriving alone at the door of the Emperor's cabinet, the fair-haired boy looked up to the gentleman-usher who was in attendance there, and with his little silvery voice said to him, rather imperatively: "Open the door: I want to see papa."

"Sire, I cannot open to your Majesty."

"Why not? I am the little King."

"But your Majesty is alone."

It was the Emperor's command that his son should not be admitted without his governess. He wished to give the child

a high idea of her authority, and also to check, in this quiet way, the natural wilfulness of his disposition. On receiving this answer, his eyes filled with tears. He said nothing, but gazed steadfastly at the usher, and remained perfectly still for about a minute, until Madame de Montesquieu had reached the spot; then, catching hold of her hand, and looking proudly at the usher, he said to him: "Open the door now—the little King commands it!" ("Le petit roi le veut!") Immediately the door was opened, and the usher announced "His Majesty the King of Rome!" The little Prince, who was passionately fond of his father, flew into his arms, without taking notice of some of the ministers who were in the Emperor's cabinet, where they had just been attending a council. Napoleon, although pleased at these marks of his son's affection, checked him immediately by saying: "You have not saluted any one, sire. Come, salute these gentlemen, if you please." Little Napoleon, turning towards the ministerial group, and bending slightly towards them, sent them a kiss with his hand. The Emperor, raising him in his arms, said to the ministers: "Well, gentlemen, no one, I hope, will say that I neglect my son's education. You see how he does his manners."\*

Napoleon had commanded that his son should early become accessible to persons in distress who wished to solicit his aid; and this was a desire in which he was cordially seconded by Madame de Montesquieu. One day, when the court was residing at St. Cloud, the little King of Rome was gazing out of a window, as he was very fond of doing, at all the people going to and coming from the château. He perceived at a little distance a young woman, dressed in deep mourning, and holding by the hand a little boy of about his own age, also clad in black. This child held in his hand a large sheet of paper, which he frequently raised up towards the King of Rome, as if desirous to attract his attention.

"Why is that little boy dressed all in black?" inquired the King of his governess.

"Probably because he has lost his

\* The original words are untranslatable: "Il sait très bien sa *civilité puérile et honnête*." This was a favorite expression of Napoleon's when he was in good-humor.

father. Would you like to know what he wants?"

Her pupil answering in the affirmative, Madame de Montesquieu sent for the woman and her little boy. They proved to be the widow and orphan of an officer who had recently died of wounds received in Spain. The widow wished to solicit a pension; and she thought that a petition, presented to the King of Rome by her son, might prove more successful than if sent through any other channel. Nor was she mistaken. The little King was quite moved by the appearance of a child of his own age who looked so unhappy. He took the petition, and put it carefully by, as his father was out hunting, and he could not speak to him on that day.

The next morning, he was quite impatient to reach the Emperor's apartment. "Here, papa," said he, "is a petition from a little boy who was dressed all in black. His papa was killed for you; and his poor mamma wants a pension, because she is very poor, and looks so unhappy."

"Ha! ha!" said the Emperor smiling, as he drew his son towards him; "so you are giving away pensions already! *Diable!* you are beginning early. Come, let us see who is your *protégé*."

The widow's claim proved to be a valid one, and would doubtless have been recognized at a later time; but, thanks to the King of Rome's application, the warrant for her pension was forwarded to her on the very same day, together with the amount of a year's pension added to the order. It may be that the widow and her son are yet alive, and remember with gratitude the boyish interest of the little King, as well as the prompt assistance of his imperial father.

Never, perhaps, was Napoleon's paternal heart more full of pride and hope than when, upon a later occasion, he presented his son to the army at a grand review on the Champ de Mars. His countenance

beamed with happiness as he witnessed the enthusiasm of his troops, and heard their shouts of delight. The Old Guards especially, "the bravest of the brave," were almost delirious with joy on seeing the King of Rome in the arms of their beloved chief and Emperor.

"Was he afraid?" inquired Maria Louisa afterwards of her husband.

"Afraid! no, indeed: he knew very well that he was in the midst of his father's friends."

After the review, Napoleon spoke for some time with M. Fontaine about the palace which he proposed building for the King of Rome, opposite the Ecole Militaire and the Champ de Mars. He talked also of Rome to M. Fontaine, who was a true artist, and understood the subject well. Napoleon expressed his regret at never having reached the gates of that queenly city—he whose name was so closely identified with that of Italy. "But I will assuredly go there some day or other," said he to M. Fontaine; "for it is the city of my little King."

How soon these sunlit visions of future happiness faded away into gloom and darkness, it lies not within our province to tell. It remains for us here only to say, that when the infant King found himself uncrowned, expatriated, forgotten or despised by many who had once been servile in their adulation, there were two hearts at least which beat for him as fondly and as truly as in the palmy days of his early childhood. Still was he the idol of his exiled father; and still was he surrounded by the tender care of Madame de Montesquieu, who, abandoning for his sake her country, her family, her friends, accompanied the Duke of Reichstadt to an ungenial land, where she devoted herself as assiduously to his education and happiness as if he still bore upon his brow the crown of imperial Rome, and still was the world-honored heir of Napoleon the Great.

From Dickens' Household Words.

## TWO COLLEGE FRIENDS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.

IN the year seventeen hundred and seventy-three, two young men took possession of the only habitable rooms of the old tumble-down rectory-house of Combe-Warleigh, in one of the wildest parts of one of the western counties, then chiefly notable for miles upon miles of totally uncultivated moor and hill. The rooms were not many; consisting only of two wretched little bed-chambers and a parlor of diminutive size. A small building which leaned against the outer wall served as a kitchen to the establishment; and the cook, an old woman of sixty years of age, retired every night to a cottage about a quarter of a mile from the parsonage, where she had occupied a garret for many years. The house had originally been built of lath and plaster, and in some places revealed the skeleton walls where the weather had peeled off the outer coating, and given the building an appearance of ruin and desolation which comported with the bleakness of the surrounding scenery. With the exception of the already-named cottage and a small collection of huts around the deserted mansion of the landlord of the estate, there were no houses in the parish. How it had ever come to the honor of possessing a church and rectory no one could discover; for there were no records or traditions of its ever having been more wealthy or populous than it then was;—but it was in fact only nominally a parish, for no clergyman had been resident for a hundred years; the living was held by the fortunate possessor of a vicarage about fifteen miles to the north, and with the tithes of the united cures made up a state-ly income of nearly ninety pounds a year. No wonder there were no repairs on the rectory—nor frequent visits to his parishioners. It was only on the first Sunday of each month he rode over from his dwell-

ing-place and read the service to the few persons who happened to remember it was the Sabbath, or understood the invitation conveyed to them by the one broken bell swayed to and fro by the drunken shoemaker (who also officiated as clerk) the moment he saw the parson's shovel hat appear on the ascent of the Vaird hill. And great accordingly was the surprise of the population, and pleased the heart of the rector, when two young gentlemen from Oxford hired the apartments I have described—fitted them up with a cart load of furniture from Hawsleigh, and gave out that they were going to spend the long vacation in that quiet neighborhood for the convenience of study. Nor did their conduct belie their statement. Their table was covered with books and maps and dictionaries; and after their frugal breakfast, the whole day was devoted to reading. Two handsome, intelligent-looking young men as ever you saw—both about the same age and height; with a contrast both in look and disposition that probably formed the first link in the close friendship that existed between them.

Arthur Hayning, a month or two the senior, was of a more self-relying nature and firmer character than the other. In uninterrupted effort he pursued his work, never looking up, never making a remark, seldom even answering a stray observation of his friend. But when the hour assigned for the close of his studies had arrived, a change took place in his manner. He was gayer, more active and inquiring than his volatile companion. The books were packed away, the writing-desk locked up; with a stout stick in his hand, a strong hammer in his pocket, and a canvas-bag slung over his shoulders, he started off on an exploring expedition among the neighboring hills; while Winnington Harvey, arming himself with a green gauze net, and his coat-sleeve glittering with a mul-

titude of pins, accompanied him in his walk—diverging for long spaces in search of butterflies, which he brought back in triumph, scientifically transfixed on the leaves of his pocket-book. On their return home, their after-dinner employment consisted in arranging their specimens. Arthur spread out on the clay floor of the passage the different rocks he had gathered up in his walk. He broke them into minute fragments, examined them through his magnifying glass, sometimes dissolved a portion of them in aquafortis, tasted them, smelt to them, and finally threw them away; not so the more fortunate naturalist: with him the mere pursuit was a delight, and the victims of his net a perpetual source of rejoicing. He fitted them into a tray, wrote their names and families on narrow slips of paper in the neatest possible hand, and laid away his box of treasures as if they were choicest specimens of diamonds and rubies.

"What a dull occupation yours is!" said Winnington one night, "compared to mine. You go thumping old stones and gathering up lumps of clay, grubbing for ever among mud or sand, and never lifting up your eyes from this dirty spot of earth. Whereas I go merrily over valley and hill, keep my eyes open to the first flutter of a beautiful butterfly's wing, follow it in its meandering, happy flight—"

"And kill it—with torture," interposed Arthur Hayning, coldly.

"But it's for the sake of science. Nay, as I am going to be a doctor, it's perhaps for the sake of fortune——"

"And that justifies you in putting it to death?"

"There you go with your absurd German philanthropies; though, by the bye, love for a butterfly scarcely deserves the name. But think of the inducement, think of the glory of verifying with your own eyes the identity of a creature described in books; think of the interests at stake; and, above all, and this ought to be a settling argument to you, think of the enjoyment it will give my cousin Lucy to have her specimen-chest quite filled; and when you are married to her——"

"Dear Winnington, do hold your tongue. How can I venture to look forward to that for many years? I have only a hundred a year. She has nothing." Arthur sighed as he spoke.

"How much do you require? When do you expect to be rich enough?"

"When I have three times my present fortune—and that will be—who can tell? I may suddenly discover a treasure like Aladdin's, and then, Winnington, my happiness will be perfect."

"I think you should have made acquaintance with the magician, or even got possession of the ring, before you asked her hand," said Winnington Harvey with a changed tone. "She is the nicest girl in the world, and loves you with all her heart; but if you have to wait till fortune comes——"

"She will wait also, willingly and happily. She has told me so. I love her with the freshness of a heart that has never loved anything else. I love you too, Winnington, for her sake; and we had better not talk any more on the subject, for I don't like your perpetual objections to the engagement."

Winnington, as usual, yielded to the superiority of his friend, and was more affectionate in his manner to him than ever, as if to blot out the remembrance of what he had recently said. They went on in silence with their respective works, and chipped stones and impaled butterflies till a late hour.

"Don't be alarmed, Winnington," said Arthur, with a smile, as he lighted his bed-candle that night. "I am twenty-one and Lucy not nineteen. The genii of the lamp will be at our bidding before we are very old, and you shall have apartments in the palace, and be appointed resident physician to the princess."

"With a salary of ten thousand a year, and my board and washing."

"A seat on my right hand, whenever I sit down to my banquets."

"Good. That's a bargain," said Winnington, laughing, and they parted to their rooms.

Geology was not at that time a recognized science—in England. But Arthur Hayning had been resident for some years in Germany, where it had long been established as one of the principal branches of a useful education. There were chairs of metallurgy, supported by government grants, and schools of mining, both theoretic and practical, established wherever the nature of the soil was indicative of mineral wealth. Hayning was an orphan, the son of a country



surgeon, who had managed to amass the sum of two thousand pounds. He was left in charge of a friend of his father, engaged in the Hamburg trade, and by him had been early sent to the care of a Protestant clergyman in Prussia, who devoted himself to the improvement of his pupil. His extraordinary talents were so dwelt on by this excellent man, in his letters to the guardian, that it was resolved to give him a better field for their display than the University of Jena could afford, and he had been sent to one of the public schools in England, and from it, two years before this period, been transferred, with the highest possible expectations of friends and teachers, to — College, Oxford. Here he had made acquaintance with Winnington Harvey; and through him, having visited him one vacation at his home in Warwickshire, had become known to Lucy Mainfield, the only daughter of a widowed aunt of his friend's, with no fortune but her unequalled beauty, and a fine, honest, open, and loving disposition, which made an impression on Arthur, perhaps, because it was in so many respects in contrast with his own.

For some weeks their mode of life continued unaltered. Study all the day, geology and natural history in the evening. Their path led very seldom through the village of Combe-Warleigh; but, on one occasion, having been a distant range among the wilds, and being belated, they took a nearer course homeward, and passed in front of the dwelling-house of the squire. There was a light in the windows of the drawing-room floor, and the poetic Winnington was attracted by the sight.

"I've read of people," he said, "seeing the shadows of beautiful girls on window-blinds, and dying of their love, though never knowing more of them—wouldn't it be strange if Squire Warleigh had returned, and with a daughter young and beautiful, and if I saw her form thrown clearly like a portrait on the curtain, and—"

"But there's no curtain," interrupted Arthur. "Come along."

"Ha, stop!" cried Winnington, laying his hand on Arthur's shoulder. "Look there!"

They looked, and saw a girl who came between them and the light, with long hair falling over her shoulders, while she held a straw hat in her hand; her dress was close-fitting to her shape, a light pelisse

of green silk, edged with red ribbons, such as we see as the dress of young pedestrians in Sir Joshua's early pictures.

"How beautiful," said Winnington, in a whisper. "She has been walking out. What is she doing? Who is she? What is her name?"

The apparition turned half round, and revealed her features in profile. Her lips seemed to move, she smiled very sweetly, and then suddenly moved out of the sphere of vision, and left Winnington still open-mouthed, open-eyed, gazing towards the window.

"A nice enough girl," said Arthur, coldly: "but come along; the old woman will be anxious to get home; and besides, I am very hungry."

"I shall never be hungry again," said Winnington, still transfixed and immovable. "You may go if you like. Here I stay in hopes of another view."

"Good night, then," replied Arthur, and rapidly walked away.

How long the astonished Winnington remained I cannot tell. It was late when he arrived at the rectory. The old woman, as Arthur had warned him, had gone home. Arthur let him in.

"Well!" he inquired, "have you found out the unknown?"

"All about her—but for heaven's sake some bread and cheese. Is there any here?"

"I thought you were never to be hungry again."

"It is the body only which has these requirements. My soul is satiated for ever. Here's to Ellen Warleigh!"—he emptied the cup at a draught.

"The Squire's daughter?"

"His only child. They have been abroad for some years; returned a fortnight ago. Her father and she live in that desolate house."

"He will set about repairing it, I suppose," said Arthur.

"He can't. They are as poor as we are. And I am glad of it," replied Winnington, going on with his bread and cheese.

"He has an immense estate," said Arthur, almost to himself. "Combe-Warleigh must consist of thousands of acres."

"Of heath and hill. Not worth three hundred a year. Besides, he was extravagant in his youth. I met the shoemaker at the gate, and he told me all about them. I wonder if she's fond of butter-

flies," he added: "it would be so delightful for us to hunt them together."

"Nonsense, boy; finish your supper and go to bed. Never trouble yourself about whether a girl cares for butterflies or not whose father has only three hundred a year, and has been extravagant in his youth."

"What a wise fellow you are," said Winnington, "about other people's affairs. How many hundreds a year had Lucy's father? Nothing but his curacy and a thousand pounds he got with aunt Jane."

"But Lucy's very fond of butterflies, you know, and that makes up for poverty," said Arthur, with a laugh. "The only thing I see valuable about them is their golden wings."

The companions were not now so constantly together as before. Their studies underwent no change; but their evening occupations were different. The geologist continued his investigations among the hills; the naturalist seemed to believe that the *Papilio* had become a gregarious insect, and inhabited the village. He was silent as to the result of his pursuits, and brought very few specimens home. But his disposition grew sweeter than ever. His kindness to the drunken shoemaker was extraordinary. His visits to several old women in the hamlet were frequent and long. What a good young man he was! How attentive to the sick!—and he to be only twenty-one! On the first Sunday of the month he was in waiting at the door to receive the rector. He took his horse from him, and put it into the heap of ruins, which was called the stable, with his own hands. He went with him into the church. He looked all the time of service at the Squire's pew, but it was empty. He walked alongside the rector on his return; he accompanied him as far as the village, and told him, quite in a careless manner, of the family's return.

"I have done it," he said, when he got home again, late at night. "I know them both. The father is a delightful old man. He kept me and the clergyman to dinner—and Ellen! there never was so charming a creature before; and, Arthur, she's fond of butterflies, and catches them in a green gauze net, and has a very good collection—particularly of night-hawks. That's the reason she was out so late the night we saw her at the window. They were very kind; they knew all about our being here, and

Ellen thanked me so for being good to her poor people. I felt quite ashamed."

The young man's eyes were flashing with delight; his voice trembled; he caught the cold gaze of his friend fixed upon him, and blushed.

"You look very much ashamed of yourself," said Arthur, "and I am sorry you have made their acquaintance. It will interfere with our object in coming here."

"Ah! and I told her you were a perfect German; and she understands the language, and I said you would lend her any of your books she chose."

"What!" exclaimed Arthur, starting up excited to sudden anger; "what right had you, sir, to make any offer of the kind? I wouldn't lend her a volume to save her life, or yours, or any one's in the world. She shan't have one—I'll burn them first."

"Arthur!" said Winnington, astonished. "What is it that puts you in such a passion? I'm sure I didn't mean to offend you. I will tell her you don't like to lend your books; I'm sorry I mentioned it to her—but I will apologize, and never ask you again."

"I was foolish to be so hot about a trifle," said Arthur, resuming his self-command. "I'm very sorry to disappoint your friend; but I really can't spare a single volume—beside," he said, with a faint laugh, "they are all about metallurgy and mining."

"I told her so," said Winnington, "and she has a great curiosity to see them."

"You did!" again exclaimed Arthur, flushing with wrath. "You have behaved like a fool or a villain—one or both, I care not which. You should have known, without my telling, that these books are sacred. If the girl knows German, let her read old Gotsched's plays. She shall not see a page of any book of mine."

Winnington continued silent under this outbreak; he was partly overcome with surprise, but grief was uppermost.

"I've known you for two years, I think, Hayning," he said; "from the first time we met I admired and liked you. I acknowledge your superiority in everything; your energy, your talent, your acquirements. I felt a pleasure in measuring your height, and was proud to be your friend. I know you despise me, for I am a weak, impulsive, womanly-natured fellow; but I did not know you disliked me. I shall leave you to-morrow, and we shall never meet again." He was going out of the room.

"I did not mean what I said," said Arthur, in a subdued voice. "I don't despise you. I don't dislike you. I beg your pardon—will you forgive me, Winnington?"

"Ay, if you killed me!" sobbed Winnington, taking hold of Arthur's scarcely extended hand. "I know I am very foolish; but I love Ellen Warleigh, and would give her all I have in the world."

"That's not much," said Arthur, still moodily brooding over the incident; "and never will be, if you wear your heart so perpetually on your sleeve."

"You forget that I don't need to have any riches of my own," said Winnington, gaily. "I am to be physician to the Prince and Princess in Aladdin's palace, and shall sit always on your right hand when you entertain the nobility. So, shake hands, and good night."

"But Ellen is not to have my books," said Arthur, sitting down to the table, and spreading a volume before him. "I wouldn't lend you for an hour," he said, when he was alone, cherishing the book, "no, not to Lucy Mainfield herself."

#### CHAPTER II.

August and September passed away, and October had now begun. Arthur avoided the Warleighs as much as he could; Winnington was constantly at their house. The friends grew estranged. But, with the younger, the estrangement made no difference in the feeling of affection he always had entertained for Arthur. He was hurt, however, by the change he perceived in his manner. He was hurt at his manifest avoidance of the society of the squire and his daughter. He was hurt, also, at the total silence Arthur now maintained on the subject of his cousin Lucy. He saw her letters left unopened, sometimes for a whole day, upon the table, instead of being greedily torn open the moment the straggling and uncertain post had achieved their delivery at the door. He was hurt at some other things besides, too minute to be recorded; too minute, perhaps, to be put into language, even by himself, but all perceptible to the sensitive heart of friendship such as his. With no visible improvement in Arthur's fortune or prospects, it was evident that his ideas were constantly on the rise. A strange sort of contempt of poverty mingled with his aspirations after wealth. An amount

of income which, at one time, would have satisfied his desires, was looked on with disdain, and the possessors of it almost with hatred. The last words Winnington had heard him speak about Lucy were, that marriage was impossible under a thousand a year. And where was that sum to come from? The extent of Lucy's expectations was fifty—his own, a hundred, and yet he sneered at the Warleighs as if they had been paupers; although in that cheap country, and at that cheap time, a revenue of three hundred pounds enabled them to live in comfort, almost in luxury.

Winnington took no thought of to-morrow, but loved Ellen Warleigh, with no consideration of whether she was rich or poor. It is probable that Ellen had no more calculating disposition than Winnington; for it is certain her sentiments towards him were not regulated by the extent of his worldly wealth—perhaps she did not even know what her sentiments towards him were—but she thought him delightful, and wandered over the solitary heaths with him, in search of specimens. They very often found none, in the course of their four hours' ramble, and yet came home as contented as if they had discovered an Emperor of Morocco on every bush. Balked in their natural history studies by the perverse absence of moth and butterfly, they began—by way of having something to do—to take up the science of botany. The searches they made for heath of a particular kind! The joy that filled them when they came on a group of wild flowers, and gathered them into a little basket they carried with them, and took them back to the manor, and astonished Mr. Warleigh with the sound of their Latin names! What new dignity the commonest things took under that sonorous nomenclature! How respectable a nettle grew when called an *urtica*, and how suggestive of happiness and Gretna Green when a flower could be declared to be cryptogamic.

"See what a curious root this piece of broom has," said Winnington, one night, on his return from the manor, and laid his specimen on the table.

Arthur hardly looked up from his book, and made some short reply.

"It took Ellen and me ten minutes, with all our force, to pull it up by the roots. We had no knife, or I should merely have cut off the stalk; but see, now that the light falls on it, what curious shining earth

it grows in; with odd little stones twisted up between the fibres! Did you ever see anything like it?" Arthur had fixed his eyes on the shrub during this speech—he stretched forth his hand and touched the soil still clinging to the roots—he put a small portion to his lips—his face grew deadly pale.

"Where did you get this?" he said.

"Down near the waterfall—not a hundred yards from this."

"On whose land?—on the glebe?" said Arthur, speaking with parched mouth, and still gazing on the broom.

"Does Warleigh know of this?" he went on, "or the clergyman? Winnington! no one must be told, tell Ellen to be silent; but she is not aware, perhaps. Does she suspect?"

"What? what is there to suspect, my dear Arthur? Don't you think you work too much?" he added, looking compassionately on the dilated eye and pale cheek of his companion. "You must give up your studies for a day or two. Come with us on an exploring expedition to the Outer fell to-morrow; Mr. Warleigh is going."

"And give him the fruits of all my reading," Arthur muttered angrily, "of all I learned at the Hartz; tell him how to proceed, and leave myself a beggar. No!" he said, "I will never see him. As to this miserable little weed," he continued, tearing the broom to pieces, and casting the fragments contemptuously into the fire, "it is nothing; you are mad to have given up your butterflies to betake yourself to such a ridiculous pursuit as this. Don't go there any more—there!" (here he stamped on it with his foot.) "How damp it is! the fire has little power."

"You never take any interest, Arthur, in anything I do. I don't know, I'm sure, how I've offended you. As to the broom, I know it's a poor common thing, but I thought the way its roots were loaded rather odd. Ellen will perhaps be disappointed, for we intended to plant it in her garden, and I only asked her to let me show it to you, it struck me as being so very curious. Come, give up your books and learning for a day. We must leave this for Oxford in a week, and I wish you to know more of the Warleighs before we go."

"I am not going back to Oxford," said Arthur. "I shall take my name off the books."

Winnington was astonished. He was

also displeased. "We promised to visit my aunt," he said, "on our way back to college—Lucy will be grieved and disappointed."

"I will send a letter by you—I shall explain it all—I owe her a letter already."

"Have you not answered that letter yet? it came a month ago," said Winnington. "Oh! if Ellen Warleigh would write a note to me, and let me write to her, how I would wait for her letters! how I would answer them from morn to night."

"She would find you a rather troublesome correspondent," said Arthur, watching the disappearance of the last particle of the broom as it leaped merrily in sparkles up the chimney. "Lucy knows that I am better employed than telling her ten times over, that I love her better than anything else—and that I long for wealth principally that it may enable me to call her mine. I shall have it soon. Tell her to be sure of that. I shall be of age in three days, then the wretched dribblet my guardian now has charge of comes into my hands; I will multiply it a thousand-fold—and then—"

"The palace will be built," said Winnington, who could not keep anger longer, "and the place at your right hand will be got ready for the resident physician—who in the mean time recommends you to go quietly to bed, for you have overstrung your mind with work, and your health, dear Arthur, is not at all secure."

For a moment, a touch of the old kindness came to Arthur's heart. He shook Winnington's hand. "Thank you, thank you," he said, "I will do as you advise. Your voice is very like Lucy's, and so are your eyes—good night, dear Winnington." And Winnington left the room; so did Arthur, but not for bed. A short time before this, a package had arrived from Hawsleigh, and had been placed away in a dark closet under the stairs. He looked for a moment out into the night. The moon was in a cloud, and the wind was howling with a desolate sound over the bare moor. He took down the package, and from it extracted a spade and a pickaxe; and, gently opening the front door, went out. He walked quickly till he came to the waterfall; he looked carefully round and saw a clump of broom. The ground from the rectory to this place formed a gentle declivity; where the river flowed there were high banks, for the stream had not yet been swelled by the rains, and he



first descended into the bed, and examined the denuded cliffs. He then hurried towards the broom, and began to dig. He dug and struck with the pickaxe, and shovelled up the soil—weighing, smelling, tasting it, as he descended foot by foot. He dug to the depth of a yard; he jumped into the hole and pursued his work—breathless, hot, untiring. The moon for a moment came out from the clouds that obscured her. He availed himself of her light and held up a particle of soil and stone; it glittered for an instant in the moonbeam. With an almost audible cry he threw it to the bottom of the excavation, and was scrambling out when he heard a voice. It was the drunken shoemaker returning from some distant merry-making. He lay down at the bottom of the hole, watching for the approaching footsteps. At a little distance from the waterfall the singer changed his path, and diverged towards the village. The song died off in the distance.

"That danger's past," said Arthur, "both for him and me. I would have killed him if he had come nearer. Back, back," he continued, while he filled up the hole he had made, carefully shovelling in the soil—"No eye shall detect that you have been moved." He replaced the straggling turf where it had been disturbed; stamped it down smooth with his feet, and beat it smooth with his spade. And then went home.

"Hallo! who's there?" cried Winnington, hearing the door open and shut. "Is that you, Arthur?"

"Yes; are you not asleep yet?"

"I've been asleep for hours. How late you are. Weren't you out of the house just now?"

"I felt hot, and went out for a minute to see the moon."

"Hot?" said Winnington. "I wish I had another blanket—good night." Arthur passed on to his own room.

"If he had opened his door," he said, "and seen my dirty clothes, these yellow stains on my knees, these dabbled hands, what could I have done?" He saw himself in the glass as he said this; there was something in the expression of his face that alarmed him. He drew back.

"He is very like Lucy," he muttered to himself, "and I'm glad he didn't get out of bed."

Meantime Winnington had a dream. He was on board a beautiful boat on the

Isis. It seemed to move by its own force, as if it were a silver swan; and the ripple as it went on took the form of music, and he thought it was an old tune that he had listened to in his youth. He sat beside Ellen Warleigh, with his hand locked in hers, and they watched the beautiful scenery through which the boat was gliding—past the pretty Cherwell, past the level meadows, past the Newnham woods—and still the melody went on. Then they were in a country he did not know; there were tents of gaudy colors on the shore; and wild-eyed men in turbans and loose tunics looked out upon them. One came on board; he was a tall dark Emir, with golden-sheathed scimitar, which clanked as he stepped on the seat. Winnington stood up and asked what the stranger wanted: the chief answered in Arabic, but Winnington understood him perfectly. He said he had come to put him to death for having dared to look upon his bride. He laid his grasp on him as he spoke, and tore him from Ellen's side. In the struggle Winnington fell over, and found himself many feet in front of the fairy boat. The Arab sat down beside Ellen, and put his arm round her waist, and then he suddenly took the shape of Arthur Hayning. The boat seemed to flutter its wings, and come faster on. Winnington tried to swim to one side, but could not. On came the boat; its glittering bows flashed before his eyes—they touched him—pressed him down; he felt the keel pass over his head; and down, down, still downward he went, and, on looking up, saw nothing but the boat above him; all was dark where he was, for the keel seemed constantly between him and the surface, and yet he heard the old tune still going on. It was a tune his cousin Lucy used to play; but at last, in his descent through the darkened water, he got out of hearing, and all was silent. The music had died away—and suddenly he heard a scream, and saw Ellen struggling in the water. He made a dart towards her with arms stretched out—and overturned the candle he had left on the table at the side of his bed.

#### CHAPTER III.

Winnington's visits to the manor grew more constant as the day of his departure drew near. Early in the morning he passed through the village, and entered the

dilapidated house, and only issued from it again, accompanied by Ellen, to pursue their botanical pursuits upon the hills. Had he ever told her of any other pursuit in which he was engaged? Had he gone in a formal manner, as recommended in the *True Lover's Guide*, to the father, and demanded his permission to pay his addresses to his daughter? Had he displayed to that careful gentleman the state of his affairs, and agreed on the sum to be settled during the marriage upon Ellen as pin-money, and as jointure in case of his death? No; he had never mentioned the state of his heart to Ellen, or of his affairs to Mr. Warleigh. He had spoken, to be sure, a good deal about the future; his plans when he had taken his degree; the very street he should live in when he entered into practice, and somehow all these projects had reference to some one else. He never seemed to limit the view to himself; but in all his counsellings about the years to come, he was like the editor of a newspaper, or the writer of a ponderous history, and used the dignified "we." We shall have such a pretty drawing-room, with a great many roses on the paper, a splendid mirror over the mantelpiece, and a piano, such a piano! against the wall. Who was included in the We? Ah! that was a secret between him and Ellen; and I am not going to play the spy, and then let all the world know what I have discovered. It seemed as if the father was included too; for there was a charming little room laid aside for a third individual, with a nice low fender and a nice warm fire, and a nice pipe laid all ready for him after dinner, and some delicious tobacco procured from a patient of Winnington, a distinguished merchant in the Turkey trade, and kept in a beautiful bag of blue silk, which Ellen had sewed up with her own hands, with gold tassels, astonishing to behold.

"And we must have a spare bed-room," he said; "it needn't be very large for my sister—she's not very tall yet, and a little crib would do."

"But *Dulcibel* will grow," said Ellen; "she's now seven, and by the time she requires the room, she will be—who can tell how old she will be then, Winnington?"

"I can. She will be ten at most."

"I think," said Mr. Warleigh, "you had better bring her here: we can get Joe Walters to patch up another room; and, with a prop or two under the floor,

even the ball-room might be safe to occupy."

"Oh! no, father; the floor is entirely fallen in; and, besides, the ceiling is just coming down."

"And London is such a noble field for exertion," said Winnington; "and if I have a chance, I will so work and toil, and write and make myself known, that I shall be disappointed if I am not a baronet in ten years—Sir Winnington Harvey, Bart."

"A very modern title," said Mr. Warleigh, "which I hope no one I care for will ever condescend to accept. My ancestors had been knights of Combe-Warleigh for six hundred years before baronetcies were heard of; besides, as those pinchbeck baronies are only given to millionaires, where are you to get a fortune sufficient to support the dignity?"

A sudden flush came to Winnington's face. "I should like to owe everything to you, sir; and, perhaps—perhaps, there will be enough for any rank the King can give."

"It strikes me," said Mr. Warleigh, with a laugh, "you are a great deal more hopeful even than I was at your time of life. Ah! I remember what day-dreams we had, Ellen's mother and I—how we expected to restore the old name, and build up the old house——"

"I'll do both, sir!" cried Winnington, standing up. "I feel sure there is a way of doing so; I have thought much over this for a week past, and before I go I'll prove to you——"

"What? Has a ghost come from the grave to point out some hidden treasure?"

Winnington was still standing up in the excitement of the new idea which filled his heart. He was just going to reply, when a sudden crash alarmed them. Ellen screamed, and fled to Winnington for safety. The sound shook the whole house. At first they thought some of the outer wall had tumbled down. A cloud of dust soon filled the room, and nearly blinded them.

"It is the ball-room ceiling," said Mr. Warleigh, as if struck with the omen. "The house is ruined beyond repair, and some time or other will bury us all in its fall. Young man, I advise you to get out of its way; for it will crush whatever stands near it."

The interruption gave Winnington time

to think, and he resolved not to make Mr. Warleigh the confidant of his hopes. That night he took his leave. It was the last night of his residence in the rectory, but he was to return next short vacation. The parting was long, and it was late when he got home. Arthur was busy writing. He had given up his geology for the last week, and seldom moved out of the house; he looked up as Winnington came in, but said nothing in welcome.

"I'm glad to find you up," said Winnington, "for I want to talk to you, Arthur, and take your advice, if you are not busy."

Arthur laid aside the pen, and covered the sheet he was writing with blotting-paper.

"About Ellen, I suppose?" he said; "love in a cottage, and no money to pay the butcher. Go on!"

"It is about Ellen," said Winnington; "it is about love—a cottage also, probably—but not about poverty, but wealth, rank, magnificence!"

"Ha! let us hear. You speak with sense at last—you'll give up this penniless fancy—you'll hate her in a month when you find yourself tied to penury and obscurity."

"But I shan't be tied to penury and obscurity; I tell you she is the greatest heiress in England, and it is I who will put her in possession of her wealth. It is this right hand which will lift up the veil that keeps her treasures concealed! It is I who will hang pearls about the neck that would buy a kingdom, and plant the diamonds of India among her hair—and all from her own soil!"

It is impossible to describe the effect of this speech upon the listener. He sat upright upon his chair; his lips partly open, his face as pale as ashes, and his eye fixed on the enthusiastic boy.

"And you! you, dear Arthur, you shall help me in this—for your German residence gave you a knowledge of the appearances of a mineral bed—you have studied the subject here, for I have watched your experiments. I know this estate is filled with ore; but how to work it, Arthur—how to begin—how to smelt—to clear—to cast! these are the things you must help me in; Ellen will be grateful, and so shall I."

"Shall you? You be grateful for what?"

"For your aid in bringing into practi-

cal effect the discovery I have made of the vast mineral resources with which all Combe-Warleigh is filled. You'll help us, Arthur—for Lucy's sake! for my sake! for all our sakes! won't you?"

"How have you made this discovery?" said Arthur in a calm voice.

"Do you remember the night you burned the broom-plant? I thought nothing of it at the time, but in the morning when I came down, the old woman was clearing out the grate. I stooped her, and grubbed about among the ashes; and see what I found! a piece of solid metal, perfectly free from earth! See, here it is! How lucky I was to make the discovery! It will make Mr. Warleigh richer than if his lands were filled with gold."

The face of Arthur grew almost black.

"I was of age," he said, "four days ago, and made an offer to Mr. Warleigh's agent for the manorial rights and heathlands of his estate—which he is bound to accept, for I give the sum they ask."

"Arthur!" exclaimed Winnington, starting up, "have you the heart to ruin the right owners of the soil?"

"By this time they have sold it; they are deep in debt."

"But they shall not! No; this very moment I will go back to the manor and tell Mr. Warleigh what I know; he will not fulfil the bargain made by his attorney."

"Oh! no, you won't," said Arthur, knitting his brows; "I have toiled and struggled for many years for this, and you think I will now submit to beggary and disgrace, to see the wealth I have worked for, formed into shape, called out of nothing into glittering existence, heaped upon another, and that other a dotard whose fathers for a thousand years have been treading on countless riches, and never heard the sound—the sound that reached my ears the moment I trod the soil. It shall not be."

Winnington looked at the wild eye of his companion. A suspicion again came into his mind of the state of Arthur's brain. He tried to soothe him.

"But perhaps, after all," he said, "we may be both mistaken. It is very likely the friendliest thing I could do to hinder you from buying these unprofitable acres. If your expectations are deceived, you will be utterly ruined, and what will you do?"

"A man can always die," replied Arthur, sitting down; "and better that than live in poverty."

"And Lucy?"

"For ever Lucy! I tell you, Winnington, that when you look at me you grow so like her, that I almost hate the girl as if the blow you strike me with just now, were struck by her."

"I strike no blow. I merely say that Lucy would give you the same advice I do. She would not wish to grow rich by the concealment of a treasure, and the impoverishment of the rightful owner."

"The rightful owner is the man to whom the treasure belongs," said Arthur, not bursting forth into a fresh explosion as Winnington expected, the moment his speech was uttered. "And if the bargain is concluded, the lands are mine."

"Not all?"

"No. I leave them the rich fields, the pasture ground in the valley, the farm upon the slope. I am modest, and content myself with the useless waste! the dreary moor, the desert hill. It is, in fact, making Mr. Warleigh a free gift of fifteen hundred pounds, and with that he can give his daughter a portion, and rebuild his old ruin, with a wing in it for his son-in-law; and the remaining five hundred of my stately fortune (that wretches should be found so low as to exist on two thousand pounds!) will erect a crushing-mill, and dig to the first lode. Then—then," he continued, as the picture rose to his imagination, "the land will grow alive with labor. There will be a town where the present hamlet shivers in solitude upon the wild. There will be the music of a thousand wheels, all disengaging millions from the earth. There will be a mansion such as kings might live in, and I—and I—"

"And Lucy?" again interposed Winnington.

"Ay! and Lucy—when I have raised the annual income to ten thousand pounds—I could not occupy the house with less."

Winnington looked upon his friend with pity. He sat down, and was silent for some time. There was no use in continuing the conversation. "You seem to forget," he said at last, "that I go to-morrow to Oxford."

"So soon?" said Arthur, with a scrutinizing look. "You didn't intend to go till Saturday."

"I shall have a few days longer with my family. I want to see Dulcibel, who is home from school; and besides," he added, with some embarrassment, "I don't find our residence here so pleasant as it used to be. There was a time," he said, after a pause, "when it would have broken my heart to leave you; but now—"

There was a tremble in his voice, and he stopped.

"And why?" said Arthur. "Whose fault is it that there is a change?"

"Ah! mine, I dare say. I don't blame any one," replied Winnington, checked in the flow of feeling by the coolness of Arthur's voice. "You will have your letter for Lucy ready. I shall start before you are up; so you had better let me have it to-night."

"There is plenty of time. I don't go to bed till late. I will walk ten or twelve miles with you on your way to the post wagon. The exercise will do me good."

"I start very early; for the wagon leaves for Exeter at ten in the morning. I have sent on my trunk by the shoemaker's cart. I have taken leave of—of people who have been kind to me, and shall walk merrily across the moor. It is only fifteen miles."

"I shall see you as far as Hawsleigh Brook," said Arthur; "that is, if you don't object to the company of a friend. And why should we quarrel?"

Winnington took the offered hand. "I knew your heart could not be really so changed," he said, "as you tried to make it appear. You are ill, Arthur, your brain is too much excited. I will not let you get up so early, or take such exercise. It will put you into a fever. Let me feel your pulse, and you can owe me my first fee."

The pulse was galloping; the cheek alternately flushed and paled.

"This is beyond my present skill," said Winnington, shaking his head. "You must apply to the nearest doctor for advice."

"You are very kind, my dear Winnington, as you always are; but I don't think medicine will be of much avail."

"But you will see the doctor?"

"Whatever you like," replied Arthur, now quite submissive to his friend's directions.

"And you will write to Lucy, quietly, soberly. She'll be alarmed if you give



way to your dreams of wealth," said Winnington.

"And Aladdin's palace and the salary?" replied Arthur, with a smile. "Well, I will be as subdued as I can, and the note shall be ready for you in time."

He took the pen as he spoke, and commenced a letter. Winnington looked at him, but more in sorrow than in anger. There was something in the pertinacious offer of Arthur to accompany him which displeased him. "He watches me," he said, "as if afraid of my whispering a word of what I know to the Warleighs. I shall reach London in time, and carry a specimen of the ore with me." The clock struck one. "You don't seem very quick in writing, Arthur. Perhaps you will leave the letter on the table. I am going to bed."

"No—just five minutes—and tell her, Winnington—tell her that I am unchanged; that riches, rank, position—nothing will alter my affection—"

"And that you will come to see her soon?"

"Yes; when I have been to London."

Winnington started. "And when do you go there?"

"In two days. I will come to Warwickshire on my return—perhaps before you have gone back to Oxford."

"Ah! that will put all right! That will be a renewal of the old time."

"Here's the letter; put it carefully away. I have told her I am unchanged. You must tell her so too."

Winnington shook his head, but said nothing. They joined hands.

"And now," said Winnington, "farewell. I didn't think our parting would be like this. But remember, if we should never meet again, that I never changed, no, not for a moment, in my affection to you."

"Why shouldn't we meet again? Do you think me so very ill?" inquired Arthur.

"I don't know. There are thoughts that come upon us, we don't know why. It wasn't of your health I was thinking. But there are many unexpected chances in life. Farewell. You shan't get up in the morning."

They parted for the night. Arthur, instead of going to bed, looked out upon the moor. A wild and desolate scene it was, which seemed to have some attraction for him, for which it was difficult to account. When he had sat an hour—

perhaps two hours, for he took no note of time—in perfect stillness, observing the stars, which threw a strange light upon the heath, he thought he heard a creaking on the rickety old stairs, as of some one slipping on tiptoe down. He stood up at his window, which commanded a view of the top of the wooden porch. Stealthily looking round, as if in fear of observation, he saw a man with a lantern cautiously held before him emerge from the house and walk rapidly away. He turned off towards the left. Over his shoulder he carried a pickaxe and a spade. They shone fitfully in the light. He passed down the declivity towards the waterfall, and then disappeared.

Next morning, at six o'clock, the old woman, on coming to her daily work, found the door on the latch. On the table she saw a note, and took it up-stairs. She knocked at Arthur's door.

"Come in," he said. "Is that you, Winnington? I shall get up in a moment."

"No, zur, the young gentleman be gone, and I thought this here letter might be of consequence."

Arthur took the letter, and, by the gray light of dawn, read as follows:

"I am going to leave you, dear Arthur, and feel that I did not part from you so kindly as I wished. I don't like to show my feelings; for in fact I have so little command of them, that I am always afraid you will despise me for my weakness. I will give your messages and your letter to Lucy. I will tell her you are coming soon. Even now the dawn is not far off, and I am going before the hour I told you; for I will not allow you, in your present state of health, to accompany me to Hawsleigh. It is to London I am going. Oh! pardon me for going. I think it my duty to go. You will think so too, when you reflect. If they are surprised at my absence (for I may be detained), explain to them where I have gone. I should have told you this last night, but did not dare. Dear Arthur, think kindly of me. I always think affectionately of you.—W. H."

"He should have signed his name in full," said Arthur, and laid the letter under his pillow. "To London—to the attorney—with specimens of the ore. I shall get to town before him, in spite of his early rising."

There was a smile upon his face, and he got up in a hurry.

"He can't have been long gone," he said to the old woman; "for the ink he wrote with was not dry."

"I thought I saw him as I came," she replied, "a long way across the heath; but p'raps it was a bush, or maybe a cow. I don't know, but it was very like him."

After breakfast he hurried to the village. The drunken shoemaker was earning a farther title to that designation, and was speechless in bed, with a bandage over his head, which some one had broken the night before. The money Winington had paid him for carting his luggage was answerable for his helpless condition. There was no other horse or vehicle in the place. So, moody and discontented, Arthur returned, put a shirt in each pocket of his coat, and proceeded on foot to Hawsleigh. He arrived there at one o'clock. The post-wagon had started at ten. The shoemaker had carefully instructed the driver to convey Winington's luggage to Exeter; and as he only jogged on at the rate of four miles an hour, and loitered besides on the way, he was not to wait for his passenger, who would probably walk on a few miles, and take his seat when he was tired.

There was no conveyance in Hawsleigh rapid enough to overtake a vehicle which travelled even at so slow a pace as four miles an hour with the advantage of three hours' start; and once in the coach at Exeter, there was no possibility of contending with such rapidity of locomotion. It would take him to London in little more than five days.

Arthur, however, discovered that a carrier's cart started at three o'clock for the village of Oakfield, twelve miles onward on the Exeter road. He was in such a state of excitement and anxiety to get on, that rest in one place was intolerable; and though he knew he was not a yard advanced in reality by availing himself of this chance, as after all he would have to wait somewhere or other for the next morning's post-wagon, he paid a small fee for the carriage of a few articles he hastily bought and tied up in a bundle, and set off with the carrier. He seemed to be relieved more and more as he felt nearer to the object of his journey. With knitted brow and prest lips he sat in the clumsy cart or walked alongside. The driver, after some attempts at conversation, gave him up to his own reflections.

"A proud fellow as ever I see," he

muttered, "and looks like a lord. Well, he shouldn't travel by a cart if he didn't speak to cart's company."

The cart's company increased as they got on. Women with poultry baskets, returning from the neighboring hamlets and farms; stray friends of the proprietor of the vehicle who were on their way to Oakfield; and at last little village children, who had come out to meet the cart, and were already fighting as to who should have the privilege of riding the old horse to the water when he was taken out of the shafts; it was a cavalcade of ten or a dozen persons when the spire of the church came into view. Arthur still walked beside them, but took no part in the conversation. There seemed something unusual going on in the main street as they drew near. There was a crowd of anxious-faced peasantry opposite the door of the Woodman's Arms; they were talking in whispers and expecting some one's arrival.

"Have ye seen him coming, Luke Waters?" said two or three at a time to the carrier.

"Noa—who, then?"

"The crowner; he ha' been sent for a hour or more."

"What's happened then? Woa, horse!"

"Summat bad. He's there!" said a man, pointing to the upper window of the inn, and turning paler than before; "he was found in Parson's Meadow—dead—with such a slash!" The man touched his throat, and was silent.

Arthur began to listen. "Who is it? Does any one know the corpse?"

"Noa; he were a stranger, stript naked all to the drawers—and murdered; but here's the crowner. He'll explain it all."

The coroner came, a man of business mind, who seemed no more impressed with the solemnity of the scene than a butcher in a shop surrounded by dead sheep. A jury was summoned and proceeded upstairs. A few of the bystanders were admitted. Among others Arthur. He was dreadfully calm; evidently by an effort which concealed his agitation. "I have never looked on death," he said, "and this first experience is very terrible."

The inquest went on. Arthur, though in the room, kept his eyes perfectly closed; but through shut lids he conjured up to himself the ghastly sight, the stark body, the gaping wound. He thought of hurrying down stairs without waiting the result,

but there was a fascination in the scene that detained him.

"The corpse was found in this state," said the coroner: "It needs no proof more than the wounds upon it to show that it was by violence the man died. But by whose hands it is impossible to say. Can no one identify the body?"

There was a long pause. Each of the spectators looked on the piteous spectacle, but could give no answer to the question. At last Arthur, by an immense exertion of self-command, opened his eyes and fixed them on the body. He staggered and nearly fell. His cheek became deadly pale. His eyeballs were fixed. "I—I know him!" he cried, and knelt beside his bed. "I parted from him last night; he was to come by the wagon from Hawsleigh on his way to Exeter, but left word that he was going to walk on before. He was my brother—my friend."

"And his name?" said the coroner. "This is very satisfactory."

Arthur looked upon the cold brow of the murdered man, and said, with a sob of despair:

"Winnington Harvey!"

The coroner took the depositions, went through the legal forms, and gave the proper verdict—"Murdered; but by some person or persons unknown."

It was a lawless time, and deeds of violence were very frequent. Some years after the perpetrators of the deed were detected in some other crime, and confessed their guilt. They had robbed and murdered the unoffending traveller, and were scared away by the approach of the post-wagon from Hawsleigh. Arthur caused a small headstone to be raised over his friend's grave with the inscription of his name and fate. Callous as he sometimes appeared, he could not personally convey the sad news to Winnington's relations, but forwarded them the full certificate of the sad occurrence. It is needless to tell what tears were shed by the unhappy mother and sister, or how often their fancy travelled to the small monument and fresh turf grave in the churchyard of Oakfield.

#### CHAPTER IV.

When thirty years had elapsed, great changes had taken place in Combe-Warleigh. It was no longer a desolate village, straggling in the midst of an interminable

heath, but a populous town—busy, dirty, and rich. There were many thousands of workmen engaged in mining and smelting. Furnaces were blazing night and day, and there were two or three churches and a town hall. The neighborhood had grown populous as well as the town; and a person standing on the tower of Sir Arthur Hayning's castle, near the Warleigh waterfall, could see at great distances, over the level expanse, the jutting of columns of smoke from many tall chimneys which he had erected on other parts of his estate. He had stewards and overseers, an army of carters and wagoners, and regiments of clerks, and sat in the great house; and from his richly furnished library commanded, ruled, and organized all. Little was known of his early life, for the growth of a town where a man lives is like the lapse of years in other places. New people come, old inhabitants die out, or are lost in the crowd; and very recent events take the enlarged and confused outline of remote traditions. The date of Sir Arthur's settlement at Warleigh was as uncertain to most of the inhabitants as that of the siege of Troy. It was only reported that at some period infinitely distant, he had bought the estate, had lived the life of a miser—saving, working, heaping up, buying where land was to be had; digging down into the soil, always by some inconceivable faculty hitting upon the richest lodes, till he was owner of incalculable extents of country and sole proprietor of the town and mills of Combe-Warleigh. No one knew if he had ever been married or not. When first the population began to assemble, they saw nothing of him but in the strict execution of their respective duties; he finding capital and employment, and they obedience and industry. No social intercourse existed between him and any of his neighbors; and yet fabulous things were reported of the magnificence of his rooms, the quantity of his plate, the number of his domestic servants. His patriotism had been so great that he had subscribed an immense sum to the Loyalty Loan, and was rewarded by the friendship of the King, and the title that adorned his name. And when fifteen more years of this seclusion and grandeur—this accumulation of wealth and preservation of dignity—had accustomed the public ear to the sound of the millionaire's surname, it was thought a natural result of these surpassing merits that he

should be elevated to the peerage. He was now Lord Warleigh of Combe-Warleigh, and had a coat of arms on the panels of his carriage, which it was supposed his ancestors had worn on their shields at the battle of Hastings. All men of fifty thousand a year can trace up to the Norman conquest. Though their fathers were hedgers and ditchers, and their grandfathers inhabitants of the poor-house, it is always consolatory to their pride to reflect that the family was as old as ever; that extravagance, politics, tyranny, had reduced it to that low condition; and that it was left for them to restore the ancient name to its former glory, and to re-knit in the reign of George or William the line that was ruthlessly broken on Bosworth field. Lord Warleigh, it was stated in one of the invaluable records of hereditary descent, (for which subscriptions were respectfully solicited by the distinguished editor, Slaver Lick, Esquire,) was lineally descended from one of the peerages which became extinct in the unhappy wars of Stephen and Matilda. It is a remarkable fact, that in a previous edition, when he was only a baronet, with a reputed income of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds, the genealogy had stuck at James the First. But whether his ancestry was so distinguished or not, the fact of his immense wealth and influence was undoubted. He had for some years given up the personal superintendence of his works. Instead of extracting dull ore from the earth, he had sent up dull members to the House of Commons, got dull magistrates put upon the bench, and exercised as much sovereign sway and masterdom over all the district, as if he had been elected dictator with unlimited power. But there is always a compensation in human affairs; and the malevolence natural to all people of proper spirit lying in the shade of so preponderating a magnate, was considerably gratified by what was whispered of the deprent condition of his lordship's spirits. Even the clergyman's wife—who was a perfect model of that exemplary character—looked mysteriously, and said that his lordship never smiled—that a housemaid who had at one time been engaged in the rectory, had told her extraordinary things about his lordship's habits—about talks she had heard—the housemaid—late at night, in his lordship's library, when she—the housemaid—was morally certain there could be no per-

son in the room but his lordship's self; how she—the housemaid—had been told by Thomas the footman, that his lordship, when dining quite alone, frequently spoke as if to some person sitting beside him; when he—Thomas—had sworn to her—the housemaid—that there was no person whatever at table with his lordship; no, not the cat; and then, she—the clergyman's wife—added, as of her own knowledge, that at church his lordship never listened to the sermon; but after apparently thinking deeply of other things, hid himself from her observation, and pretended to fall asleep. How sorry she was to say this, she needn't remark, for if there was a thing she hated it was tittle-tattle, and she never suffered a servant to bring her any of the rumors of the place; it was so unlady-like; and his lordship had been such an excellent friend to the church—for he had made an exchange of the wretched old glebe, and given a very nice farm for it in the vale of Hawsleigh, and had built a new parsonage-house where the old manor-house stood, and was always most liberal in his donations to all the charities; but it was odd, wasn't it? that he never saw any company—and who could he be speaking to in the library, or at dinner? Dr. Drowes can't make it out: he was never asked to the castle in his life; and tells me he has read of people, for the sake of getting rich, selling their souls to the—Isn't it dreadful to think of? His lordship is very rich to be sure; but as to selling his soul to—! Oh! it's a horrid supposition, and I wonder Dr. Drowes can utter so terrible a thought.

But Dr. Drowes had no great opportunity of continuing his awful inuendos, for he was shortly appointed to another living of Lord Warleigh's in the northern part of the country, and was requested to appoint a curate to Warleigh in the prime of life, who would be attentive and useful to the sick and poor. To hear, was to obey—and the head of his College in Oxford recommended a young man in whom he had the greatest confidence; and Mr. Henry Benford soon made his appearance and occupied the parsonage-house. He was still under thirty years of age, with the finest and most delicately cut features consistent with a style of masculine beauty which was very striking. He was one of the men—delicate and refined in expression, with clear, light complexion and



beautiful soft eyes—of whom people say it is a pity he is not a girl. And this feminine kind of look was accompanied in Henry Benford by a certain effeminacy of mind. Modest he was, and what the world calls shy, for he would blush on being presented to a stranger, and scarcely ventured to speak in miscellaneous company; but perfectly conscientious in what he considered the discharge of a duty; active and energetic in his parish, and with a sweetness of disposition which nothing could overthrow. He had a wife and two children at this time, and a pleasant sight it was amid the begrimed and hardened features of the population of Combe-Warleigh to see the fresh faces and clear complexions of the new-comers.

A great change speedily took place in the relations existing between pastor and flock. Schools were instituted—the sick were visited—a weekly report was sent to the Castle, with accurate statements of the requirements of every applicant. Little descriptions were added to the causes of the distress of some of the workmen—excuses made for their behavior—means pointed out by which the more deserving could be helped, without hurting their self-respect by treating them as objects of charity; and, in a short time, the great man in the Castle knew the position, the habits, the necessities of every one of his neighbors. Nothing pleased him more than the opportunity now afforded him of being generous, without being imposed on. His gifts were large and unostentatious, and as Benford, without blazoning the donor's merits, let it be known from what source these valuable aids proceeded, a month had not elapsed before kinder feelings arose between the Castle and the town—people smiled and touched their hats more cordially than before, when they met his lordship as he drove through the street; little girls dropped curtsies to him on the side of the road, instead of running away when they saw him coming; and one young maiden was even reported to have offered his lordship a bouquet—not very valuable, as it consisted only of a rose, six daisies, and a dandelion—and to have received a pat on the head for it, and half a crown. Lord Warleigh had had a cold every Sunday for the last year and a half of Dr. Drowes's ministrations; but when Benford had officiated a month or six weeks he suddenly recovered and appeared one Sunday in church. His lordship

generally sat in a recess opposite the pulpit, forming a sort of family pew which might almost have been mistaken for a parlor. It was carpeted very comfortably, and had a stove in it, and tables, and chairs. In this retirement his lordship performed his devotions in the manner recorded by Mrs. Drowes—and when the eloquent Dr. was more eloquent than usual, he drew a heavy velvet curtain across the front of his room, and must have been lulled into pleasing slumbers by the subdued mumble of the orator's discourse. On this occasion he was observed to look with curiosity towards the new clergyman. All through the prayers he fixed his eyes on Benford's face—never lifting them for a moment—never changing a muscle—never altering his attitude. His hair, now silver white, fell nearly down to his shoulders; his noble features were pale and motionless. Tall, upright, gazing—gazing—the congregation observed his lordship with surprise. When Benford mounted the pulpit—when he was seen in black gown and bands, and his clear rich voice gave out the text, suddenly his lordship's face underwent a strange contortion—he rapidly drew the curtain across the pew and was no more seen. The congregation were sorry that their new clergyman, who had apparently pleased the patron by his reading, was not equally fortunate in the sermon. The preacher himself was by no means offended. He knew Lord Warleigh was too clever a man to require any instructions from him, and he went on as usual and preached to the poor. In the vestry, he was laying aside his official costume when the door opened; his cassock was off, his coat was not on, he was in his shirt sleeves, and the great man came in. Benford was overwhelmed with confusion. He had never spoken to a lord before—his face glowed as if on fire. With compressed lips, and his eyes fixed more than ever upon the discomfited curate, the old man thanked him for his discourse. "I am Lord Warleigh," he said, "I have received your weekly statements as I desired—they are excellent—come to me for an hour to-morrow. I shall expect you at eleven." Before Mr. Benford had recovered his composure, his lordship had gone.

"He is very kind," said the curate, when he related the occurrence to his wife—"but I don't like him. His hand

was like cold iron—I felt as if it had been a sword—and what a nuisance it is he found me in such a dress.”

But, Mrs. Benford, also, had never seen a lord, and was devoted to the aristocracy. “His lordship is very kind, I am sure, to have asked you to the Castle. None of the doctors have ever been there, nor any of the attorneys.”

“That’s only a proof,” said Benford, a little tickled, it must be owned, with the distinction, “that his lordship is in good health and not litigious; but I shall judge of him better to-morrow.”

“He has many livings in his gift,” said Mrs. Benford, thoughtfully.

“And is most liberal to the poor,” chimed in her husband.

“What a handsome man he is!” said the lady.

“A fine voice,” said the gentleman.

“Truly aristocratic. He is descended from Otho the Stutterer.”

“And yet I don’t like him. His hand is like a sword.” With which repeated observation the colloquy ended, and Benford proceeded to the Sunday-school.

How the interview went off on the Monday was never known. Benford was not a man of observation, and took no notice of the peculiar manner of his reception, the long gaze with which Lord Warleigh seemed to study his countenance, and the pauses which occurred in his conversation. He was invited to return on Tuesday; on Wednesday; and when the fourth visit within a week was announced to Mrs. Benford, there was no end of the vista of wealth and dignity she foresaw from the friendship of so powerful a patron.

“And he has asked me to bring the children, too. His lordship says he is very fond of children.”

“What a good man he is!” exclaimed the wife. “They’ll be so delighted to see the fine things in the house.”

“The girl is but three years old and the boy one. I don’t think they’ll see much difference between his lordship’s house and this. I won’t take the baby.”

“What? Not the baby? the beautiful little angel! Lord Warleigh will never forgive you for keeping him away.”

But Benford was positive, and taking his little girl by the hand he walked to the Castle and entered the library. His lordship was not within, and Benford drew a

chair near the table, and opened a book of prints for the amusement of his daughter. While they were thus engaged a side door noiselessly opened, and Lord Warleigh stepped in. He stood still at the threshold, and looked at the group before him. He seemed transfixed with fear. He held out his hand and said: “You—you there, so soon?—at this time of the day? And she—who is she?”

“My lord,” said Benford, “I came at the hour you fixed. This is my little daughter. You asked me to bring her to see you. I hope you are not offended.”

“Ah! now I remember,” said his lordship, and held out his hand. “I see visitors so rarely, Mr. Benford—and ladies—” he added, looking with a smile to the terrified little girl who stood between her father’s knees and gazed with mute wonder on the old man’s face—“ladies so seldom present themselves here, that I was surprised—but now most happy—”

He sat down and talked with the greatest kindness. He drew the little girl nearer and nearer to himself; at last he got a volume from the shelf, of the most gorgeously colored engravings, and took her on his knee. He showed her the beautiful birds represented in the book; told her where they lived, and some of their habits; and, pleased with the child’s intelligence, and more with the confidence she felt in his good-nature—he said: “And now, little lady, you shall give me a kiss, and tell me your pretty little name.”

The child said: “My name is Dulcibel Benford,” and held up her little mouth to give the kiss.

But Lord Warleigh grew suddenly cold and harsh. He put her from his knee in silence; and the child, perceiving the change, went tremblingly to her father.

“A strange name to give your child, Mr. Benford,” said his lordship.

“I’m very sorry, indeed, my lord,” began Mr. Benford, but perceived, in the midst of the profoundest respect for the peerage, how absurd it would be to apologize for a Christian name.

“You have a son, I think; what name have you given him?”

“His name is Winnington, my Lord—an uncommon—”

“What!” cried Lord Warleigh, starting up. “You come hither to insult me in my own room. You creep into my house,

and worm yourself into my confidence, and then, when you think I am unprepared—for you——”

“As I hope to be saved, my lord—I give you my word, my lord—I never meant to insult you, my lord,” said Benford; “but since I have had the misfortune to offend your lordship, I will withdraw. Come, Lucy Mainfield. She has three names, my lord, Dulcibel Lucy Mainfield. I’m sorry she didn’t tell you so before.”

“No—don’t go,” said Lord Warleigh, sinking into his chair; “it was nothing; it was a sudden pain, which often puts me out of temper. Is the little girl’s name Lucy Mainfield? You won’t come back to me again, will you, Lucy?”

“Oh! yes, my lord—Lucy, go to his lordship—he will show you the pictures again.” Benford pushed her towards Lord Warleigh. But the girl blushed and trembled, and wouldn’t go. She clung to her father’s hand.

“Don’t force her,” said the old man in a mournful tone. “I knew she wouldn’t. But you won’t go in anger, Lucy? Benford, you’ll forgive me?”

“Oh, my lord,” said the curate, immensely gratified, and sat down again.

“Are these family names, Benford?” inquired his lordship carelessly; but still looking sadly in Dulcibel’s glowing face.

“Yes, my lord. Dulcibel was my mother’s name; and her brother’s name, Winnington Harvey. You have heard, perhaps, of his melancholy fate? He was murdered.”

“You are Winnington Harvey’s nephew?” said Lord Warleigh.

“Yes, my lord, and they used to say I was very like him.”

“Who?—who used to say so? your mother, perhaps. Is she alive?”

“Both father and mother died when I was three years old. My grandfather in Yorkshire brought me up. It was dear old cousin Lucy who died when I was twelve—Lucy Mainfield.”

“She dead—is she?”

“Oh, yes, my lord, and left me all the little money she had. She used to say I was very like my uncle.”

“And did she tell you any particulars of his end?”

“No, my lord. She spoke very little of the past. She had been very unhappy in her youth—a disappointment in love, we thought; and some people said she

had been fond of Uncle Winnington; but I don’t know—his fate was very horrible. He had been down in Devonshire, reading with a friend, and was killed on his way home.”

“And you never heard the friend’s name?”

“No. Cousin Lucy never mentioned it; and there was no one else who knew.”

“And how do you know his fate?”

“It was in the coroner’s verdict. And do you know, my lord, he is buried not far from this.”

“Who told you that?” said Warleigh, starting up, as if about to break forth in another paroxysm of rage. “Who knows anything about that?”

“Cousin Lucy told me, when I was very young, that if ever I went into the West, I should try to find out his grave.”

“And for that purpose you are here;—it was to discover this you came to Warleigh?” His lordship’s eyes flashed with anger.

“Oh, no, my lord; it is only a coincidence, that’s all; but the place is not far off. In fact, I believe it is nearer than cousin Lucy thought.”

“Go on—go on,” cried Lord Warleigh, restraining himself from the display of his unhappy temper. “What reason have you to think so?”

“The map of the country, my lord. Oakfield does not seem more than twenty miles off.”

“And your uncle is buried there?”

“Yes, my lord. I think of going over to see the grave next week.”

“I wish you good morning, Mr. Benford,” said Warleigh, suddenly, but very kindly. “You have told me a strange piece of family history. Good morning, too, my little dear. What! You won’t take the old man’s hand? You look frightened, Lucy. Will you come and see me again, Lucy Mainfield?” He dwelt upon the name as if it pleased him.

“No, never,” said the little girl, and pushed Benford towards the door. “I don’t like you, and will never come again.”

Benford broke out into apologies, and a cold perspiration: “She’s a naughty little child, my lord. Dulcibel, how can you behave so? Children, my lord, are so very foolish——”

“That they speak truth when it is disagreeable; but I expect it and am not surprised. Good-day.”

Soon after this a series of miracles occurred to Mr. Benford, which filled him with surprise. The manager of the bank at Warleigh called on him one day, and in the most respectful manner requested that he would continue to keep his account, as heretofore, with the firm. Now, the account of Mr. Benford was not such as would seem to justify such a request, seeing it consisted at that moment of a balance of eighteen pounds seven and fourpence. However, he bowed with the politeness which a curate always displays to a banker, and expressed his gracious intention of continuing his patronage to Messrs. Bulk & Looby, and the latter gentleman, after another courteous bow, retired, leaving the pass-book in the hands of the gratified clergyman. He opened it; and the first line that met his view was a credit to the Reverend Henry Benford, of the sum of twelve thousand six hundred pounds! On presenting the amazing document to the notice of his wife, that lady at first was indignant at those vulgar tradespeople, Bulk & Looby, venturing to play such a hoax on a friend of Lord Warleigh. This was now the designation by which her husband was most respectable in the eyes of his helpmate; and somewhat inclined to resent the supposed insult, Benford walked down to the bank and came to an explanation with both the partners, in the private room. There could be no doubt of the fact. The money was paid in to his name, in London, and transmitted, in the ordinary course, to his country bankers. In fear and trembling—and merely to put his good luck to the test—he drew a check for a hundred and twenty pounds, which was immediately honored; and with these tangible witnesses to the truth of his banker's statement, he returned to the parsonage and poured the guineas in glittering array upon the drawing-room table. All attempts to discover the source of his riches were unavailing. Messrs. Bulk & Looby had no knowledge on the subject, and their correspondents in town were equally unable to say.

Then, in a week after this astonishing event, a new miracle happened, for Mr. Looby again presented himself at the Rectory, and requested to know in whose names the money which had arrived that morning was to be held.

"More money!" said Mr. Benford; "Oh! put it up with the other; but

really," added the ingenuous youth, "I don't think I require any more——"

"It isn't for you, sir, this time," said Mr. Looby.

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Mr. Benford, and with perfect truth.

"It's for the children; and if you will have two trustees, the funds will be conveyed to them at once."

Benford named two friends; and then, quite in a careless, uninterested manner, said, "How much is it?"

"Twenty thousand pounds," replied Mr. Looby, "in the five per cents, which are now at a hundred and two—say, twenty thousand four hundred pounds, if we sell at once. Our broker is Bocus of Crutched Friars."

Miss Dulcibel was an heiress, and Master Winnington an heir! The funds were to accumulate till they were eighteen and twenty-one respectively, with two hundred a year for the maintenance and education of each.

Then, in a fortnight more, came a gentleman whom Benford had never seen before—a little, fat, red-faced man, so choked up in a white neckcloth that it was evident he was determined to look like a clergyman or perish in the attempt. He introduced himself in a gracious manner, and said he was a clerical agent.

"More money?" inquired Benford, who now seldom saw any stranger without suspecting that he had just returned from paying large sums to his name at the bank.

"No, sir, not money," replied the agent.

"Oh! that's odd," said Benford; "then may I ask what your business is with me?"

"It is, perhaps, better than money," replied the little fat man, with a cough which was intended to represent a smile. "Sir Hildo Swilks of Somerset has heard of your great eloquence, Mr. Benford."

"Sir Hildo is very good," said Mr. Benford modestly; "plain common-sense is what I aim at——"

"The truest eloquence," rejoined the clerical agent; "the rest is naught but 'lather and umbrellas,' as Pope says. He has also heard of your kindness to the poor, your charity, and many other good qualities, and he has done himself the honor to present you to the valuable living of Swilkstone Magna; it is a clear income of eight hundred a year, with a good parsonage-house, and two packs of hounds



within—but perhaps you don't hunt, Mr. Benford—ah! very right; it is very unclerical—the bishops ought to interfere. 'Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare,' as Thomson says, or fox, as I say."

"You have proofs, I suppose?" said Benford, thinking it just possible that the plethoric gentleman before him might be an impostor about to end with asking the loan of a pound.

"Here is the presentation, sir, already signed and sealed; you have nothing to do but go to Wells—his lordship will institute you any day you like."

The only other remarkable thing connected with this incident is, that about this time Sir Hildo Swilks paid off a mortgage of eight or nine thousand pounds, as if fortune had smiled on his benevolent action in favor of Mr. Benford.

But, in the mean time, all intercourse between the curate and the noble had ceased. The business of the parish was transacted by letter as before; and it was only when the rector of Swilkstone Magna thought it his duty to announce his approaching departure, that he determined to go up to the Castle, and wait on Lord Warleigh in person. Lord Warleigh was ill—he could see nobody—he kept his room; and the confidential gentleman, who dressed in plain black, and spoke in whispers, couldn't name any day when his lordship would be likely to admit Mr. Benford.

"Is he very unwell?" said the rector; "for if his lordship will not receive my visit as a neighbor, perhaps he will not object to seeing me in my professional character as a visitor of the sick."

"We dare not tell his lordship he is ill, sir; your presence would alarm him too much; as it is, he is terribly out of spirits, and says curious things—he never was fond of clergymen."

"Mention my request to him if you have the opportunity. I don't wish to go without taking leave."

The man promised, though evidently with no expectation of being able to comply with the request, and Benford returned to communicate to his wife that the animosity of the great man continued.

"And all because poor little Dulcibella said she didn't like him. It was certainly very foolish in her to say so to a lord; but she knows no better."

"He can't bear malice from a mere infant's observations," said Benford. "But I have some strange suspicions about his

lordship which I would not divulge for the world except to you. I fear his lordship drinks." He almost shuddered as he said the horrid word.

"Drinks!—a nobleman!"—exclaimed Mrs. Benford: "impossible!"

"I don't know," replied the rector of Swilkstone. "He looked very odd and talked in a queer way, and fell into passions about nothing. I am not sorry, I assure you, to be going away. I told you from the first I did not like him. His hand felt as cold as a sword."

"I never felt his hand," said Mrs. Benford, in so sad a voice that it was pretty clear she regretted the circumstance very deeply. "But we shall probably be more intimate with that excellent man Sir Hildo. He is only a baronet, to be sure, but his title is older than Lord Warleigh's. How good in him to give you the living merely from the good reports he heard of your character."

It was now autumn. The middle of October was past, and an early winter was already beginning to be felt. The preparations for removal were completed, and on the following day the Parsonage was to be deserted, and possession of the new living entered upon. It was nine o'clock: the night was dark and windy; a feeble moon glimmered at intervals through the sky, and added to the gloom she could not disperse. Mrs. Benford retired to her room, as they had to rise early in the morning. Benford was sitting with his feet on the fender, looking into the fire, when he heard a knock at the front door. It was opened by the maid, and soon he perceived steps in the passage; a tap came to the door of the parlor.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," and a figure entered the room. Benford looked round amazed. The stranger stood near the door, and fixed his eyes on Benford's. Wrapt up against the cold, but with the cloak now drooping on his shoulders, with his hat still on his head, and his hand resting on a long staff, stood Lord Warleigh, pale, ghastly, with lips distended, and uttering not a word.

"Your lordship!" exclaimed Benford, springing up. "What in heaven's name has brought your lordship here, on this dreadful night, so ill as you are?"

"Speak low," said Lord Warleigh. "I've come to you—to see you again; to compare your features with—help! set me down; my head grows giddy."

Benford helped him into a chair, drew it near the fire, and chafed his hand between his palms.

"Can you touch it without a shudder?" said Lord Warleigh. "Don't you feel that it is not like other people's hands?"

Conscience kept Benford silent; he ceased to rub the hand, and let it fall.

"There? again he interferes!" said the old man in a broken voice. "I see him lifting your hand away."

"Who?" said Benford. "There's no one here."

"There is. There is some one here who has never left my side for fifty years. Nothing will soothe him, nothing will drive him away. At feasts he sits on my right hand; alone, he sits opposite and stares into my face. Now he smiles—how like you are."

"Your lordship is very ill. Have you sent for Dr. Jones?"

"No—don't talk of doctors. I tell you they can do no good. I've come to you to-night. I couldn't bear the room I sat in—there were voices in it, and people all around me. He was there and spoke to me of Aladdin's palace and his salary as physician. Haven't I paid his fees to his relations? But that's not sufficient. Well, more—I will pay more. *He* shakes his head—and perhaps it is enough—"

"I do not know what your lordship alludes to, but I beg you to be composed."

"Listen!" said old Lord Warleigh. "It was not his body—it was a stranger; and the thought came into my head to call the sufferer him. It lulled suspicion. I saw his sister, his mother, his cousin. They all seemed to have found me out. When I touched their hands, they drew them away. I was a pariah—a leper. No one looked kindly on me. When I spoke of our engagement, she turned away her head. When I said that when I had three thousand a year I would claim her promise, she said to me, 'Arthur, if you had millions in your purse, I would not wed you now. I saw Ellen. I told her of his fate. She was silent and looked into my eyes. I knew she saw my soul as it lay trembling, struggling, trying to hide itself under the shadow of that great fact. She pined and pined, and her father's heart broke; and I was rich—I was Sir Arthur Hayning—I was Lord Warleigh, and what am I now?'"

"You are Lord Warleigh, my lord. I beseech you to be calm."

"But you won't ask me to go back to

the Broombank—it was there I built the castle. The library is above the very spot where the plant grew with the metal in its roots. I won't go there, for to-night—to-night is the anniversary of the time. The lanthorn shone upon the heath; the pick-axe was plying in the hole; there was a heap of earth thrown out, and six, eight, ten feet down, the busy laborer was at work; the spade was on the heaped-up soil—I saw it flash in the light of the lanthorn as it flew into the air; its edge went down—I saw it fall. There was silence then and for ever in the pit. I filled it up with my feet—with my hands. I levelled it on the top. I beat it down. I built great halls above it; but it won't stay quiet. Sounds come from it up into my library, night and day; and at ten o'clock I hear a step, I see a face, its eyes on mine; and to-night, the worst of all the year. I cannot go home!"

"Your lordship is most welcome to remain. I will order a bed."

"No, not a bed. I shall never lie in a bed again. See, he rises! Give me your hand; and look!"

Lord Warleigh held Benford's hand, and looked to his right side. The fire was dull—the candles had burned nearly down. Benford was not a superstitious nor a timid man, but there was something in Lord Warleigh's manner that alarmed him. He looked where he pointed; and, straining his eyes in the direction of his finger, he saw, or fancied he saw, a pale white face, growing palpable in the darkness, and fixing its calm, cold eyes upon his companion. For a moment, the empty air had gathered itself into form, and he could have persuaded himself that Lord Warleigh's description of what he perceived was true. But the hand fell away, the head drooped down upon his breast, and his lordship was asleep. An hour passed away. A clock in the passage sounded two; and Benford touched Lord Warleigh on the shoulder.

"Your lordship," he said, "you must find it cold here. Your bed will soon be ready."

But Lord Warleigh made no reply. Benford looked in his face; he spoke to him gently, loudly, but still no answering sign. No; not to the loudest trumpet-call that earthly breath can utter will that ear ever be open. Lord Warleigh had passed away, with all his wealth and all his miseries; and nothing remained but a poor old figure propped up in an arm-chair, with

the fitful flames of the expiring fire throwing their lights and shadows on his stiff and motionless face.

Benford was greatly shocked, but a little honored, too. It isn't every parsonage parlor where a lord with fifty thousand a year condescends to die. He preached his lordship's funeral sermon to a vast congregation. He told of his charities — of his successful life; touched lightly on the slight aberrations of a mind enfeebled by years and honorable exertion; and trusted he had found peace, as he had died in the house, almost in the arms of a clergyman. His lordship's estates were sold; the sum realized was to be applied to the foundation of schools and hospitals, but not a school-room or a ward was ever built. The will was contested. Heirs-at-law sprung up in all ranks of life; the lawyers

flourished: and finally Chancery swallowed up all. When the estate of Combe Warleigh changed hands, the castle was converted into a mill; the library was taken down, and a shaft sunk, where it had stood. When the workmen had descended about eight feet from the surface, they came to a skeleton, a lanthorn, and a spade. The curious thing was that the spade was deeply imbedded in the skull. Mr. Fungus the antiquary read a paper at the Archaeological Society, proving with certainty the body had been sacrificed by the Druids; and a controversy arose between him and Dr. Toadstool, who clearly proved at the British Association that it was the grave of a suicide at the time of King Alfred. I am of a very different opinion; being a sensible man and not an antiquarian, I keep it to myself.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

AMONG the new books announced abroad, we notice the following: The most important announcement is, that the Papers of Sir Robert Peel—including part of an autobiography—are about to appear. Lord Stanhope, one of the literary executors of the great statesman, has had the chief labor of preparing these valuable papers for the press; and the work could not have been in wiser hands. The first part will contain a vindication of the part taken by Sir Robert Peel in the passing of the Act for Catholic Emancipation. John Murray has published a translation of the Count de Montalembert's celebrated essay on "The Political Future of England." Mr. Robert Alfred Vaughan's new work, entitled "Hours with the Mystics; a Contribution to the History of Religious Opinion," recently issued by Parker & Son, is favorably received by the critics. We have seen a few copies of the work, and we regard it as a book likely to fill a pleasing niche in English literature, but it appears in a somewhat shabby dress; and if reprinted here, we trust that it shall appear in one volume, octavo. Two works which have received a high commendation, are "Sinai and Palestine, in connection with their History. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A. With Maps and Plans." "Syria and the Syrians; or, Turkey in the Dependencies. By Gregory M. Wortabet." The new volumes announced by Bohn, in his excellent Series of Popular Libraries, are, Guizot's "History of Civilization," and M. Quatremere de Quincy's "Lives of Michael Angelo and Raffello."

A new work by M. Capesigue, entitled "Cathérine de Médicis," has left the press. It contains a great number of hitherto unpublished documents, among which is a correspondence of the Huguenot Chiefs with the Calvinists in Flanders, Belgium, and Hol-

land. A work of no small interest, and one that has been received with unequivocal success in France, is, "Histoire et fabrication de la porcelaine chinoise, ouvrage traduit du chinois par M. Stanislas Julien, membre de l'Institut, accompagné de notes et d'additions par M. Alphonse Salvétat, et augmenté d'un Mémoire sur la porcelaine du Japon, traduit du japonais, par M. le docteur J. Hoffmann."

Another publication of a different character, but well calculated to excite the interest of the Biblical and Classical reader: Description de l'île de Patmos et de l'île de Samos, par V. Guérin, ancien élève de l'école française d'Athènes, professeur agrégé de l'Université. A book of a novel character, but which will be universally received with favor, has appeared from the pen of M. Eugène Maron, entitled "*Histoire littéraire de la Révolution.*"

The seventh and eighth volumes of "Moore's Memoirs, Journal and Correspondence," edited by Lord John Russell, and completing the work, with a copious index, were promised in March.

Mr. G. W. Thornly, author of "A History of the Buccaneers," has at press a new work, entitled Shakspeare's England; or, a Sketch of our Social History during the Reign of Elizabeth.

Poetical Works of Thomas Aird.  
Journal of a Tour in the Unsettled Parts of North-America, in 1796. By the late Francis Bailey.

Two Prize Essays on Canada and her Resources. By J. Sheridan Hogan and Alexander Morris.

The Microscope and Its Revelations. By W. B. Carpenter.

Clara; or, Slave-Life in Europe. With an Introduction by Sir Archibald Alison.

A Portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1847; comprising Reminiscences

of Social and Political Life in London and Paris during that Period.

Domestic Scenes in Russia; in a Series of Letters describing a Year's Residence in that Country, chiefly in the Interior. By the Rev. R. Lester Venables.

The Court of the Khan of the Crimea. Translated from the German by the Hon. W. C. G. Elliott.

Knights and their Days. By Dr. Doran. Crown. 8vo, pp. 510, cloth.

Philosophy of Discourse; a Universal Alphabet, Grammar, and Language. By George Edmonds.

Warrants for Goods, the Use of Them. By J. Ella. 8vo, cloth.

Encyclopædia Britannica; or, Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and General Literature. Vol. x.

Euphonia. Portions of Holy Scripture marked for chanting. Fourth edition, 12mo.

Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert; with an Account of her Marriage with H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. By the Hon. Charles Langdale.

The Art of Painting and Drawing in Colored Crayons; being a Course of Instruction for the Execution of Portraiture and Landscape. By Henry Murray.

A Journey in the Seaboard Slave-States, with Remarks on their Economy. By Frederick Law Olmsted.

An Historical Biography of William Penn, founded on Family and State Papers. By Hepworth Dixon. New edition, with a new Preface in reply to the accusations of Mr. Macaulay.

The History of Congo in Search of his Master. By the late William Gardiner.

Paper and Paper-Making, Ancient and Modern. By Richard Herring. With an Introduction by the Rev. G. Croly. Second edition. 8vo, pp. 116, cloth.

The *Publishers' Circular* gives the following synopsis of the publications in this country during the past year, which has some interest to reading men. In all departments except that of fiction, there were published in this country in the year 1855, about eight hundred different works; adding for the new and old novels that owed birth or resuscitation to this year, the new issues will reach, in round numbers, to *two thousand*. In Agriculture, and questions relating thereto, there were twenty-one different works. The leading publication in this department was Emmons' *Agriculture of New-York*, in quarto, issued by the State of New-York, and forming part of the series on the Natural History of the State. Mr. Wells has also published this year the first volume of his *Year-Book of Agriculture*. Norton's *Scientific Agriculture* is adapted to the use of schools.

In History there were eighty-five new publications and reprints. Among the volumes published were *Sketches of the History of Sundry Old Towns*; Dr. Gibbs' *Documentary History of the Revolution*, relating chiefly to the contest in South-Carolina. Gieseler's *Ecclesiastical History* has been issued in an entirely new octavo edition, revised, by Harper & Brothers. The catalogues are rich in Church and Ecclesiastical History. Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History* has been continued down to 1826, and republished in quarto by Applegate. The first and second volumes of the new series of Alison's *Europe* are announced in uniform style with the former volumes. In Theological History, the history of the Dutch Baptists from the first to the nineteenth century, has taken a prominent place. The two new volumes of Macaulay need not be specially alluded to in this

place; they have been issued in different forms by Harpers, Phillips, Sampson & Co., Butler and Applegate. Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s *Philip the Second*, by Prescott, is obtaining a large sale.

The Poets have been regarded with a favorable eye, if rapid sales and abundant new editions may stand for a criterion. John Keats, though his name was "writ in water," finds friends still. A new and very handsome edition of his works is issued by Little, Brown & Co., with a Memoir by James Russell Lowell, and Appletons have republished the "Eve of St. Agnes," with illustrations, in a 12mo. Three different houses have undertaken new issues of Byron, in various shapes. The complete works, profusely illustrated with steel plates, are published by Martin & Johnson. Jas. B. Smith & Co. bring out Burns, complete in a volume of 500 pages. Appletons issued Beattie, Blair, and Falconer, in a dollar volume, edited by Gilfillan. Robert Browning's "Men and Women," issued by Ticknor & Fields, has had a rapid sale. Pope, Scott, Tupper, are republished in convenient form; Thackeray's *Ballads* are enclosed in Ticknor's attractive muslin; Thomson discourses freshly of the Seasons from a choice 18mo; and Young still has *Night Thoughts* under cover of the boards of John B. Perry. Coleridge, Cowper, Goldsmith, Victor Hugo, and Percy's "Reliques," of which nobody tires, are all on the list, showing a steady demand. Shenstone, Shelley, and Smollett are also among the number of standard geniuses whose works find fresh favor.

And now as to the Romancers: there is an army of them, headed, as they may well be, by Washington Irving, whose "Wolfert's Roost" has had a great sale, has achieved a popularity not singular in Mr. Irving's works, and is now only replaced by his *Life of Washington*; Charles Kingsley's *Glaucus* and Sir Amyas Leigh have been issued uniformly, by Ticknor & Fields; G. P. R. James is out with a juvenile, "Prince Life, a Story for my Boy." Douglas Jerrold is reissued complete. Petridge & Co. and Harpers have republished Miss Pardoe's works; the former in cheap form, paper covers. Four of Simms's romances—"Guy Rivers," "Richard Hurdes," "Border Beagles," and the "Maroon"—were announced by Redfield. All Mrs. Southworth's novels are newly printed by Peterson. "Don Quixote," in 12mo, two vols., is out from Derby's. Dickens, complete, is published by Peterson, in 8vo and 12mo editions.

The list is well up in books of Travel. Bayard Taylor's "China, India, and Japan" was published by Putnam & Co.; Hue on China, Thibet, and Tartary, by Harpers. McCormick's "Visit to Sevastopol" was the principal War narrative of American origin. Howitt's "Land, Labor, and Gold" (Australia) sells well. Space will not admit of further mention in detail, except to add that the Law was represented by 75 works; Theology, by 211; Science and Art, by 60; Music, (not including separate pieces from the Music Publishers,) by a dozen; Education, by 83; History, by 85; and Medicine and Surgery, by 86. In Law, were English Common Law, Bench and Equity Reports, the Exchequer Digest, Wharton's "Criminal Law," and "Medical Jurisprudence," "State Trials," U. S. Supreme Court Reports, Selden's (New-York) Reports, and Peters' "Digest of Decisions," 1789-1847. In Theology, Burgener's "Council of Trent," Dowling's "Romanism," Sewell's "Quakers," and a host of Discourses, among others, by Butler, Barnes, Furness and Sheldon. Science was enriched by Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea," Gilliss's "Astronomical Expedition," and Wells' "Annual."



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